FEBRUARY, 1948

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Lucky Forward!

The Story of "Blood and Guts" Patton

by COL. ROBERT S. ALLEN

beginning in this issue . . . page 61

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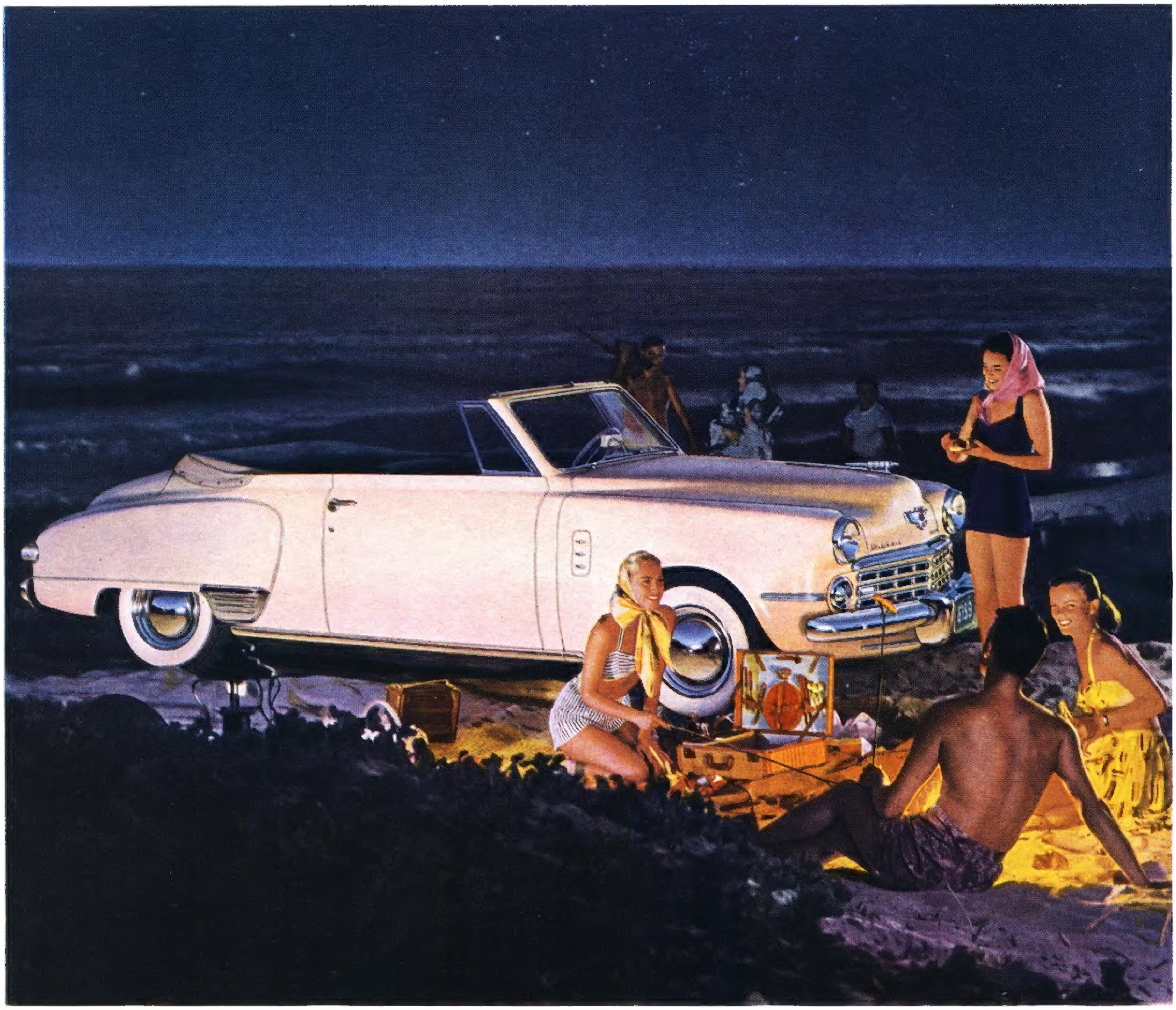

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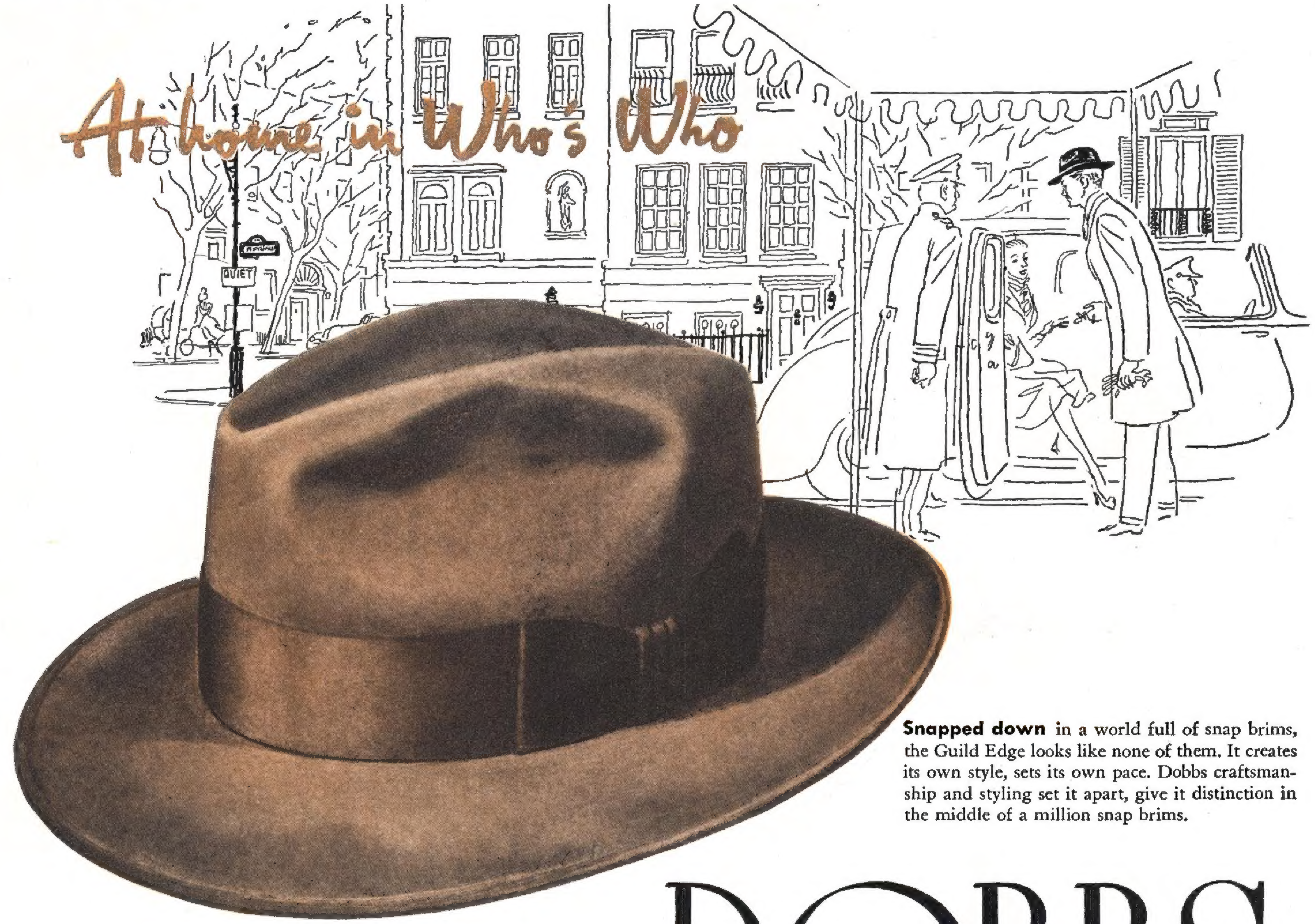

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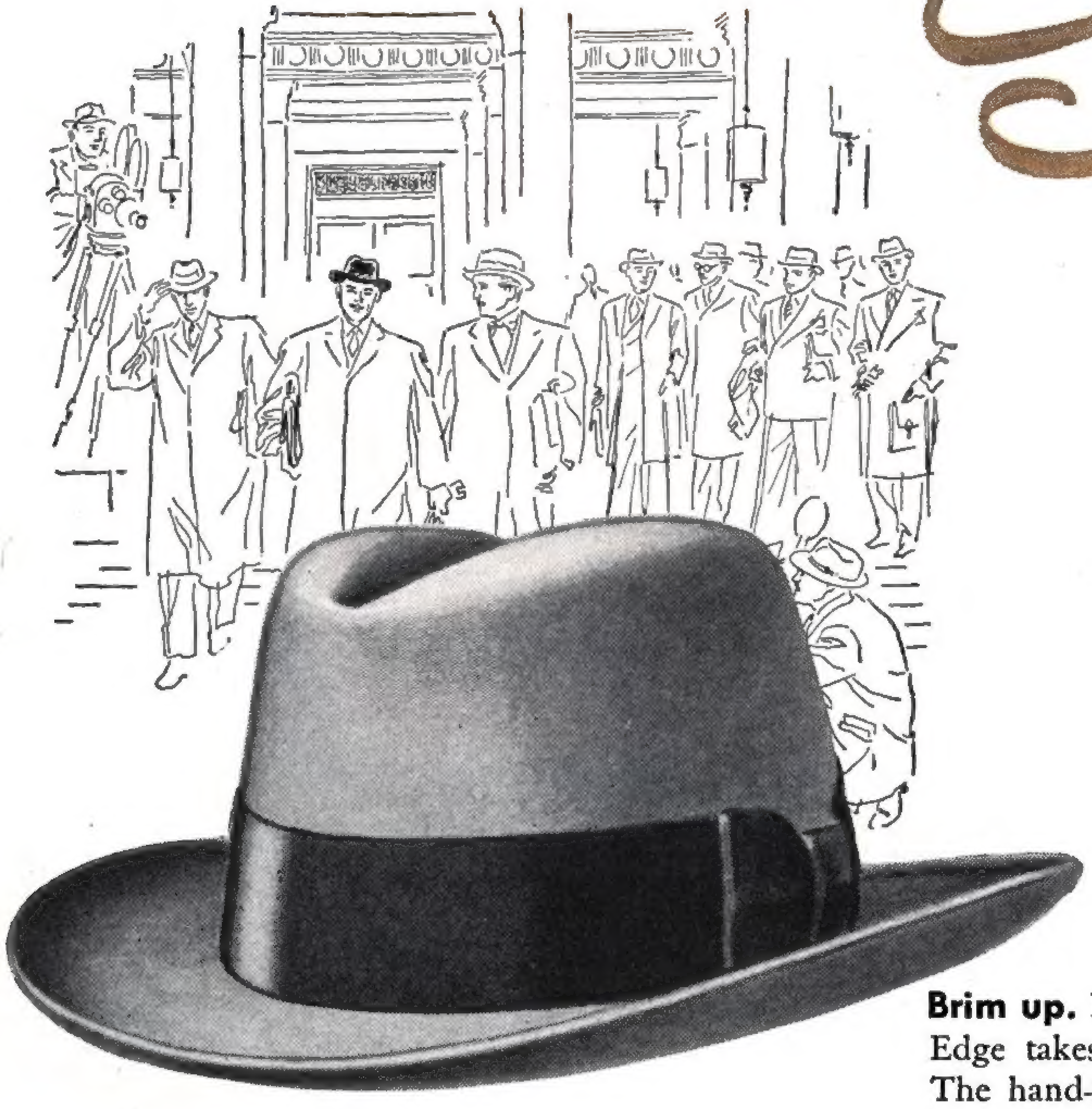

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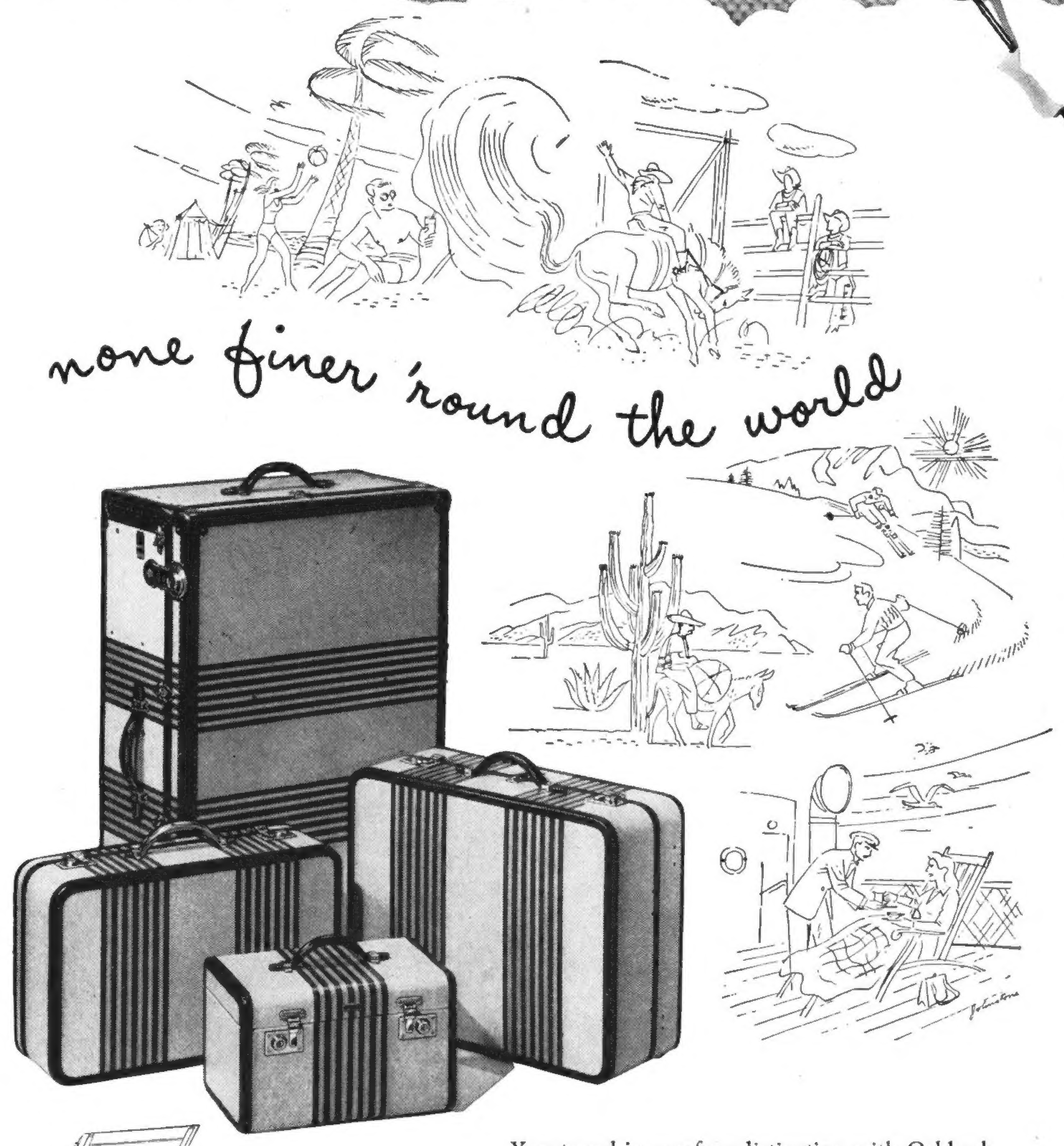

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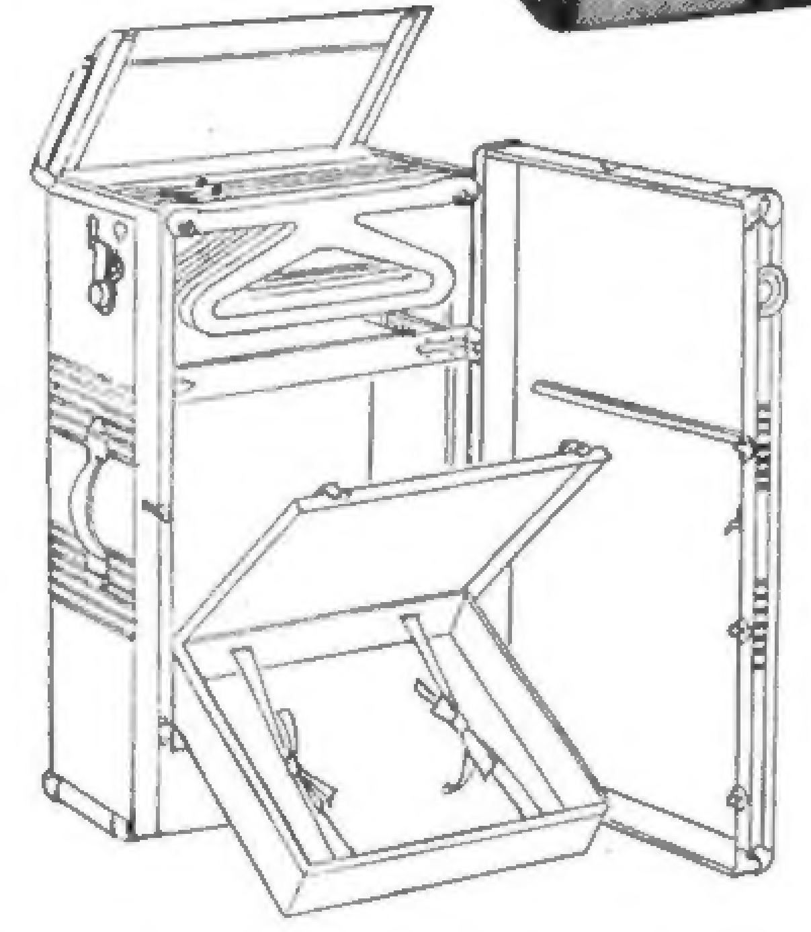

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Facing the Issue

There's a story that Abraham Lincoln was once chided for rejecting a candidate for some minor office because he didn't like the man's face. You can't hold a man responsible for an act of nature like that, the President's critics told him. But they were silent when Abe delivered the opinion that every man over forty is responsible for what can be seen in his face.

We feel a little bit that way this month. Esquire, as you will note, has not exactly had its face lifted, but a few changes are visible in the make-up and appearance of our pages, and we are now of an age where it is necessary to take them seriously, and not as any kind of an experiment. So that if you note more color pages in the magazine, for instance, the new book-length feature on page 61, or the improvements in visibility which our type experts have formulated for your easier reading, it is because we sincerely believe that these mutations will enhance the character of Esquire, and your enjoyment, at the same time.

—D.A.S

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Esquire

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Editorial: Have Your Change Ready

The Man With The Ten Rejection Slips strolled into the office, lit one of our cigarettes and slid into the big leather chair. He glanced at us not unkindly.

"I observe," he said, "that you are not entirely blind, as I had suspected. Although balding, your head does not rush to a sharp point on top. I see no evidence that you have just pulled the wings off a fly. The thumbscrews you must use on your staff to make them reject any good manuscripts do not seem to be in evidence. You seem—in fact—hearteningly normal and mediocre."

"Thanks," we said. "And how . . ."

"I came to ask you a question," said the Man With The Ten Rejection Slips. "I've been trying to sell Esquire a story since you were a quarterly. Maybe I could if I knew more about you. Would you mind telling me just what *is* Esquire? What's your policy? What are you trying to do?"

"Well," we said, "one of the . . ."

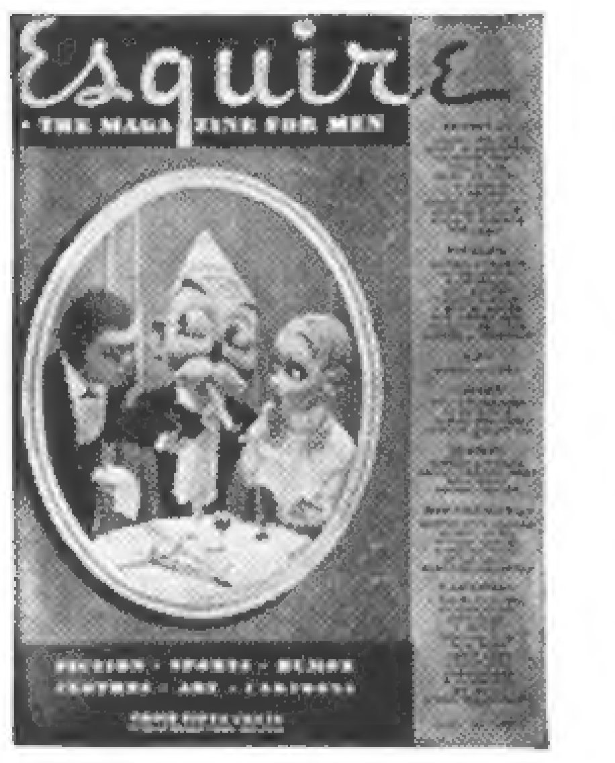
"In March, 1934," continued the MWTTRS's, "you stated, and I quote:

"Esquire stands for anything that will afford amusement to men of intelligence. We don't mean 'gentlemen,' as such or 'intellectuals' as such. Nor, when we say men of intelligence, are we thinking of men of any one particular level as far as educational background is concerned. We mean, simply, any and all men who have adult minds. We have known woodsmen who possessed this intelligence, and Ph.Ds who lacked it."

"That's true," we replied, eagerly. "Now, take this issue, with authors like Paul Gallico, Stanley Frank, Mel Heimer, Arthur Kreymborg, Jack Kramer, and others who are exactly in the class you . . ."

"I suppose," went on the MWTTRS's, smoothly, "that Emerson's remark about hobgoblins and consistency will serve you as a shield as well as it has other meandering minds through the years. The general policy you have stated is much easier to follow, I am sure, than a bolder one against sin and for motherhood.

"But, I beg to remind you, that in another year, March, 1940, to be precise, you further stated:



"Esquire is always changing. Esquire is edited as nearly without rules as any magazine alive. As far back as January, 1937, we remarked in this space that it has only one fixed editorial policy and that is a devotion to gradual but constant change. Our daily prayer is very slight rearrangement of a classic phrase, Plus ça change, plus ça soit la même chose, *that is to say, may Esky guide our elbow to assure that the more it changes, the more it may remain the same thing, The Magazine for Men.*

"Searching my mind for an apt rejoinder, or, referring to the foreign-phrase section in the back of the dictionary, as you probably did, I can reply, in the immortal phrase, *cum grano salis,* which is at the same time excellent hot-weather advice for controlling perspiration as well as for maintaining a healthy cynicism towards such statements as yours."

"The mention of change reminds us," we told our visitor, "that we still like to break rules and we still hate predictability. In this issue, for instance, we've launched a new page format. Scientific design. Easier on the eyes. More full-color pages than you've ever seen before. More . . ."

"It's very difficult to appreciate," said the MWTTRS's, blowing an almost perfect smoke ring and regarding it with quizzical affection, "how you can expect an author to write acceptable stuff when you are always rushing off in some other direction just as he gets his sights set. It could be, of course, that these changes exist only in your imagination. I am reminded of the classic yarn of the wanderer who returned to his home town after a lifetime away, so as to enjoy the sweet music of his fame and success. As he lingered with his bags on the station platform, the old agent spied him and muttered: 'Hi, Bill, leavin' town for a few days?'

"But accepting what you have explained about Esquire's aversion to consistency, there is another side to your policy, outlined in December, 1936, when you said:

"Esquire was founded on the firm belief that no business enterprise was ever harmed by giving too much money's worth. We are simply piling on the value, on the same theory that (in the days before standardization) led the baker to include the thirteenth doughnut when you bought a dozen, and prompted the butcher to give you a free slice of baloney when your mother sent you to the corner for a pound of pork chops. It's a theory that survives chiefly in memory, in the business world today, but, right or wrong, it's ours."

"Yes," we replied, talking through the widening smoke ring. "We're still that way. In this issue, and from now on, you'll be getting a book-length feature every month in addition to the regular Esquire line-up, and . . ."

"The mind of man, even an editor, is unfathomable," said our visitor. "I am sure that if I were to send *you* a thirteenth doughnut, you would return it with a polite note saying that my contribution of another hole increases in no way my present total achievement of nothingness."

"Not at all," we cried, "we always . . ."

"It's nice to let people know just where you stand. Burton Rascoe relates an incident in *We Were Interrupted* which you might take to heart," said the MWTTRS's. "Rascoe tells of this stranger who drifted into Seminole, Oklahoma, during prohibition days. This guy had struck up an acquaintance with a couple of farmers who took a shine to him and invited him to come with them to a livery barn and have a drink. Out of sight of disapproving citizens, one of the farmers took a pint bottle out of his pocket, pulled the stopper, and handed it to the stranger. He took a swallow, gulped, made a wry face, wiped his mouth, handed the bottle back, and said, 'That's just right!' The host, seeing the expression on his face, asked, 'What do you mean, just right?' 'Well,' said the stranger, 'iffen it had been any better, you wouldn't have give me none, and iffen it had been any worse, it woulda kilt me.' You see what I mean?"

"Well, not exactly," we said, "we usually try to . . ."

"This has been awfully nice," said our guest, rising, "hearing your views and all. Gives me a new insight into the magazine. By the way, I just happened to notice that I have my latest story in my pocket. Great stuff. A shocker. You'll be hearing from your readers on this one. And many thanks for the tips. Are you interested in political articles, by the way?"

"The fact is," we began . . .

But the MWTTRS's was gone.

Well, we reflected, he's entitled to a few privileges around here, after all, even if we wanted to tell him what we have in store for Esquire. His rejection slips are something like hash marks on a Navy sleeve: there are times when they mean a bit more than even gold braid.

The fact is—and maybe it's news anyway for our readers as well as our contributors—that Esquire is more than ever ready for change; restless, self critical, chafing at the rules. In this issue we let out the tether a bit, altered our type layout so we'd be easier on the eyes; opened the floodgates on color and let the cartoons and kodachromes rush out in greater profusion than ever before; took a flyer on a book-length feature that had us chortling in our chairs as we read General Patton's words in manuscript; tried another experiment in black and white photography (see page 67); and in general let out a few whoops and a holler to let you know that Esquire is still the old Esquire only insofar as change is our motto. We still want to run articles that will have you chuckling (or grumbling) in your beard. We still want to run stories that *tell* a story—with bounce and punch—even if they must be literature at the same time. Said Somerset Maugham —"a novel should be entertaining . . . it is the essential quality without which no other quality is of any use. No one in his senses reads a novel for instruction or edification. If he wants instruction or edification he is a fool if he does not go to the books written to instruct and edify."* And so Mr. Maugham almost said it for us. Esquire wants to entertain you. If you're bored, if you saw it coming, if you saw it before, then we've been asleep. The Man With The Ten Rejection Slips really shouldn't read the current issue to see where we're going and what we need. Because *that* issue is always the one we're not satisfied with, and we're going to change it soon and, if possible, for the better.

But we'll change it. You can count on that. #

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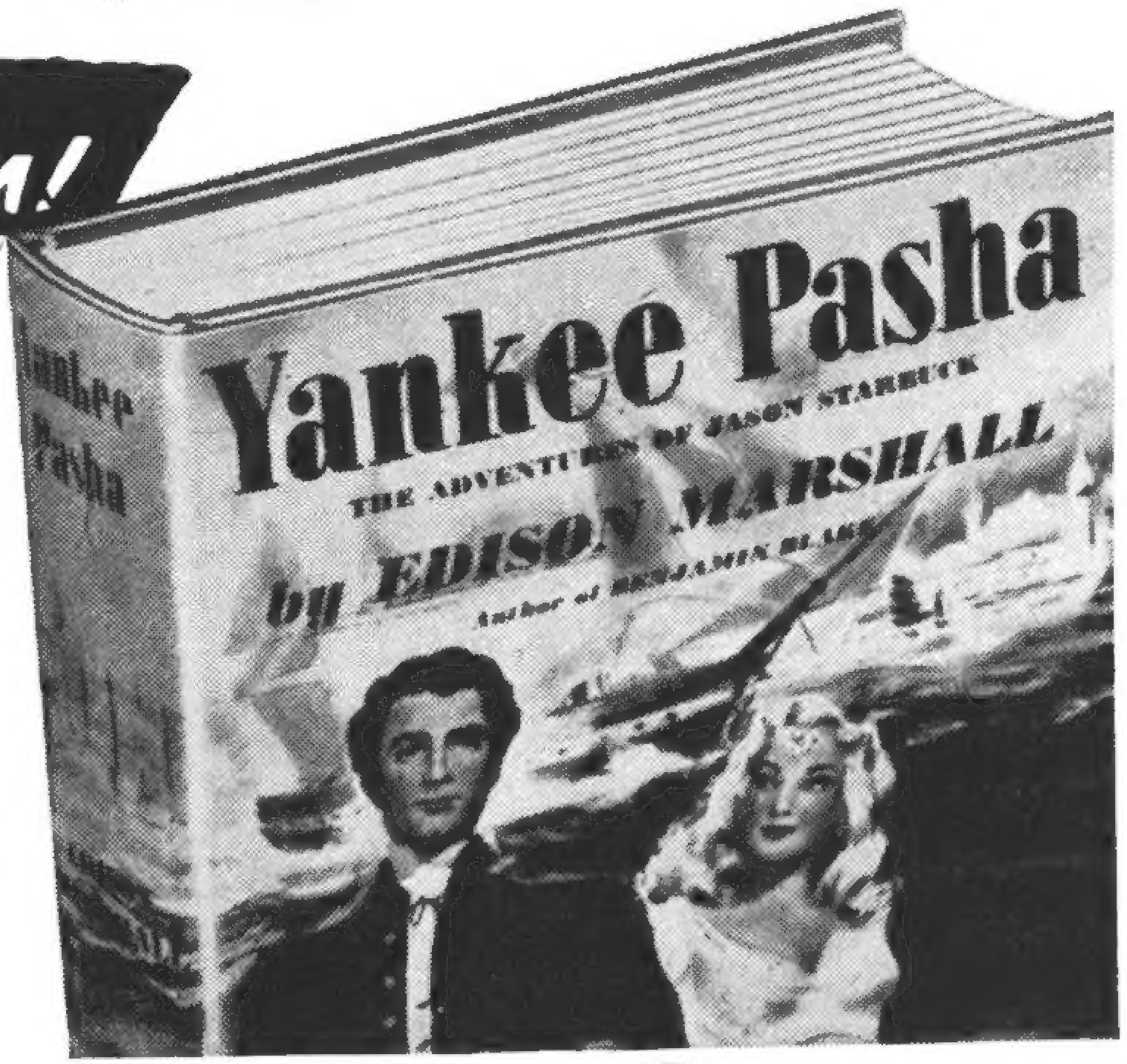

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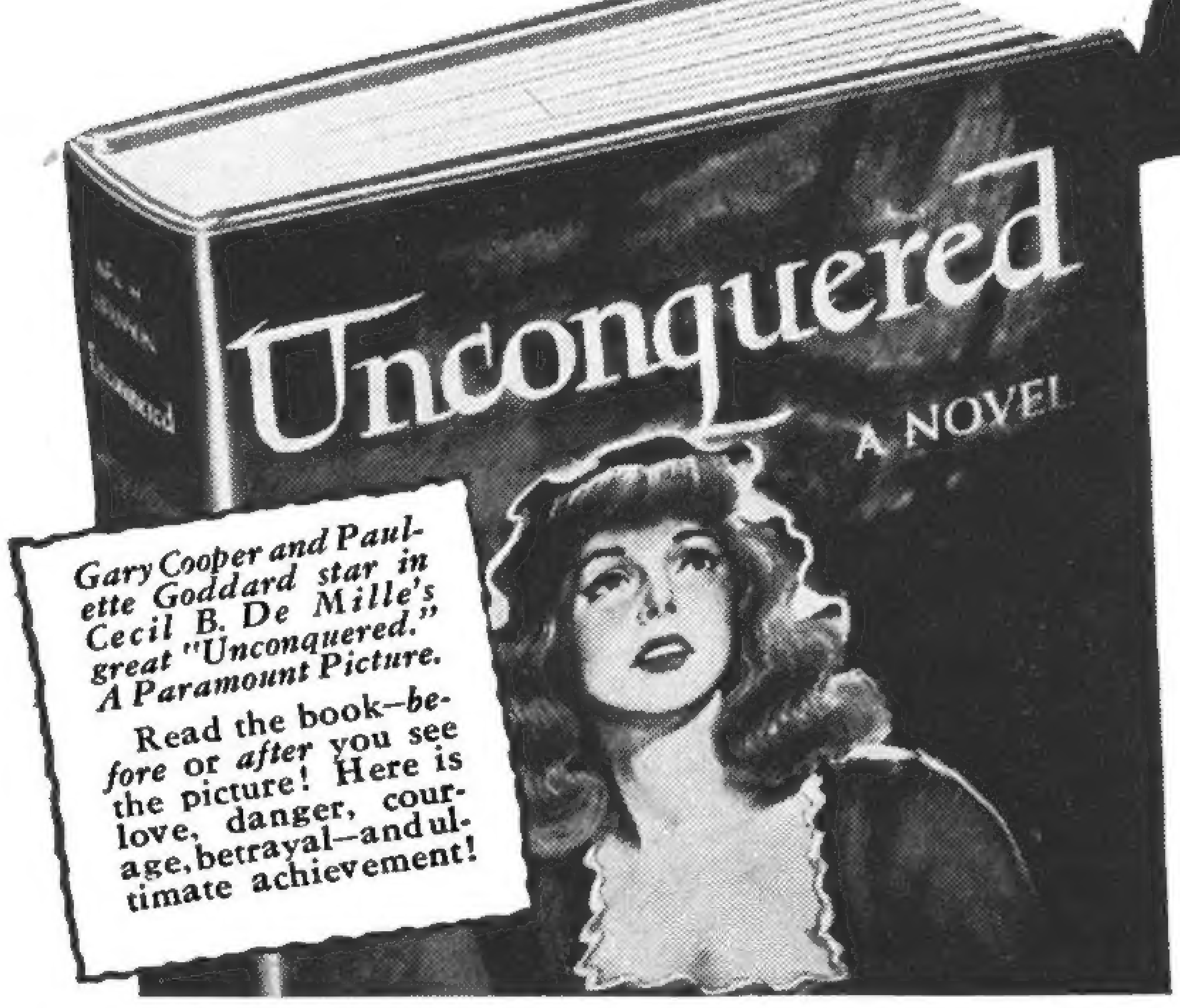

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The Sound and the Fury

essay on trivets

In the November issue Paul Gallico refers to a trivet he purchased in England, a utensil which he seems to think the good people of America know nothing about, although most people must have used the expression "right as a trivet" at some time or other. But all trivets are not as the one he describes, for one before me, as I write, well over 100 years old, differs from his. He is right about the wooden handle, the brass body, the shape, but not the four legs, which he says are even, whereas mine has two long legs and two short legs Kangaroo style; the idea is for the two short front ones to go inside the bars of the grate and the two longer back ones to drop lower down outside and hook into the bars as they are curved at the bottom. My dictionary's description of the word trivet says "a *three*-legged stool or support; a kettle-stand. 'Right as a trivet' stand up steadily; perfectly right—" The sale of toasting fork with his trivet makes a pair often sold together, the trivet to keep the toast hot while the bread is being toasted slice by slice.

ALBERT STALLAN
Streatham, England

wasp waist ballot

Concerning the recent controversy in women's fashion circles about the wasp waist, I think that the new 1948 Esquire Calendar removes all question of the desirability of women with those proportions.

FRANK JAMISON
Chicago, Ill.

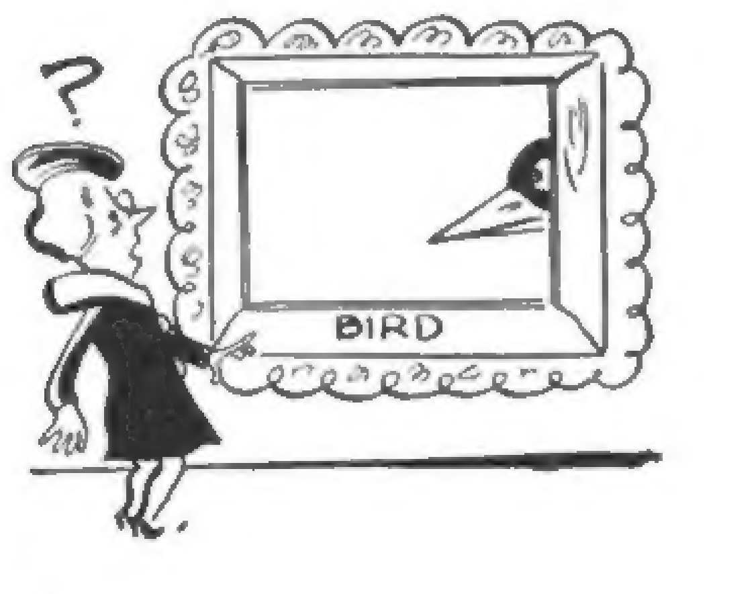
grapes of wrath

What do you want to do to the West Coast of the U.S., start some riots?

In your December issue, your picture, *Metropolis, U.S.A., San Francisco*, is a very fine picture of Oakland, California, but nothing but a blur for San Francisco, and I, for one San Franciscan, consider it a great insult, and I also think the Oaklanders, or "Oaks," consider it the same.

The artist who drew the picture for you had better stay in the East, but if he does come West, he had better come incognito.

T. WM. BREE
San Francisco, Calif.



the bird

In your December issue of Esquire, on page 112, you have a painting entitled *Metropolis, U.S.A., San Francisco*. By all means it is a beautiful painting—more so because it is a painting of Oakland, California. I must admit that Chesley Bonestell, the artist, did have a glimpse of San Francisco in his picture—it is the strip of land to which the other end of the Oakland-San Francisco Bridge is connected.

I am not well informed on paintings of any type, but you must admit that when an artist paints a picture of a lovely tree and happens to put a sparrow in the picture, he does not call his painting "Picture of a Bird."

Oakland is the main project of this painting so please give credit where credit is due.

MRS. M. MARCUS
EVELYN MARCUS
Oakland, Calif.

cave Cave

I entirely disagree with fellow shipmate Cave (H. M. Navy) in your October issue. For five years I sailed the seven seas in various types of ships, and always were the lifeboats' plugs removed. It was the duty of the first man to reach a lifeboat to jump aboard and insert the plug. The reason why plugs were never inserted whilst boats were swung outboard was to enable rain to drain away.

To substantiate my statement one of the questions put to seamen for passing lifeboat exams, as laid down by the Board of Trade, is, "What is the first thing you do in a lifeboat?" The one and only answer is, "Insert the plug."

So before Seaman Cave smashes the bulkheads in his impetuousness to correct a "howler" he had better sail on other ships. The rigid rules of the Royal Navy are not always affiliated to the British Merchant Navy.

F. C. HEATH
London, England

good riddance

A few movie houses and a couple of glorified cafeterias were mentioned by Robert L. Noce in your *The Sound and the Fury* columns as good reasons for Americans to shun Brazilian cities and spend their pennies right at home—among the shooting galleries, popcorn stands and peanut joints along the Great White Way. This strange Mr. Noce misses in Brazil his daily glass of milk—and wonders how Brazilian babies can exist. Even without imported milk from New York we had already existed for 120 years before the Pilgrims reached Plymouth Rock. What is more, we have grown up to the point of enjoying good French or Italian cuisine without committing the sacrilege of asking for a glass of milk.

Let Mr. Noce enjoy the boisterous crowds of overdecorated restaurants where arrogant headwaiters manage to sit four people around a twenty-square-inch table and serve the most abominable fillers for a human stomach under the title of "Number Two Special." Let Mr. Noce try to enjoy North American movies among bubble-gum bursters and popcorn munchers. Let him and his kind leave us in the peace which to us is still dear. We in Brazil will sigh with relief in our native Portuguese: *Já vão tarde . . .*

FRANCISCO SILVA, JR.
São Paulo, Brazil

finale

For the benefit of those Sound and Furyers that have been pondering over my livestock problem which appeared in the December issue, I might say that there are four possible solutions, all correct and that no more solutions are possible. They are as follows:

	PIGS	SHEEP	CALVES
(1)	2	53	5
(2)	15	38	7
(3)	28	23	9
(4)	41	8	11

B. LINDEMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y.

jabberwocky

In the Country of "DaDreem" they give all the visitors an intelligence test. Their mathematical setup seems to be somewhat different than ours. The problem was:

½ of 5 is 7
What part of 9 is 11

Will some kind reader come to my aid, in case I should return to "DaDreem" in the future?

R. W. SHANK
Chicago, Ill.

legerdemain

This is in regard to Herb Graffis' article in the December issue, headed *Basketball's Accent on Altitude.*

In this article Mr. Graffis states that even if the team of average height got near enough to the basket to get a shot, "even then one of the glandularly gifted opposition could put a hand over the ring and block the ball."

If you will consult the basketball rule book you will find this statement to be erroneous. According to the rules the ball may not be blocked while it is on its downward arc. It is also illegal to touch the basket rim or the net.

The important point of Mr. Graffis' article is very well taken. Any real basketball fan could not do otherwise than agree that there is no enjoyment in watching a game in which competent players of average height fight vainly to offset the advantage that exceptionally tall players have over them.

JAMES J. BOYLE
New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Herb Graffis replies that although the rules say a ball may not be blocked on its downward arc, the hand is oft quicker than the official's eye.*

call for Samaritans

By this time no doubt you and your staff are beastly sick of so called "lonely soldiers" writing to ask your readers for some of their old copies of your excellent magazine.

However, if you are not, I wonder if you could put me in touch with one of your many readers who, once they have read their copies, would care to send me one occasionally?

We have one copy that has been read from cover to cover, and is fast falling to bits!

J. LANYON
British Somaliland

unforgotten man

In Paul Gallico's article, *The Agony Column*, there is no mention of the fact that the Franklin D. Roosevelt memorial is to be unveiled in Grosvenor Square next year.

I feel that this token of the love which the British people bore for the late President will preserve forever "this stately quadrangle . . . a small piece of America."

As an Englishman I feel that this omission made an otherwise worthy article incomplete.

ALAN COBURN
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

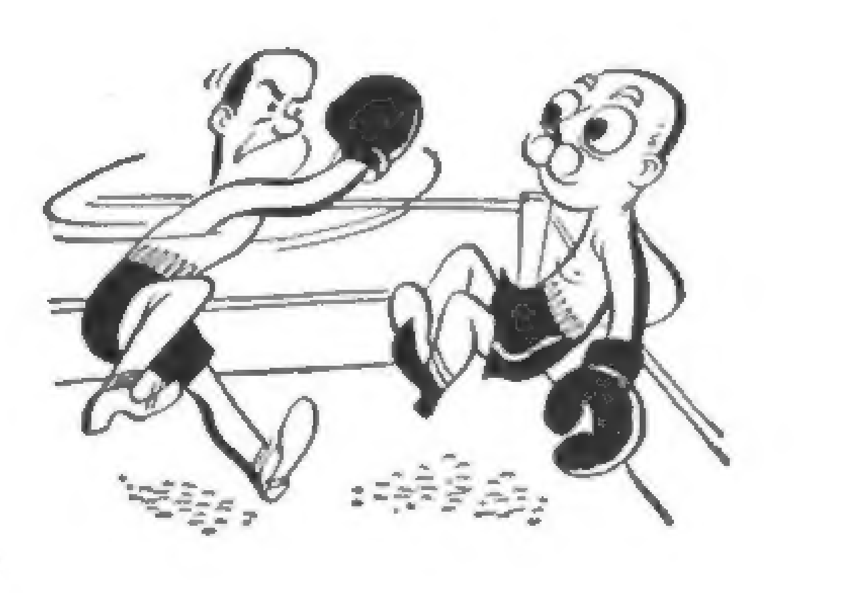
no friend she

In your November issue, page 128, there is an account of Hedda Hopper's life. As always in the magazine reports of Miss Hopper the author states that she was raised in a Quaker family who disapproved of the theatre.

Being a Quaker myself and also having been reared in the general vicinity of Hedda Hopper (she was Elda Furry), may I correct you? Her family was of Brethren (or Dunkard) stock.

I would be very happy to claim Miss Hopper as a member of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) were it not that all authors add the words "disapprove of the theatre."

ALICE FLITCRAFT
River Forest, Ill.



Esky's glass chin

As a rule I do everything but swear by your magazine and even now all I can say about your article on the Willard-Johnson fight is that I'm very much disappointed in your argument and reasoning. If you had given both pictures the least bit of inspection you would see that there's no basis for comparison between the two. In the photo of Johnson and Willard, Willard's hands are at his sides and the referee has begun the count. Willard is on his way to a neutral corner and it is evident that Johnson's feet are on the canvas in a reclining position. In the picture of Conn and Louis one can plainly see that Conn is still in the act of falling and has not yet reached a reclining position. I remember full well that knockout and know that pictures taken fractions of a second before and after show Conn lying in different positions. I'm certainly surprised that you stuck your neck out so. Your sports articles on the whole are the best and I'm willing to forgive and forget.

LEE SETOMER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Continued on page 10

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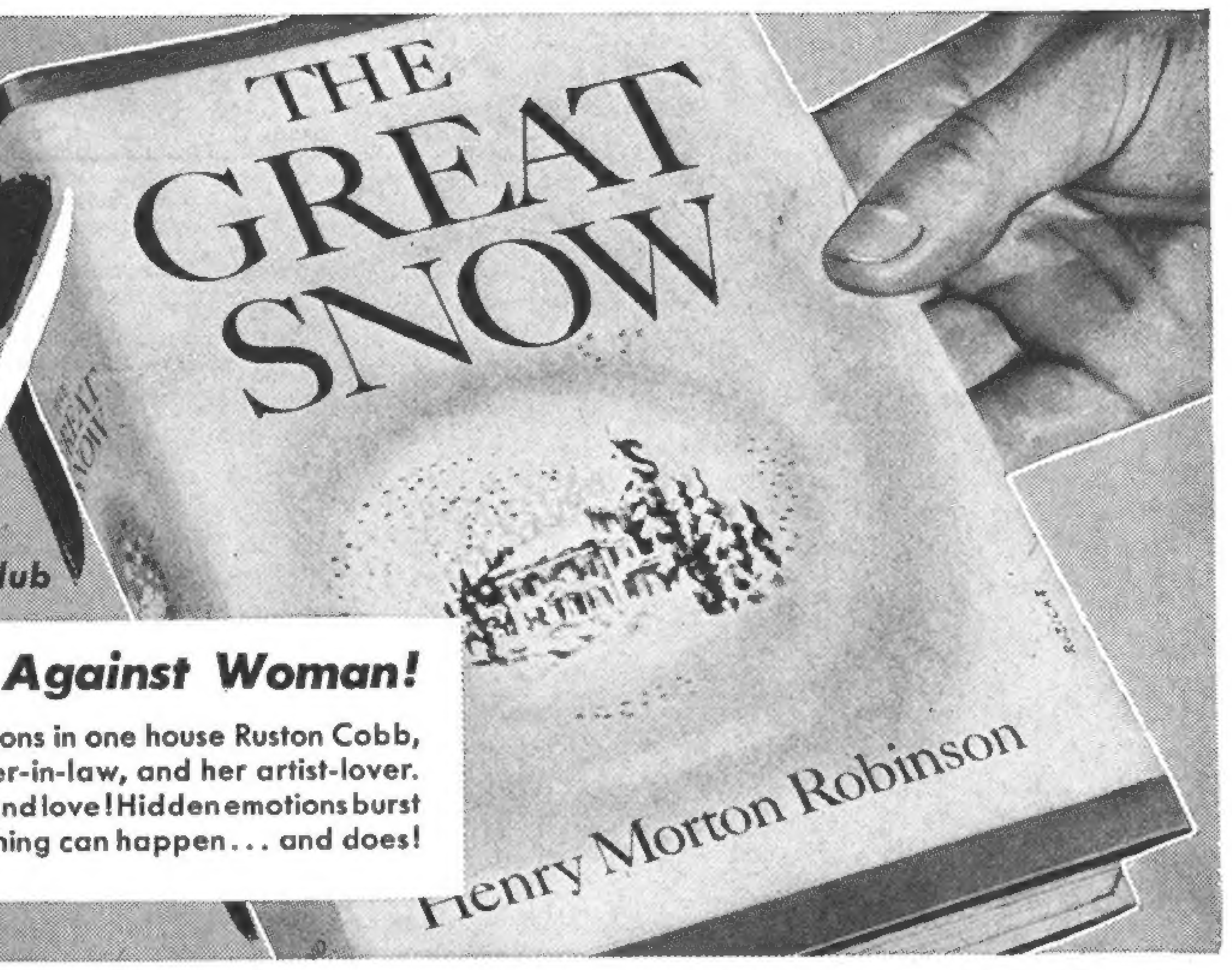

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ES-2

The Sound and the Fury

inside Petrillo

It was with great satisfaction I read Paul Gallico's article in the December issue. For one of his future assignments, how about having Paul get on the tail of one of our present-day un-American dictators, Jimmy Petrillo and his latest recording ban. What would Gallico's "inside-story" be on this?

"HANK" FLEISCHMAN
San José, Calif.

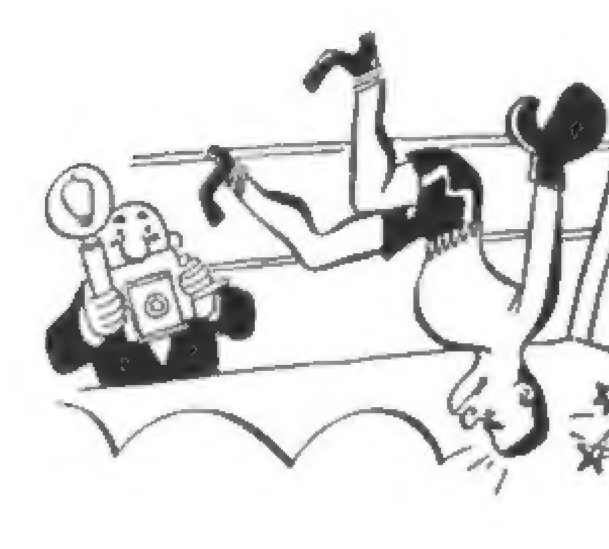
it's elementary

Although it is a catchy little thing, Mr. Gene Harris of Santa Fe, New Mexico, certainly did complicate his problem of the 5-gallon radiator by his solution appearing in the December issue. Instead of a poser for an advanced algebra class, Mr. Harris' problem, with a little clear thinking, becomes an oral examination question for an eighth grade arithmetic class.

Here's the pitch: Initial solution consists: 1 gal. alcohol, 4 gal. water. Final solution consists: 1½ gal. alcohol, 3½ gal. water. Since no water will be added after the withdrawal, it is only necessary to withdraw ½ (or 4/8) gal. of water from the initial solution.

Along with this 4/8 gal. of water will come, quite naturally, 1/8 gal. of alcohol, immediately indicating that the total quantity of the initial solution withdrawn equal 4/8 plus 1/8, or, as Mr. Harris very cumbersomely pointed out, 5/8 gallon.

C. B. WHALEN
Baltimore, Maryland



when figures lie?

Your pictures in the Editorial section—November issue—of Jack Johnson vs. Jess Willard and Joe Louis vs. Billy Conn fights make a first glance seem very convincing. I'm sure that if the cameraman waited until Billy Conn's feet and head had touched the canvas it would have convinced me on speculation and debate. As the photographs are presented it so happens that Conn did remain after the snap of the camera to take the full count, but you must admit a person just knocked out doesn't keep head and feet in the air to keep stomach muscles in shape. You don't suppose rigor mortis had set in do you? Jack Johnson has assumed the proper and correct pose for complete darkness, but not Conn.

See what 1/500th of a second can do to an article.

R. L. VAUGHN
Montgomery, Ala.

flicks click

I am afraid I could not guess what English movie your correspondent Bill Davison from Toppenish "suffered" from, but might I remind him that films such as *The Wicked Lady, The Way to the Stars, A Matter of Life and Death* (I believe you called it *Stairway to Heaven*) *The Seventh Veil* and *Henry V* were appraised in Hollywood itself—at least so we were told.

I admit that your musicals are tops, but people want something to get their teeth into, and to think about, which can only be obtained from a British film. And don't forget, Mr. Davison, that America is sending over film-making companies to try and find out what there is in Britain that turns out such splendid movies, and to try and collar it from us and use it for their own benefit—but they won't be able to—it's in our spirit. Our films cost only a fraction of the money paid out by American producers, for ours are just plain true-to-life stories usually of everyday British life. For example, *So Well Remembered* a recent English hit, cost 100,000 pounds *less* than it would have done had it been made in Hollywood!

I don't accept the statement that the American films are superior just because a few Naval men couldn't understand a couple of our flicks and that they count as a majority.

ANDREW M. GREEN
London, England

parents' privilege

Granted that John McCarten in *The Two Old Tots* offers a stunning retort to parents who bore with proud tales of their offspring. But may I say that to a new parent, the skill and coordination shown by a baby in, for example, turning over, is of far greater interest than that displayed by a champion golfer in a tricky putt.

After watching all the neighborhood babies roll merrily and unassisted onto their tummies by the age of four or five months, while ours lay placidly on her back till eight months, we felt an important battle had been won the day she flopped over by herself.

Parents are not necessarily oblivious to the theatre, books, politics, or business—but they do have an overwhelming new *human* interest which tends to outshine, for the time being, other accepted intellectual pursuits.

May I suggest the only solution is for non-childbearing adults not to attempt to associate with childbearing adults if they do not care to share their absorption in the fascinating business of care and breeding of babies.

JO EPSTEIN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ungentle reproof

Whilst appreciating it takes all sorts to make a world, why doesn't Gallico and his pseudo-criticisms go and build one for himself, or take that extended tour of the monastaries of Tibet.

Plodding through his depiction of life in these isles, I was mindful of the story of the officer of the Brigade of Guards, who was reputed to be the last man evacuated from Dunkirk. After standing up to his chest in water for hours evacuating his men, dive-bombed and strafed, he was finally beached in England. Besieged by reporters for his last minute impressions he replied, "My dear chaps, the noise!! And the People!!!!"

S. BOULTON WILLIAMS
Hertfordshire, England

chimera camera

I trust that your proofreaders have enjoyed their vacation—or perhaps they have never had the opportunity to examine or use either an 8 mm. camera or a 35 mm. candid camera. That is the only explanation I can think of to account for the appearance of the sketches shown in *Talking Shop with Esquire.*

Maybe you just wanted to see how many of your readers looked at something besides the pictures!

In any event, Esquire is still tops with me. Let's have some more by Ben-Hur Baz. M-m-m-m-m! (And that's not 8 mm. or 35 mm. Just m-m-m-m-m!!)

ARTHUR W. CARR, JR.
Baltimore, Md.

calling good guys

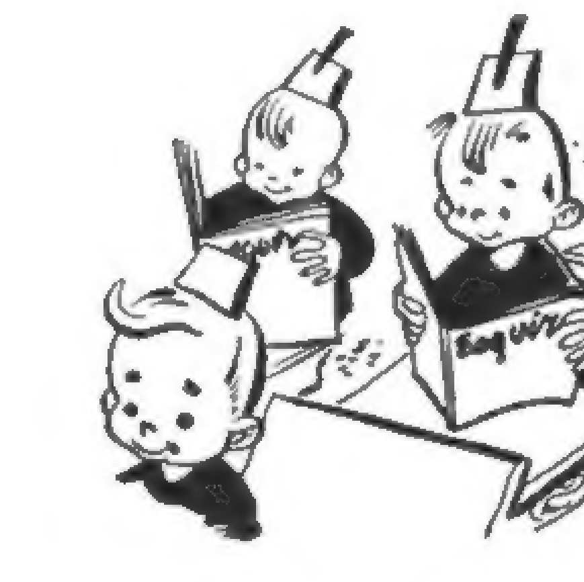
(1)

I am afraid you must get tired of people scrounging good things from your country, but in this case I have tried to get your magazine through the proper channels. For a year you have been supplying me with Esquire, but unfortunately only one in three issues reaches me. I have now unfortunately had to cancel my order.

I should be very grateful, if, through your columns, you could put me in touch with any of your readers who could send on old copies to me. I particularly need them as I have a considerable number of men who find themselves very bored with life here in Germany today. English literature is frightfully austere and downright dull; your magazine is not only entertaining, but does give them a picture of a way of life of which we all know too little.

Any back numbers that your readers may wish to get rid of will be doubly welcome; I find Esquire provides the best laugh we get in any company.

MAJOR J. S. PIRIE
Hansestadt-Hamburg



(2)

Have you room in your Correspondence Column for an appeal from a remote place? Until recently, the 1500 English-speaking students in this college were fortunate enough to receive for their Library copies of various American periodicals, through the agency of the United States Legation. Now that Congress has decided to discontinue the appropriation necessary for this, numbers of excellent students, without the means to subscribe in the usual manner, have lost one of their main means of keeping in touch with the west, and of absorbing something of the American way of life. At the same time, propaganda for another ideology continues to arrive in an unabated stream.

Would it be too much to beg that, if any readers have old copies of Esquire which they do not want, they should mail them to the undersigned?

PROF. W. R. MCAULIFFE
Kabul, Afghanistan

tilling the shoot

Paul Gallico's sympathetic treatment of England as seen through *The Times* Personal Column (Esquire, November) was just as well as amusing. Forgive me for pointing out one error which actuated my hackles. The 1700 acre shoot in Hampshire is not likely to be sequestered for shooting over. The harvest being all in, it probably consists of corn stubbles, grass fields and a few patches of woodland. The game will be small wild birds—partridge the largest, unless there are still a few sturdy pheasants left—winter migrants such as woodcock and snipe, and probably hares, rabbits and other pestilential wood pigeon.

The shooting, which is not likely to be very heavy since we are all busy as well as broke, will not interfere with the winter farming routine of plowing, harrowing and sowing. There will doubtless be 1700 acres of corn and grazing on these acres next summer.

Tell Paul to take time off from the fishin' next year and try his hand at our two other aristocratic pastimes—huntin' and shootin'!

ERIC R. THOMAS
New Barnet, Herts, England

research on stays

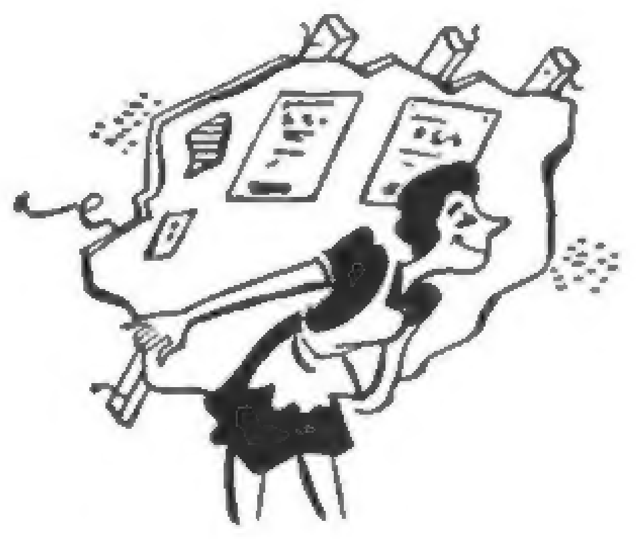
Do you mind if a longtime regular reader makes a suggestion for a timely article on the glamour front?

You have always excelled in the presentation of the various phases of feminine glamour, but in Frederick Smith's illustrations I notice for the first time some attention to that instrument of feminine glamour (and torture), the hour-glass corset.

I ran across a curious volume the other day called *The Corset and the Crinoline,* published in England in 1868, stating that the *average* waist measurement amongst ladies of polite society of that day was seventeen inches. More recently Anna Held offered her corsetiere $100 for every inch deducted from the Held waistline, which, though notably small, was not smaller than that of many other ladies of the time. As late as 1905 Polaire, the French actress, was wowing them with a thirteen-inch waist, which recalls the fact that Catherine de Medici would admit no lady to her court who measured more than thirteen inches around the middle!

A look at the style magazines and the costume pieces produced by the movies in which the hour-glass shape is a major attraction convinces one that this is the trend in fem silhouettes. How far will it go? Do men like it? Is not this an interesting avenue for Esky's continuing research in glamour?

HERMAN THIELE
Oakland, Calif.



visual education

Your *Look and Cook* recipes, which in slowly increasing numbers adorn my kitchen wall, have provoked many comments both as to the decorative touch and to the final result reaching the table. Now we are moving and I would like to have additional copies of the recipes for a new kitchen wall. Also, a number of our friends have expressed an interest in acquiring the same.

I am indeed indebted to *Look and Cook* for my reputation as a good cook.

MRS. PATRICIA M. ZUVER
Alexandria, Va.

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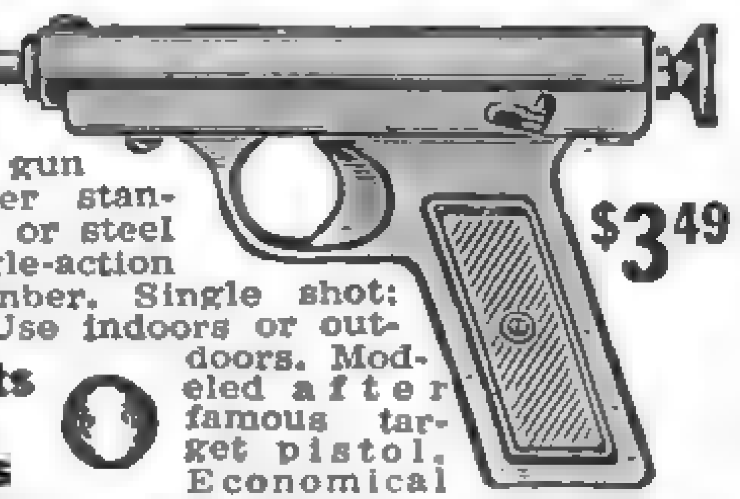

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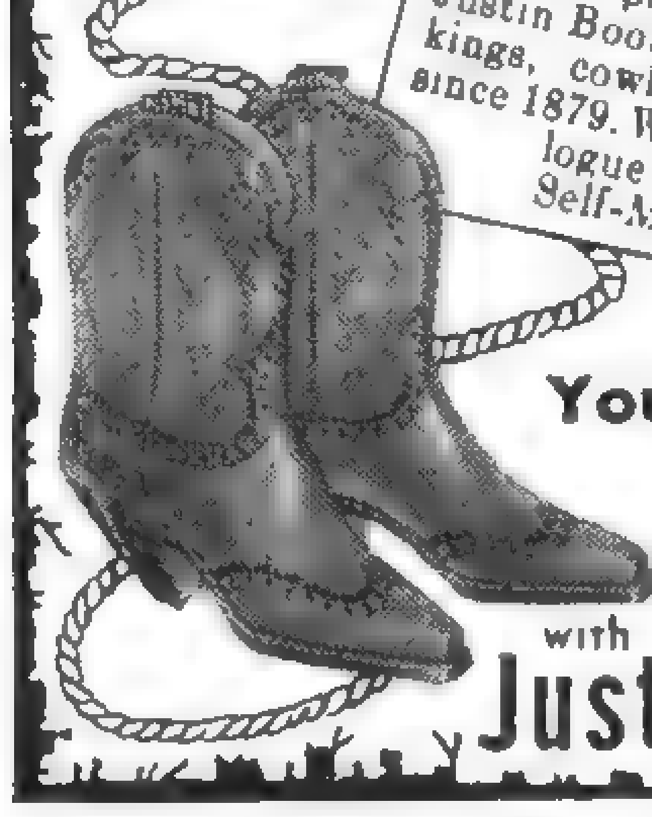

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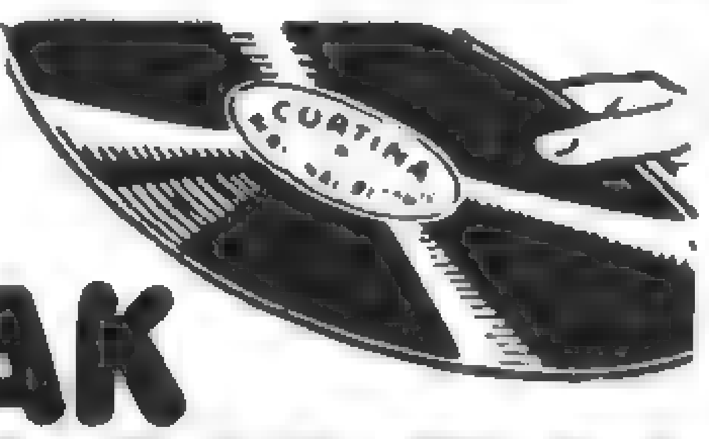

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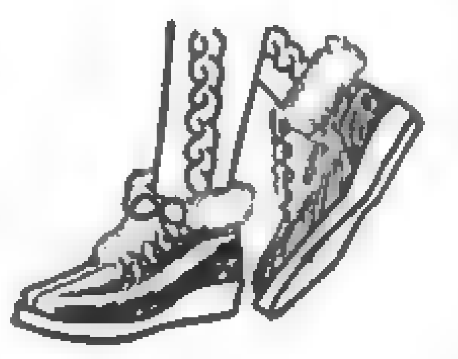
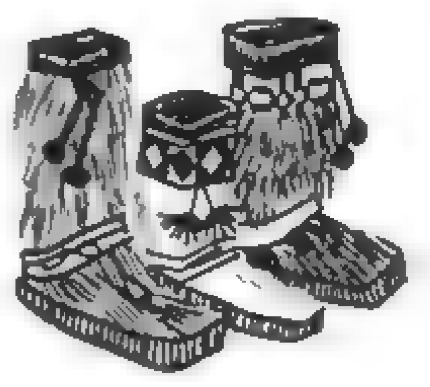
Talking Shop with Esquire

AFTER SKI BOOTS FOR GALS. California produces some inexpensive boots called "Hot Toddy" for cold tootsies. In gay colored elkskin, lined with, and faced with turn over cuffs of camel fleece. Laced over hooks like those high shoes gramp used to sport. The shoes are made to fit over heavy ski pants and heavy wool socks. Crepe rubber soles. Another idea for after ski, or for pullman or plane wear, some noiseless prowlers made of wool jersey, called "Lazy Foots". These little numbers have no soles, just the fabric, and can be worn red side out or turned inside out to show black exterior. Fastened around the ankle with a fetching gilt button strap.



HOLIDAY ON SKIS. Ski resorts are doing a capacity business, as usual. Be sure to make reservations as far in advance as possible! If you're headed for Sun Valley, Yosemite, Placid, and such, wear your flossiest ski clothes . . . both for active skiing, and for hot Glögg (and hot air) time when day is done. If you've ever seen those Eskimo mukluks (fur boots for after-ski wear) you won't be happy until you own a pair. Made by Eskimo women, the uppers are from 8" to 10" high, made of reindeer or black and white spotted calfskin. There's a band of colored felt at the top which holds a colored drawstring with tassels. Below this, a mosaic design of calfskin. Soles are of oogruk, (scraped sealskin) which is waterproof and practically indestructible. All the sewing is done with animal sinew of exceptional strength.



LIGHT AND FUNCTIONAL . . . a ski jacket of windproof poplin with a removable lining, *including sleeves.* One side of lining is of suede, the other in gay plaid wool. The shell of the jacket weighs just 1½ lbs., the liner, 1¼ lbs. England sends some impressive hand knit pull-on sweaters in allover patterns of white snow crystals, stars, etc., on a navy ground. Neat and not gaudy.

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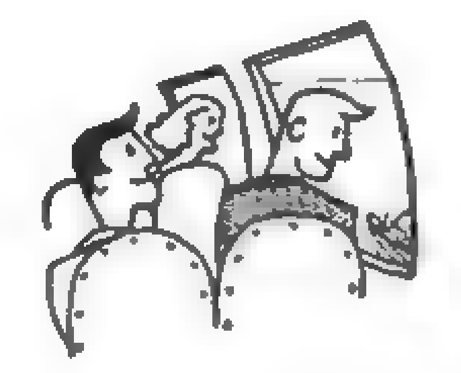

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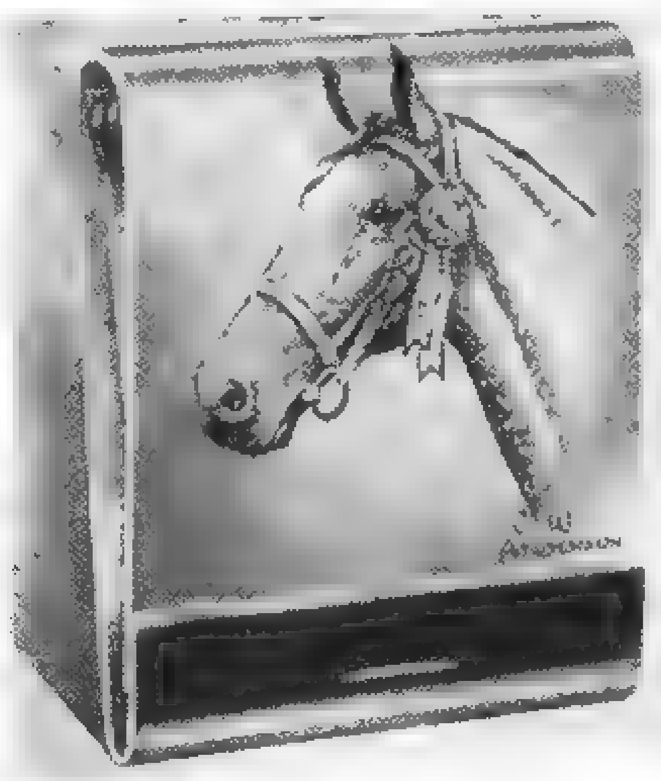

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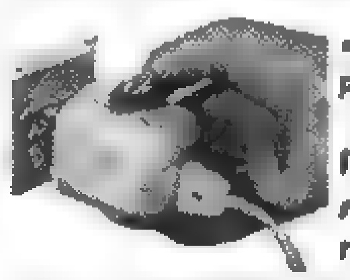

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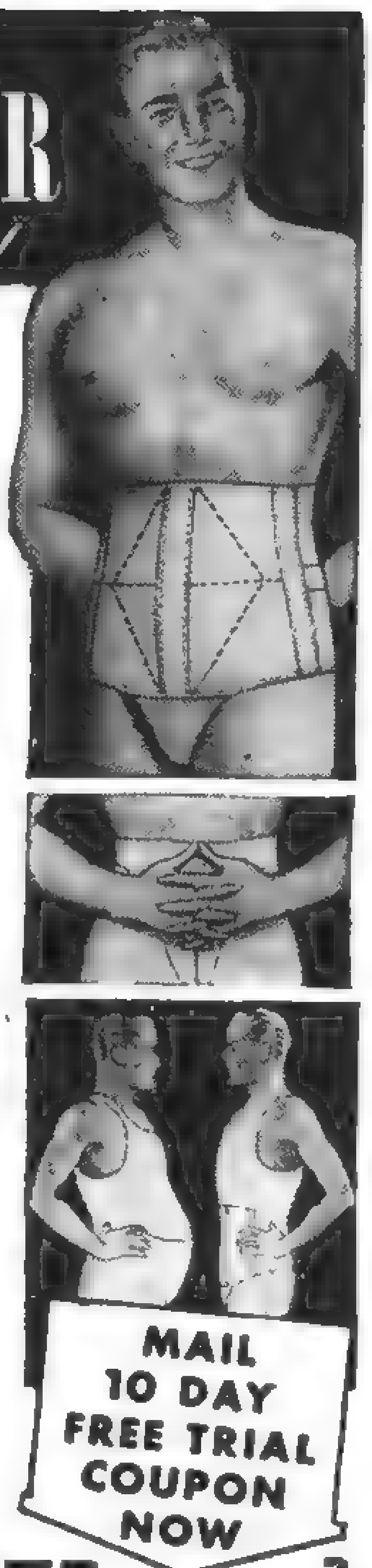

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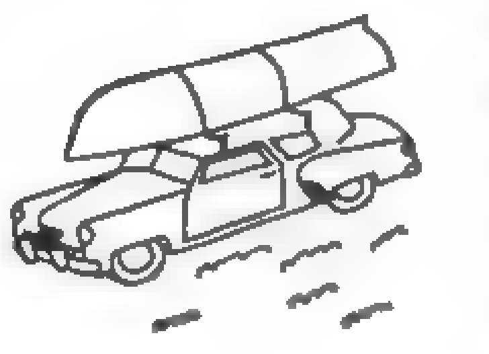
EVERYTHING GOES ON TOP. If you are planning to take your vacation in your own car, get one of the new all-purpose carriers and load all your worldly goods thereon. Attached to the top of your car, the carrier will carry several pairs of skis, a small boat or camping equipment. The carrier is all steel which shouldn't warp or break, with four support brackets designed to distribute evenly the load on the car top. Each bracket is supported by removable four inch suction cups and you can fasten on the carrier in double quick time by pressing vacuum cups on to the surface and anchoring hooks under eave of the car.



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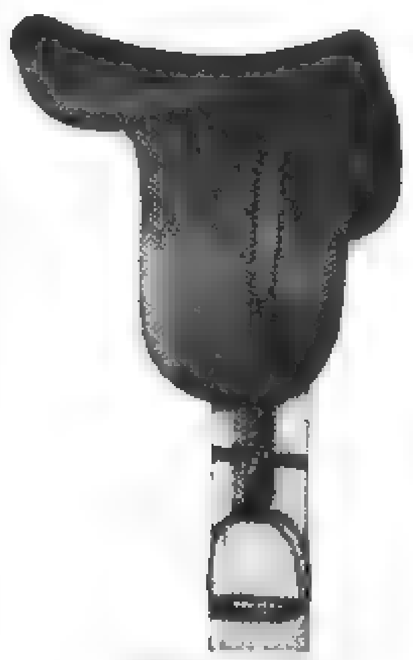

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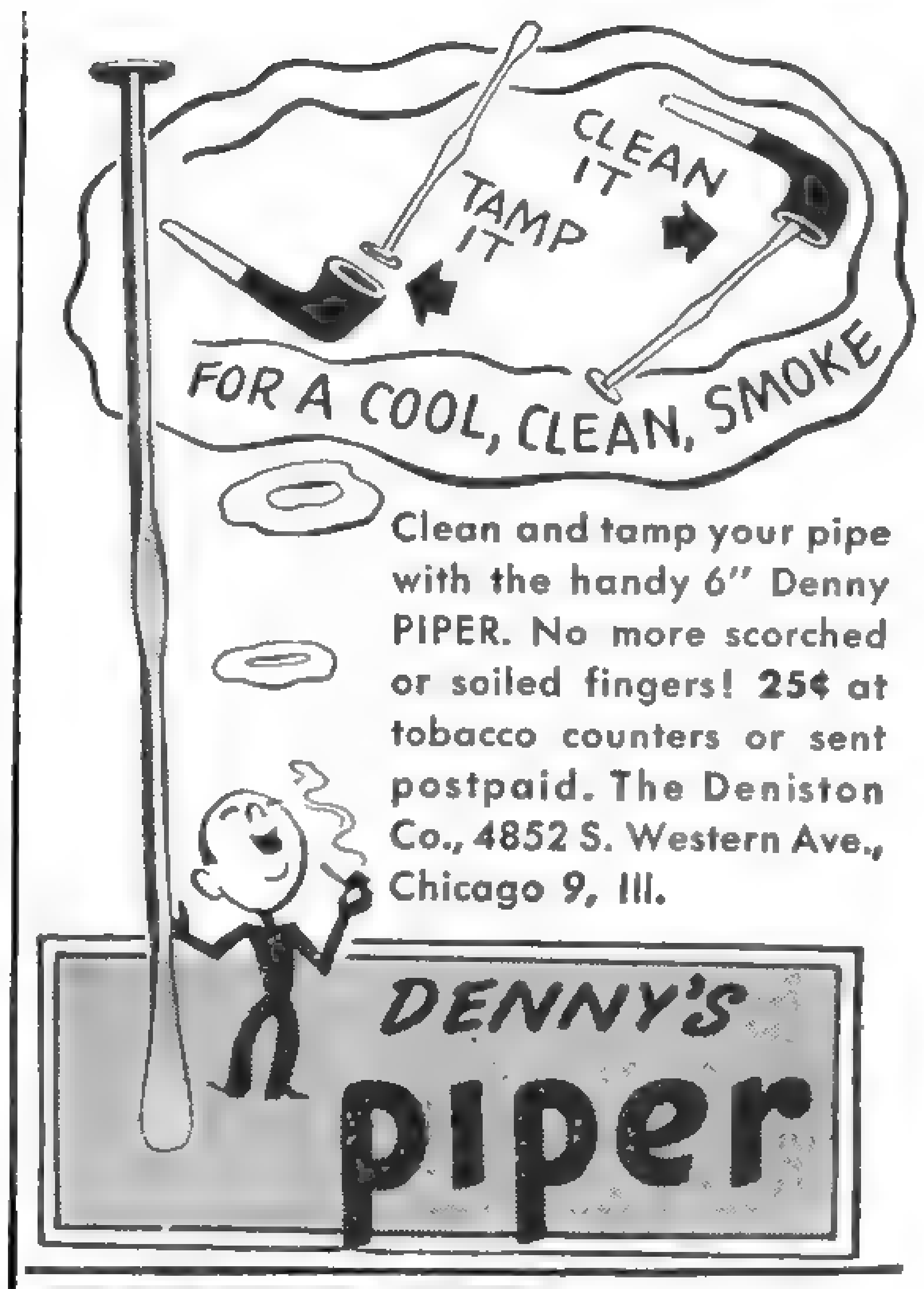

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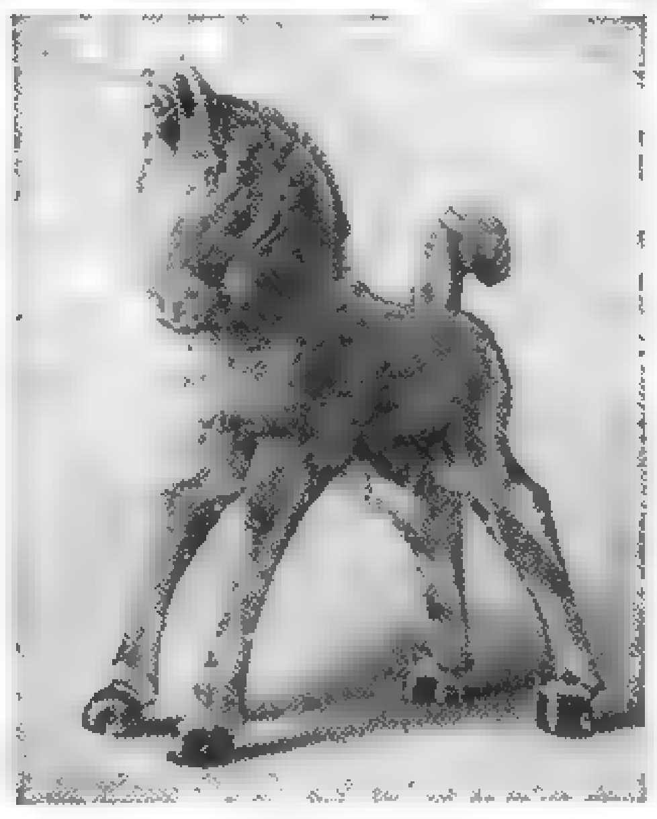

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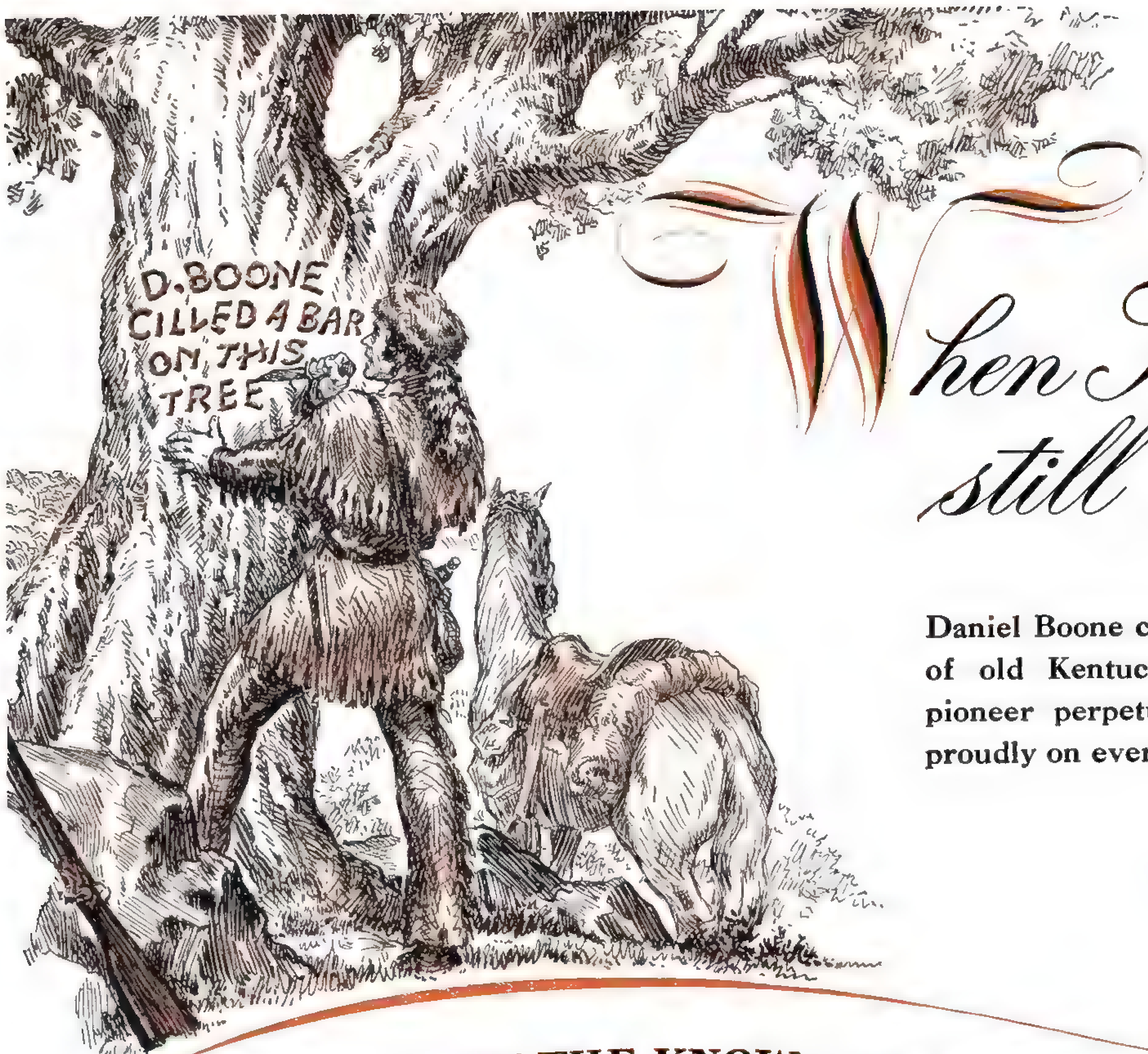
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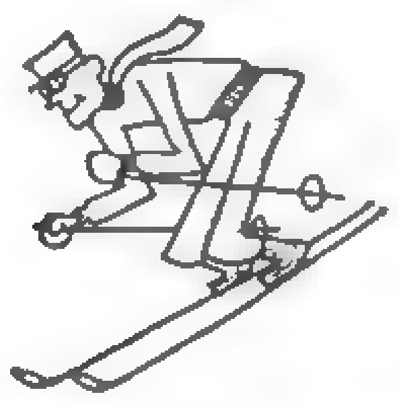
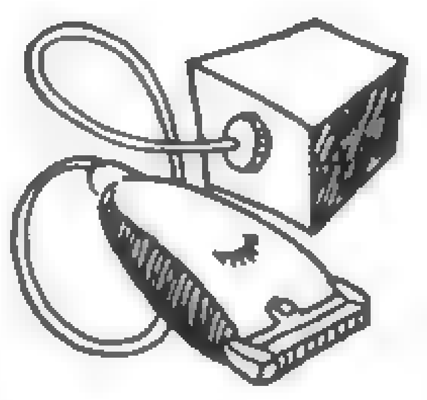


TRAVELING BAR. In the course of your travels you may find yourself in a dry State. Here the cocktail kit comes into play. The new ones are the epitome of convenience and luxury. Cow hide leather case equipped with two shiny locks and keys, holds two pint bottles, two half pint bottles, four cups, a jigger, shaker and mixing spoon. All of the bottles are glass with non-spill, non-leak chromium tops. New too, is a non-corroding metal flask divided down the center into two compartments. This is so that you may have a choice of Rye or Scotch. You will find no metallic taste as the metal is specially treated.

TRAVELERS' TIPS. You may find yourself some place where you have no electricity. You electrical razor users will be glad to have a portable plug in power plant designed so that you can shave anywhere. No wired electricity needed. The battery supplies full current for the shave indoors or out. Salesmen can actually shave in their cars and appear before a perspective customer sans beard. And speaking of electric shavers, there is a new lotion out which actually seems to *wilt* the toughest iron beard in a matter of seconds. Just apply the way you would a lotion, then use your regular or brushless cream. It is designed to produce a closer, faster shave doing away with irritating pull. Don't travel without a luggage tan zippered toiletry kit completely fitted with a mock tortoise shell brush with nylon bristles, a tortoise shell comb, clothes brush and a nail file. The case is large enough also to hold your razor, toothbrush and paste, shaving cream and brush. If your ties wrinkle in your suitcase, we suggest a tie case—a sort of leather sleeve and plastic strap with holes for the ties. Keeps them in a compact place and tends to press out wrinkles enroute. Forget not a whisk broom that packs into a neat plastic case to protect the fibers. Pivot the case and it becomes the handle of the brush when in use.



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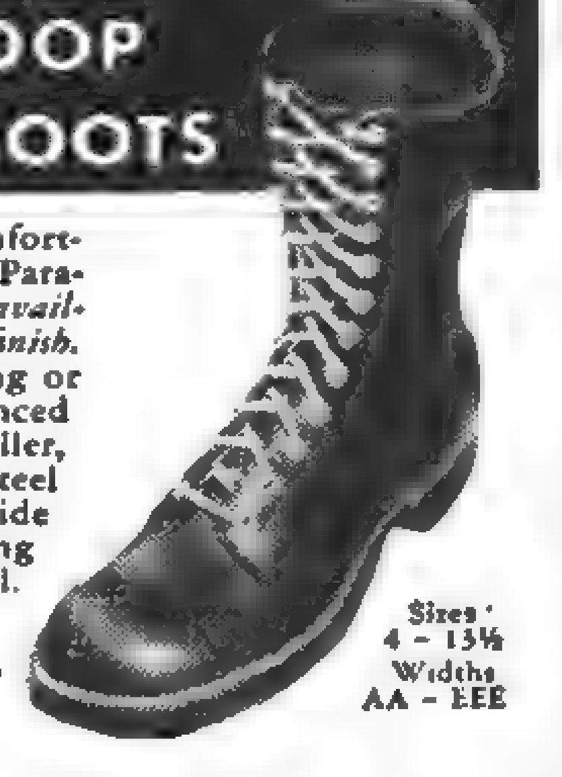

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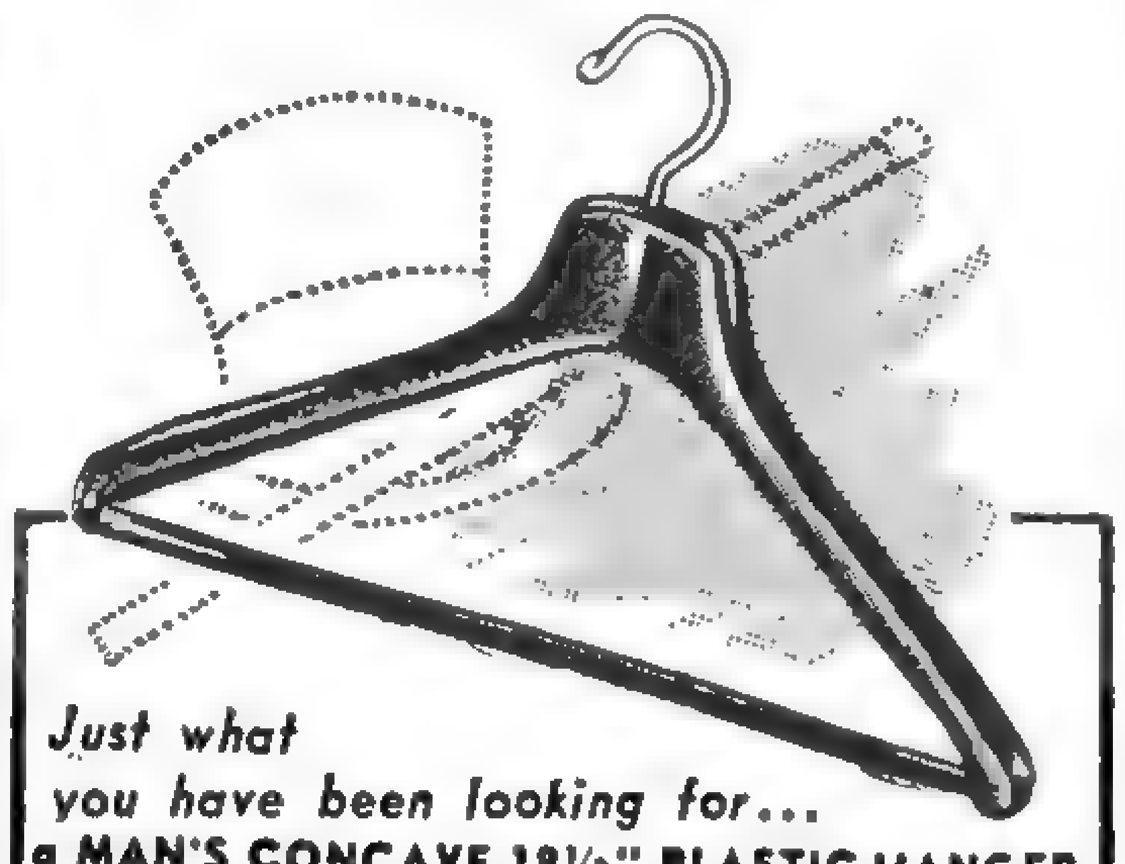

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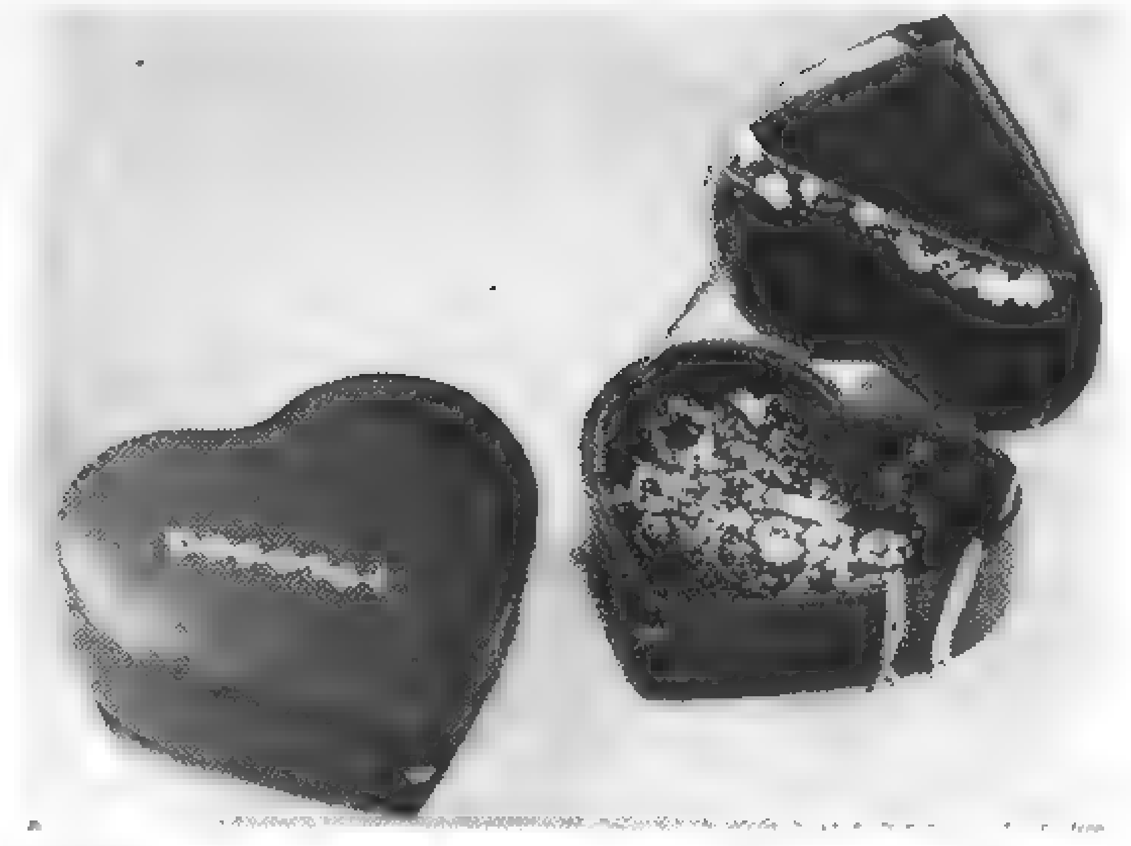

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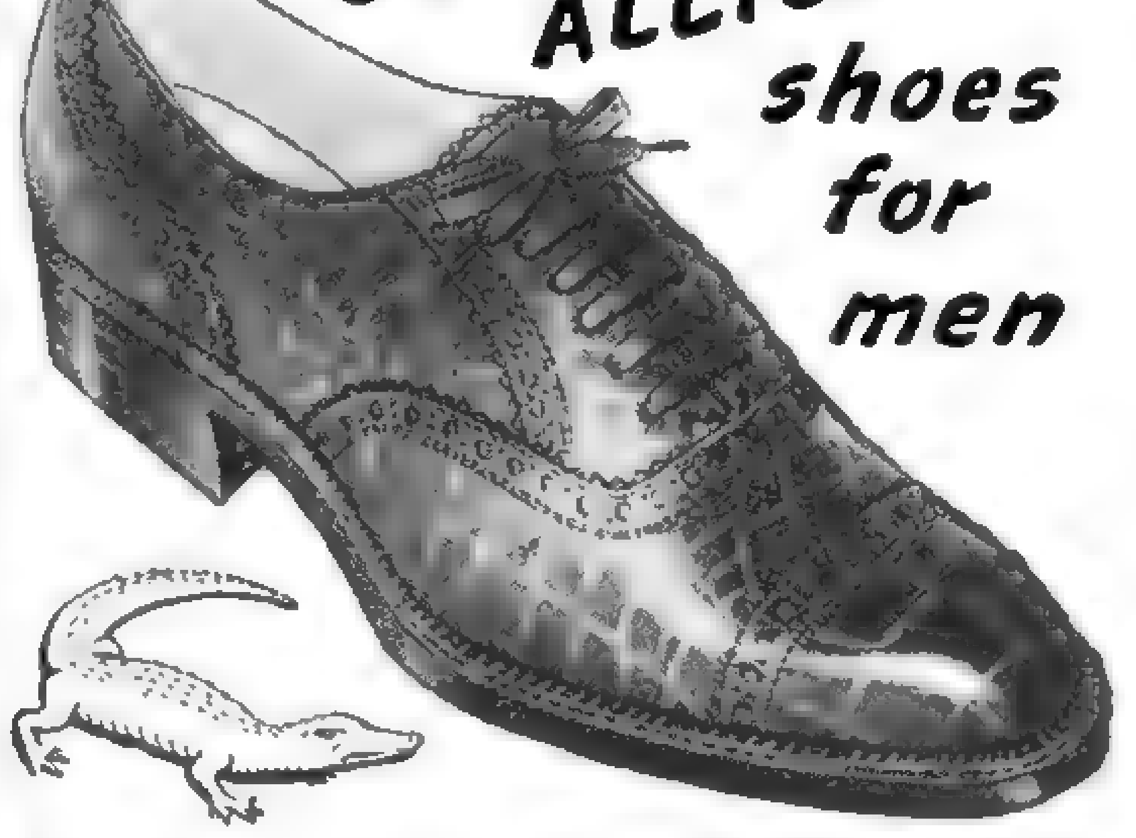

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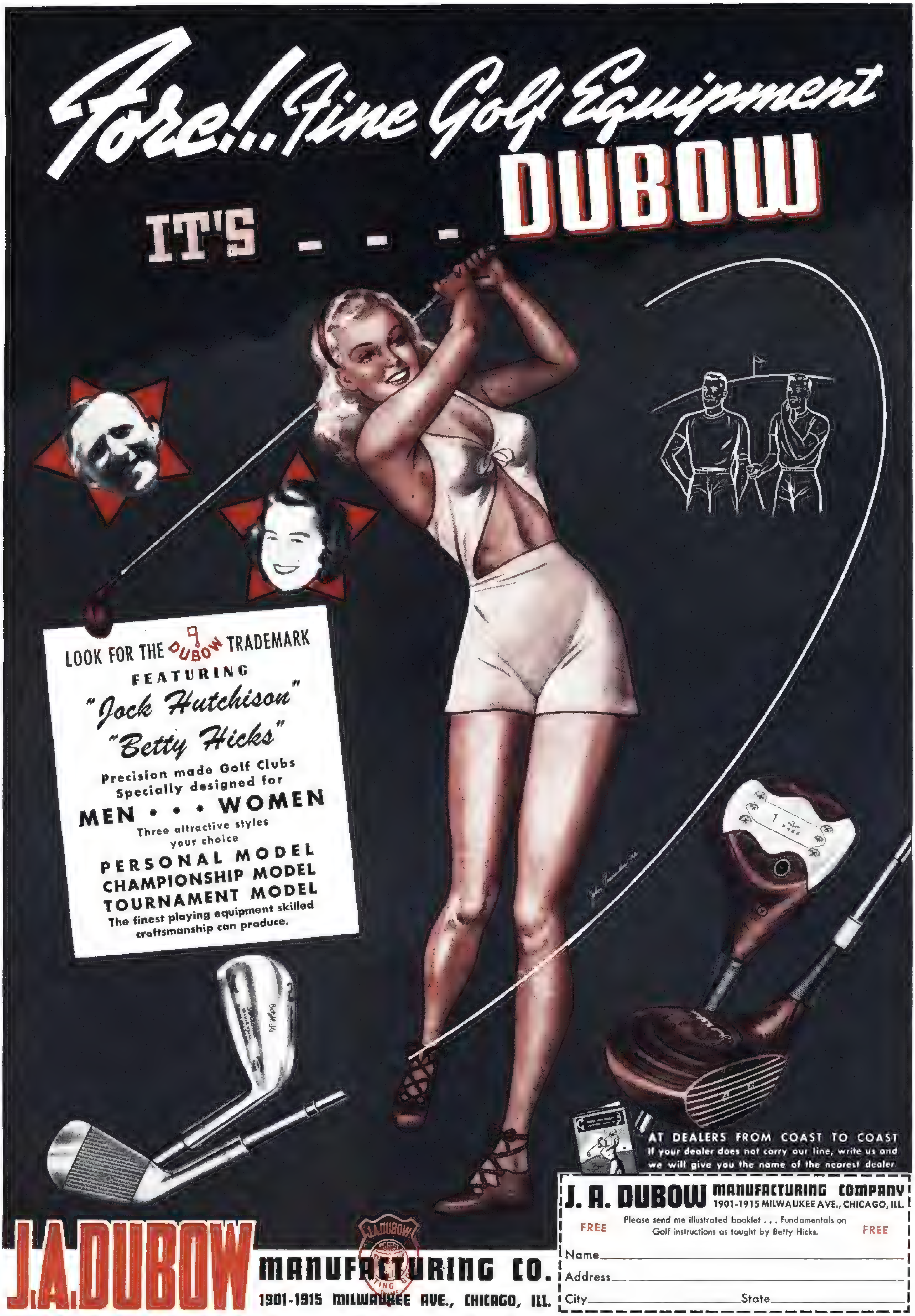

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Thousands of men have grown taller overnight — simply by changing to famous "ELEVATORS" Height-Increasing shoes. Learn how you, too, can enjoy the business and social success that comes easier when you're taller.

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25¢
R. R. TOBIN TOBACCO CO. DETROIT

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Soothing, after shave. Peppy rub-down . . . effective deodorant.
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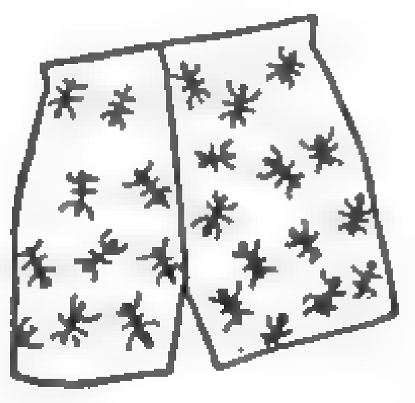
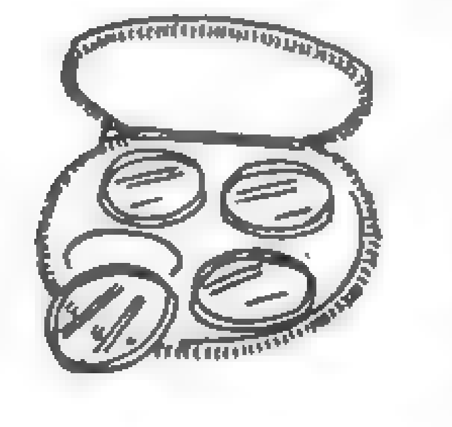
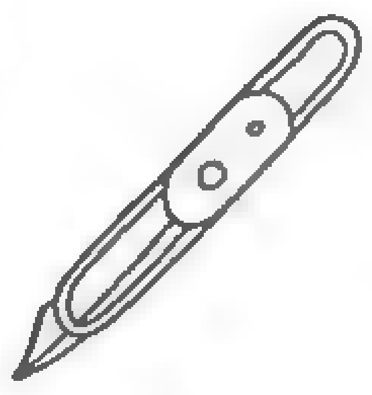
Talking Shop with Esquire



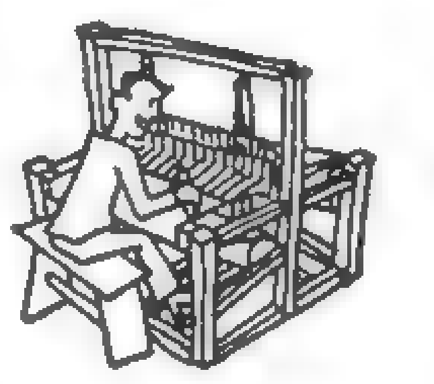
ANTSY PANTS. Sometime ago it was rumored about in smart inside circles, that a certain titled lady had given a somewhat costly trifle to a titled playboy who was then ardently pursuing her. The gift consisted of a pair of white silk shorts hand embroidered all over with ants—connotation unmistakable. 1948 casanovas can be recipients of a similar whimsy—white cotton boxing shorts printed all over with big red ants. Some fun, huh kids?



FILTER CASES. Amateur photographers will be interested in a clever zipper case to hold 25mm series filters. The inside is plush-lined with a zippered case in pigskin or cow hide. Will hold four filters securely, each one in full view.



WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT A KNIFE, particularly those wafer thin streamlined numbers which slip into the pocket without undue bulging. Incidentally, the sportsknife opens and closes with one hand. Blade slides easily in the frame and locks securely when closed or in the three open positions.



HAND WOVEN TWEEDS BY MAIL. If you like hand woven tweeds in the scotch manner, you can save yourself some dough by ordering from swatches sent by a prominent mail order company. Weaving of the tweeds is quite a production, done on scotch style looms. Colors are subtly blended, (sometimes seven and eight different shades) into Heather mixtures. The fabrics will supposedly hold their colors and drape. All materials are fifty-four and fifty-six inches wide, which is unusual, and are sponged ready for your tailor. Incidentally, you only need about two yards for a sport coat.

LEMON, CHERRY, BELL! You don't have to hie yourself to your favorite tavern to hit the jackpot. You can organize a little jackpot gathering at home or anywhere as long as you have one of the new jackpot dice games. Game comes complete with three dice hand painted with the familiar jackpot fruits and bells. Plastic shaker cup, a setup award and penalty chart. You play the game anteing chips and it is a whale of a lot of fun.

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CHOICEST HAMS, CAREFULLY CURED

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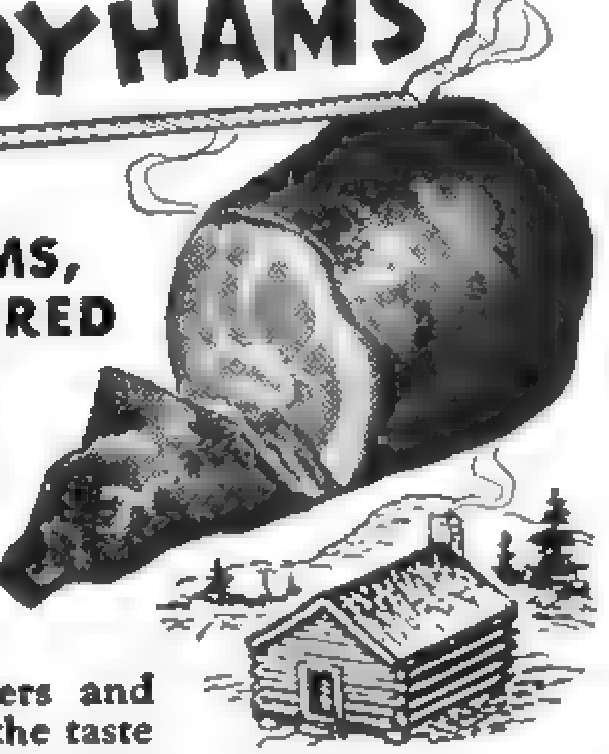

NOTE: Hams weigh 16-25 lbs. Please specify weight desired. We attempt to fill your order closely as possible.

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Please send C. O. D............hams, approx. ....lbs. each at 95c per lb. Hams weigh 16-25 lbs.

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Amazing Foot Comfort

These distinctive looking CONCORDS are the "shoe answer" for active men who demand both smart styling and luxurious foot-comfort. Expertly crafted of the very finest calf skin, with sturdy leather soles and rubber heels. Famous resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift—*patented nail-less construction*—flexible, sweat resistant insoles — and many other exclusive features have made these comfort shoes the *all-time choice* of millions of men who buy pair after pair. You'll do the same, once you wear these smart, *extra quality* CONCORDS with their built-in comfort — *now offered for the first time by mail!*

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Quality insured by 45 years of fine shoemaking. Order TODAY—Model E20 in black; or Model E21 in tan. State exact shoe size and width. Available now in sizes 6 to 12, AA to E, **$12.95** —*sizes 13 and 14, A to E.* **$14.25.** Add 25c for mailing. Satisfaction or your money back.

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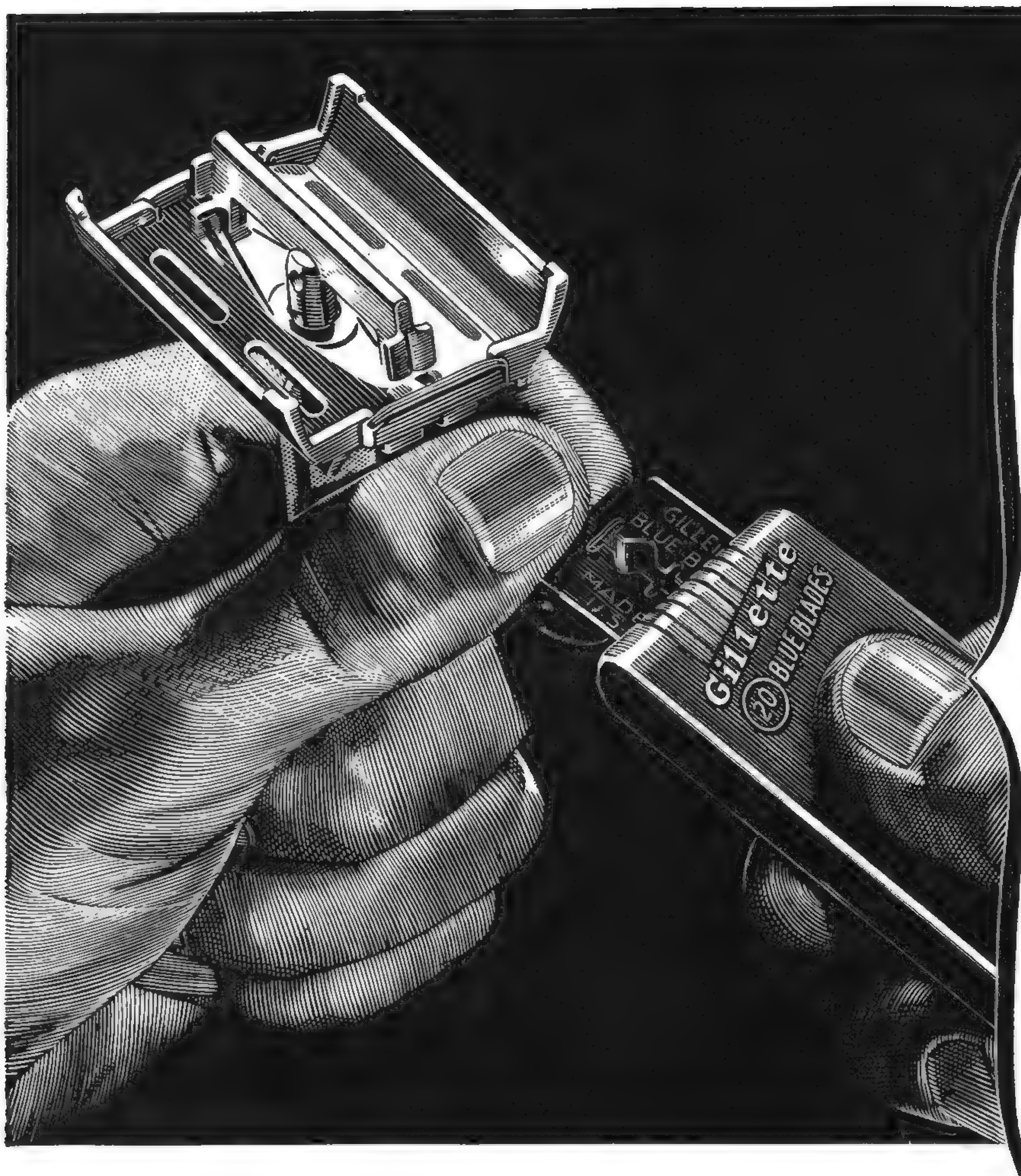
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20 BLUE BLADES
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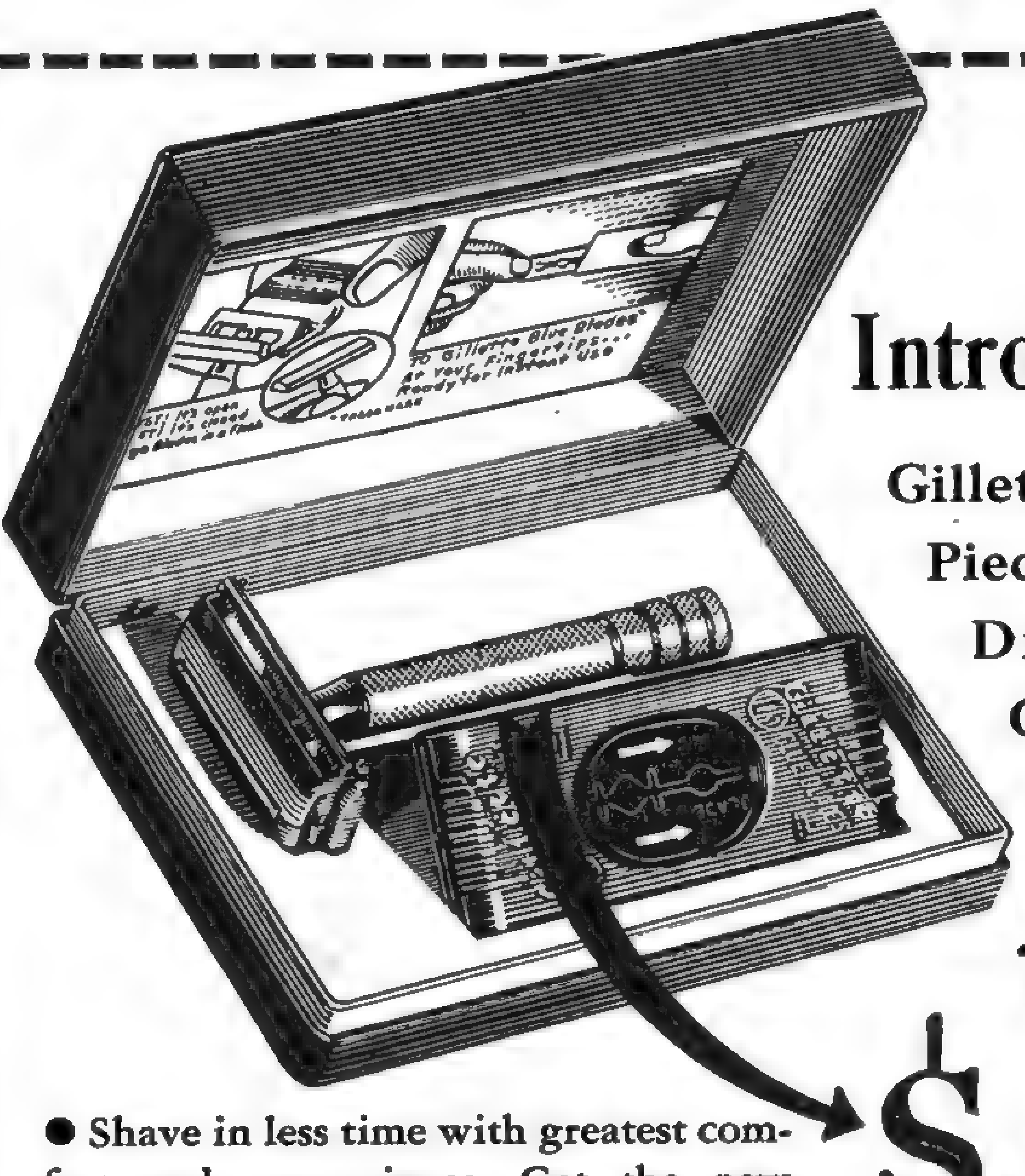
BLUE BLADES

ZIP!

that's how *EASY* blade changing is with the

Sensational New

Gillette Dispenser



Special Introductory Offer

Gillette Super-Speed One-Piece Razor and Gillette Dispenser With 10 Gillette Blue Blades

REGULAR $1.50 VALUE

$1.00

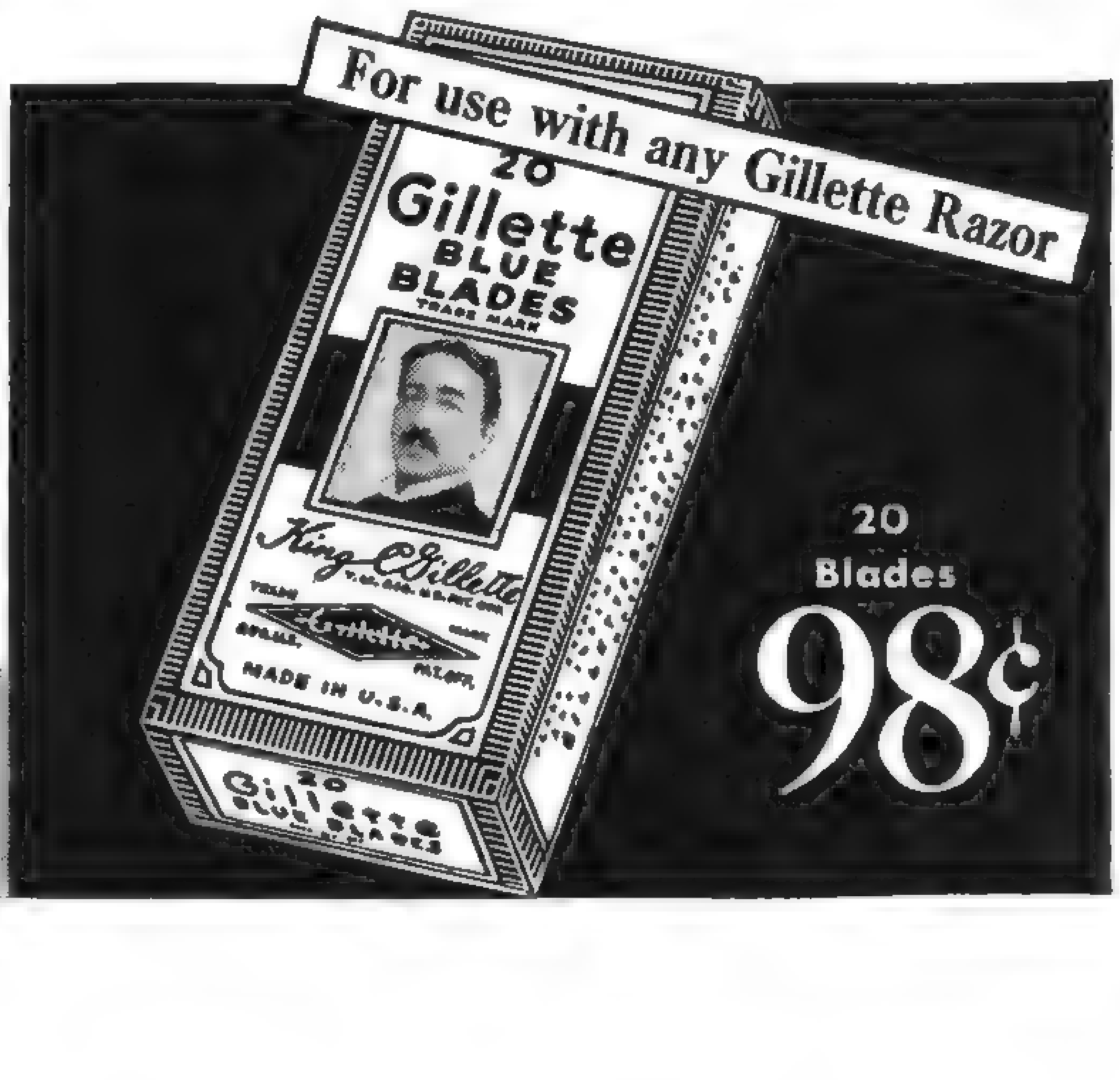
The Greatest Shaving Bargain Ever Offered!

- Shave in less time with greatest comfort and convenience. Get the new Gillette Super-Speed Razor Set. Twist . . . the razor opens. Zip . . . there's a new blade. Twist again . . . and you're all set. To clean both razor and blade, just loosen the holder, rinse and shake.

Copyright, 1948, by Gillette Safety Razor Co.

Holds 20 Gillette Blue Blades —40 Shaving Edges—and Deals Them Out One at a Time, *Presto!*

NOW easy-shaving Gillette Blue Blades come in a remarkable new Lustron container—the Gillette Dispenser—that saves time and bother. You feed out blades *presto,* unwrapped and ready for your razor. The edges are perfectly protected and reach you *factory sharp.* When the case is empty, throw it away. Enjoy this newest shaving convenience. Get a Gillette Blue Blade Dispenser for the price of the blades alone. Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston 6, Mass.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WITH THE *SHARPEST* EDGES EVER HONED

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Pan American World Airways Pilot Walter Decker agrees with men everywhere who want a Hair Dress that's *quick* to use . . . that keeps the hair in place all day! Glover's is Antiseptic for scalp and hair—Non-Alcoholic so it cannot *dry* the scalp! Result—*natural* looking hair! Glover's helps to remove loose dandruff, Ask for the regular size Glover's Imperial Hair Dress at Drug Stores everywhere—or mail Coupon today!

Antiseptic ● Non-Alcoholic

GLOVER'S *Imperial* **Hair Dress**

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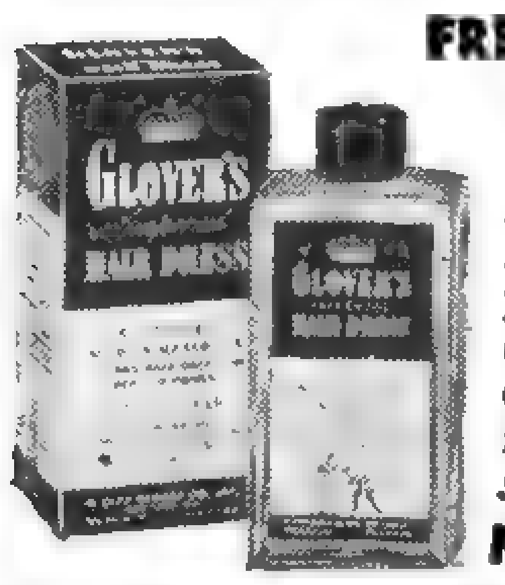

Be Glover-wise . . . Glover-ize with Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Shampoo! One complete application of each in hermetically-sealed bottles—all 3 in *free* Sampler Package *not sold in stores.*

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A uniquely different, *quick*, sure way for preparing needed hot drinks anywhere, anytime—no fuss, fumes, flame or bother.

Obtainable at the better shops everywhere, $3.00 for Stirrer and six heat charges, or order direct adding 15¢ for handling and shipping. Additional heat refills, box of 8, $1.25.

Write to Dept. E

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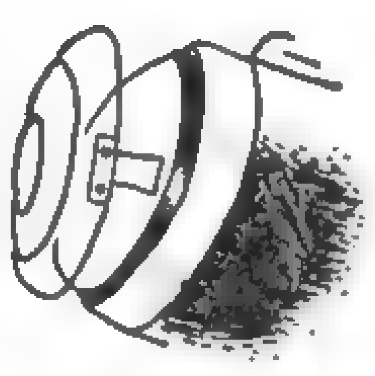
901 MARKET ST., WILMINGTON 7, DELAWARE

Talking Shop with Esquire

FORESIGHT IN A FOG. You may run into a fog or a bad snowstorm in the course of your trip. It is not such a problem if you arm yourself with a pair of clip-on amber colored plastic lenses, which fit on any car with sealed beam headlights. Lenses are made of specially molded plastic (itself a water repellent) — they make a powerful fog light out of any ordinary headlight, reduce glare and reflection and insure excellent visibility in pea soup weather.



STREAMLINED HOCKEYS. If you are going to do some fast or fancy skating on your holiday party, get yourself the newest equipment underfoot. The new hockeys are electrically welded and soldered for durability—runners are of alloy steel scientifically treated for hardness to produce long lasting, sharp edges. The attached shoes are of heavy leather well reinforced with extra wide web tape. You can cut ice capers better in the new figure skates—one piece construction runners of high carbon alloy tool steel. Each pair hollow ground and protected with a high polished chromium plate finish.

SNUGGLE BAG. If you are driving a lot in cold climes, the latest idea is to snap yourself and the little woman into a combination zipper robe with the comfortable built-in rubber-cushioned seat. It is somewhat like a sleeping bag only this one fits snugly around your hips and is designed to keep your legs and lap warm. The fabric is of windproof, weatherproof canvas with a full length zipper which allows for easy entrance and exit. When not in use this ingenious device folds niftily into a package the size of a briefcase. Also good for cool evenings watching a night basketball game, ice hockey, ski events and for next fall's football games.

NOW IT'S ICE BASKETBALL. Laurel in the Pines, hostelry at Lakewood, New Jersey, has an artificial ice rink (the only outdoor rink in any hotel in America, they say) whereon guests can see games of ice basketball. The game is fast and rough, played by ice skaters who also play basketball. The ice is marked off as a regulation basketball court with foul lines, center jumps, etc. Players wear uniforms of ice hockey players without gloves.

WRAP HER IN ROBETTE. If your devoted lady love is required to sit on the sidelines watching you do your stuff on skates or skis, better provide her with one of the new little half size woolen robes to throw over her knees or shoulders. Made of pure wool, light weight as a zephyr in stimulating plaid color combinations. Small size forty-two by fifty-eight inches or the larger size, seventy-five by fifty eight.

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Perfect for loafing around house or cabin — after cold day's hunt—inside pacs—slipping down to breakfast—convalescing, etc. For men, women, boys and girls. Royal or Powder Blue, Maroon, Brown Scarlet, Yellow. State hose size regularly worn. Ideal gift. Only **$2.95** per pair, postpaid. Money back guarantee. Immediate delivery. Order now. **Write for catalog** including full line of Wool Sport Sox.

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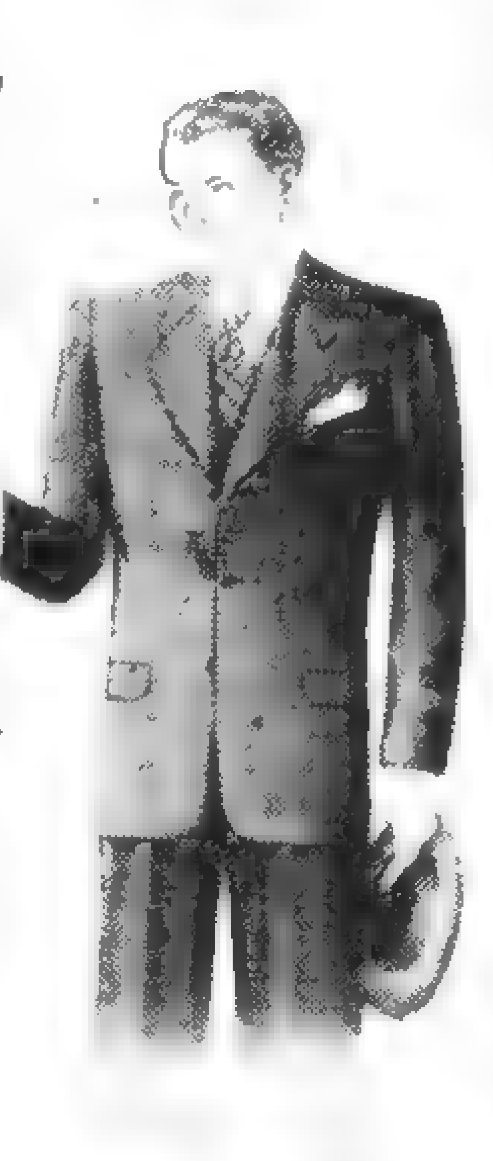

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EST. 1923

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TALLER Than "SHE" is†

Adler Makes You Taller in

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HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES
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STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

Now she can lift her eyes to yours...look *up* to you. For you're TALLER . . . almost **2 INCHES TALLER** the moment you step into a pair of these amazing Height-Increasing Shoes. Heels are no higher.

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ADLER SHOES for MEN
AMERICA'S LARGEST DISTRIBUTORS OF "ELEVATORS"

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- gives you a more youthful appearance
- keeps the collar lying flat and neat all day long
- best of all, feels wonderful

So here's the result—COMFORT CONTOUR collar styling, now featured on all Van Heusen shirts, in whites and new, exclusive patterns—along with Van Heusen's many other quality features: Sanforized, laboratory tested fabrics (a new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size!) . . . tug-proof pearl buttons . . . action-tailored shoulders, armholes . . . body tapered figure fit. $3.50, $3.95, $4.95.

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Introducing . . .

"comfort contour"

a new idea
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on all

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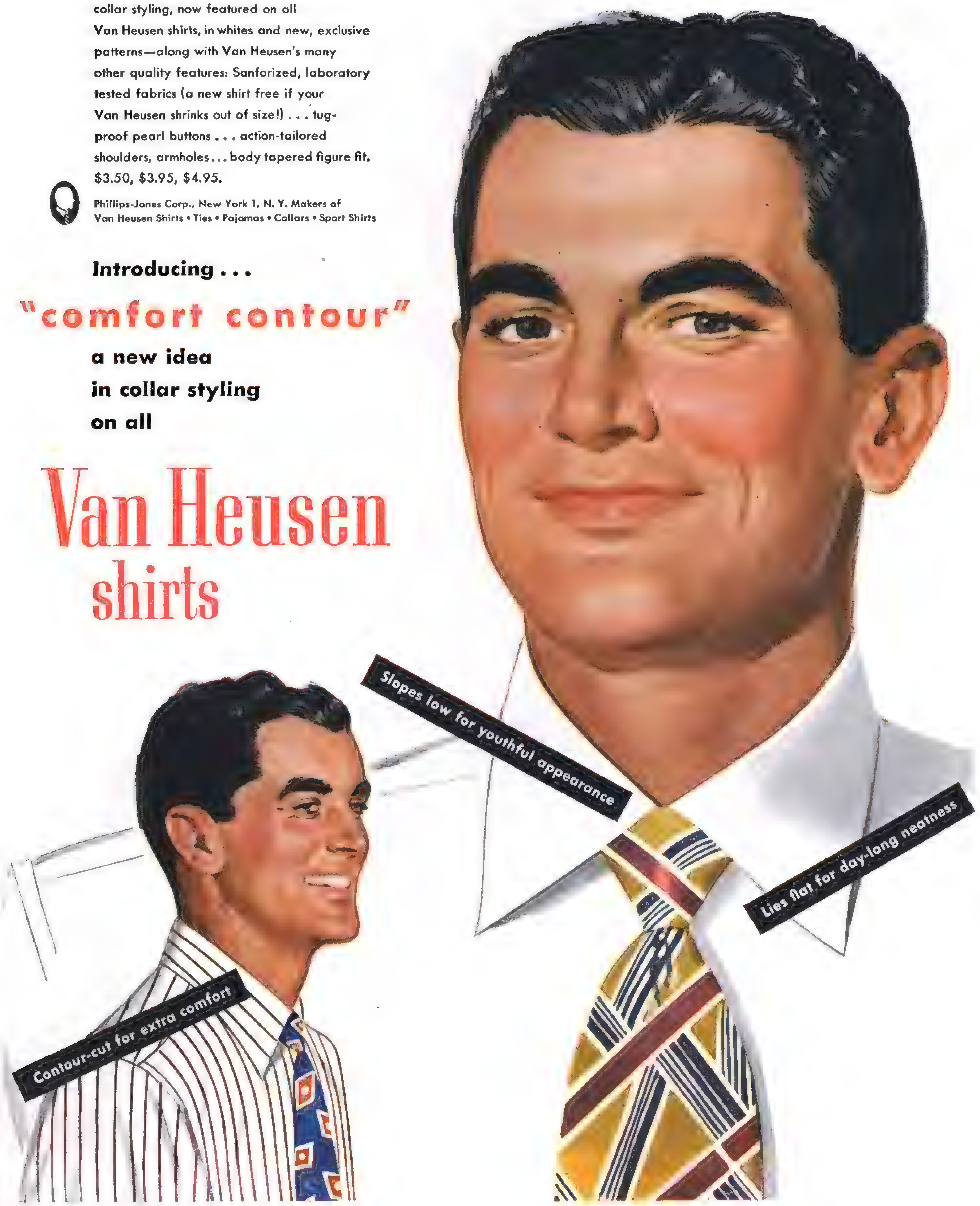
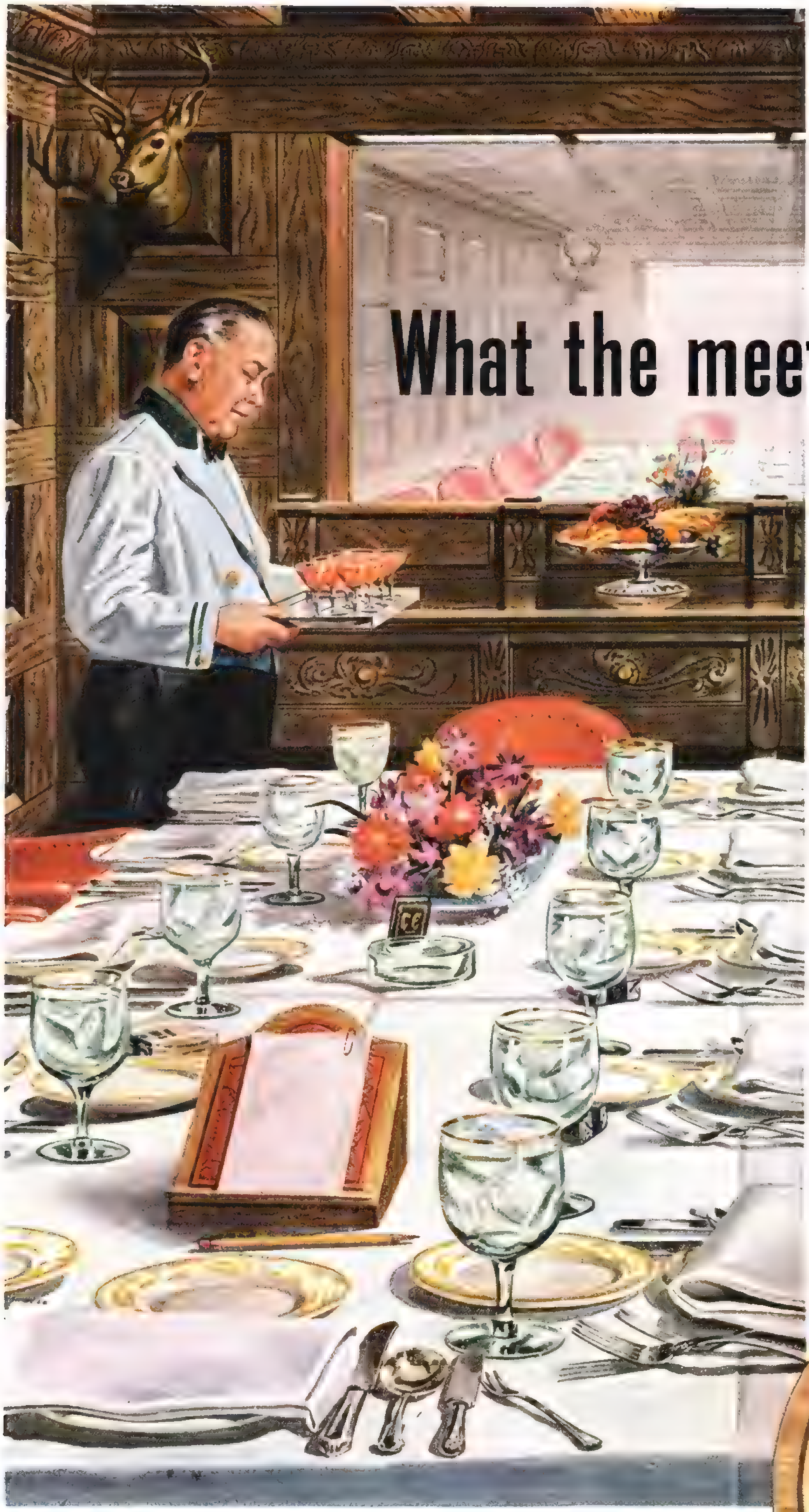

Slopes low for youthful appearance
Lies flat for day-long neatness
Contour-cut for extra comfort



The meeting will soon come to order
But first comes that most welcome tray
A gracious and pleasant reminder
To assemble without further delay.

For the very first order of business
Is a Manhattan—rich and fine
Made with mellow OLD THOMPSON
So welcome before you dine.

James C. Campbell

What the meeting came to order

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Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% straight whiskies—67½% grain neutral spirits.

Watch for the return of the famous Old Thompson pre-war bottle. It's coming soon!

WED ·IN·THE· WOOD
OLD THOMPSON BRAND
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BLENDED *then* WED·IN·THE·WOOD IN OLD KENTUCKY

Very truly yours

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INITIAL KEY CHAIN

Just the thing for auto, luggage or personal keys: any two initials inserted into genuine leather tag, in black or red morocco, also natural pigskin.
$2.50 at Leading Stores.
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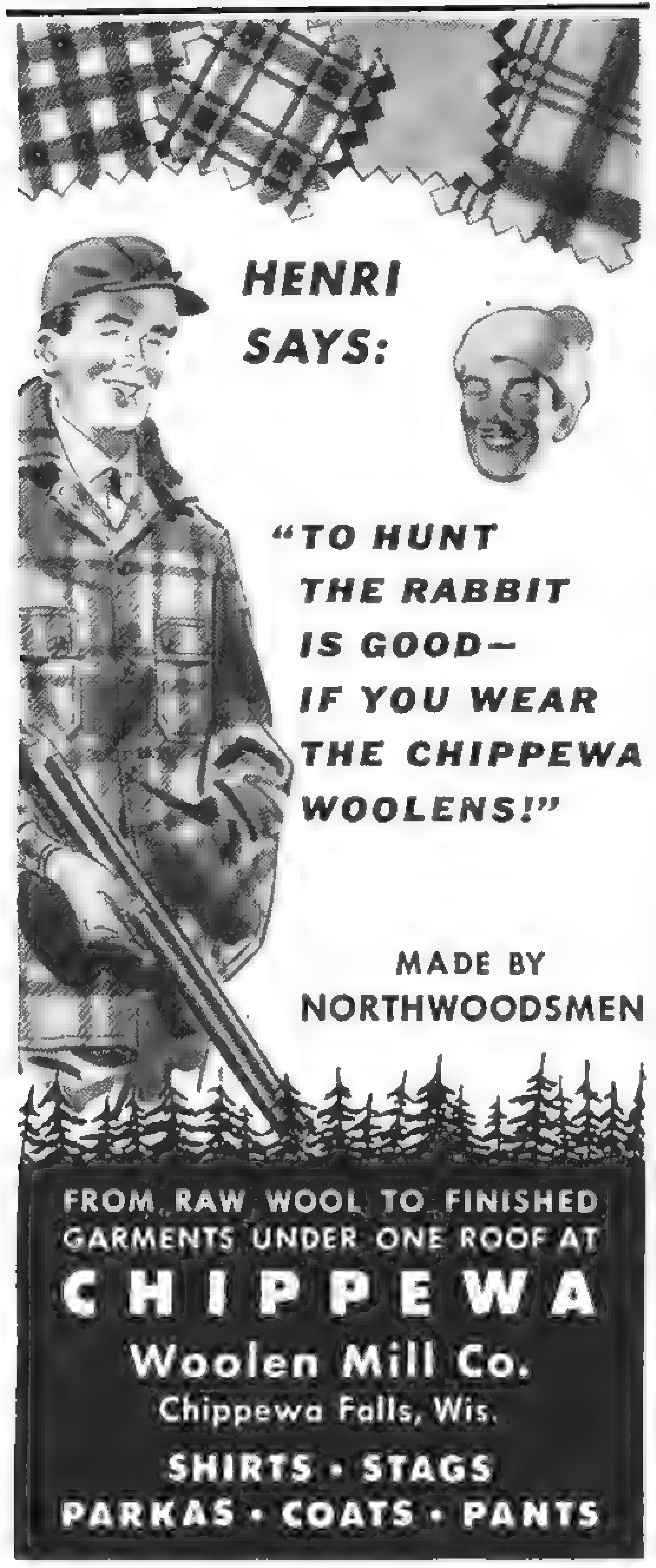

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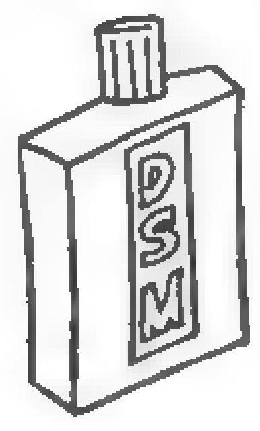
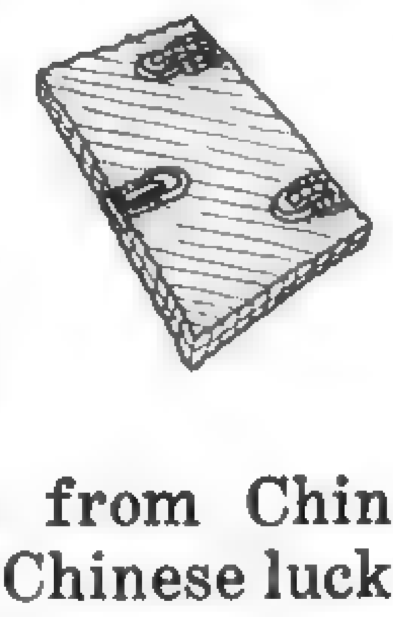
Talking Shop with Esquire

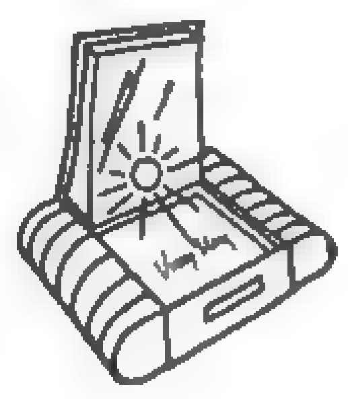
HER VERY OWN, a gold plated monogrammed lipstick with two large initials — black on gold white or red gold finish. Also for that extra wallop, a bottle of Gardenia scented cologne with her own three letter monogram in shining metal. Or, a fabulous lipstick and incidentally, the most expensive these old eyes have seen. Mushroom shaped with a golden base and giant cap sprinkled with imported stones such as sapphires, emeralds and amethysts. A company famous for its perfume atomizers offers an easy to fill leakproof atomizer for her purse; two inches long and 24kt. gold plated. To operate she just pushes the plunger down and out comes a fine mist of her famous scent.



SMALL VALENTINES OF GREAT ESTEEM: beautiful compact, cigarette case and lighter to match in a handsome corded effect gold finish. Set with sparkling jeweled clasps of synthetic emeralds and diamonds. A sterling silver pillbox from China decorated with the Chinese lucky swan motif — a little beauty. A set of earrings and cuff links for her man-tailored blouse — each perfect little accessory shaped like a golden clam shell partially opened and set with a large synthetic pearl in the center of each. A set of stick pins topped with gold plated clams or snails or a miniature gold plated rouge and powder box in the shape of a jeweled clam shell. A silk scarf with signs of the Zodiac in a border print; another scarf with one huge initial in a wood block effect covering the entire thirty-six inch area. A manicure set encased in green simulated snakeskin — fitted with lipstick, lacquers, nail polishes, etc., plus an elegant set of *gold plated* cuticle implements. Really a flash.



SPOTLIGHT COMPACT. This one is really tricky. A golden compact which actually lights up when she opens the cover. A tiny light is cleverly encased in the mirror which allows milady to attend to facial repairs even in the Stygian confines of a movie, theatre or some romantic dark road. On one side of the compact is a vial to hold her favorite perfume, on the other, a standard refill case for her lipstick. If you are feeling particularly flush, you can order the compact in solid gold, for half a grand, or more modestly priced in sterling silver, or a gold plated job for a very inexpensive sum.



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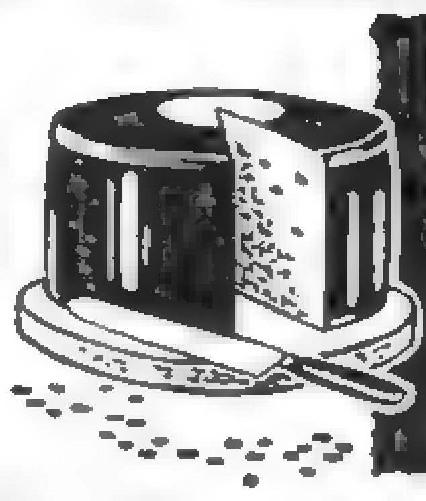

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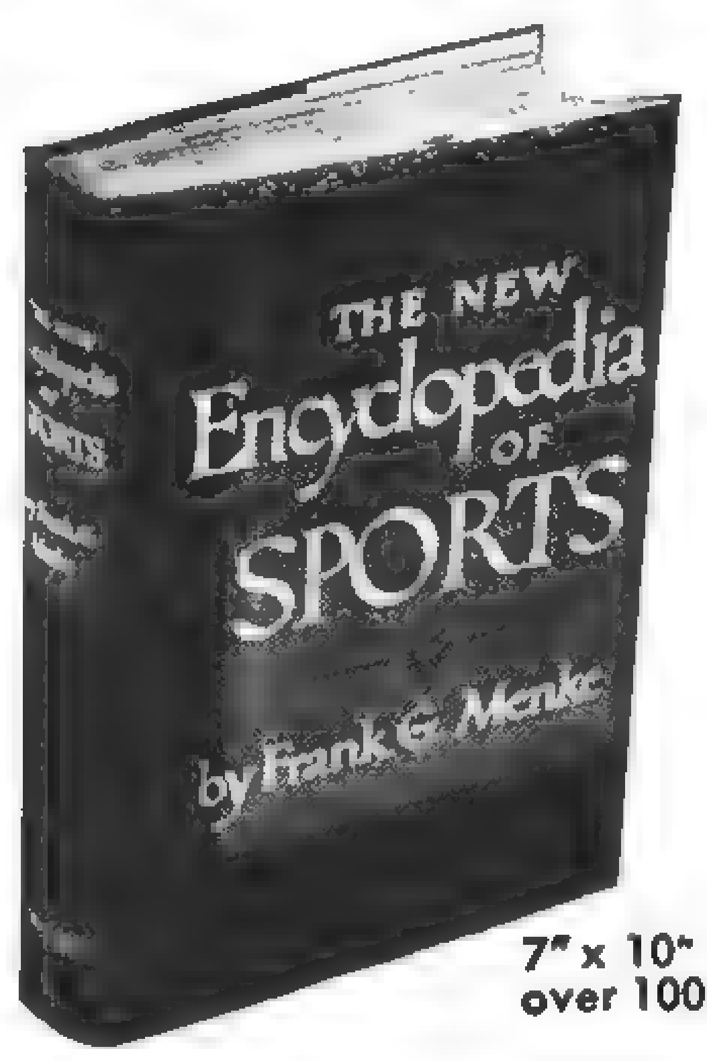

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Painting the Town with Esquire

JUST OUT OF TOWN, Winter travellers in New York may turn up the Old Drovers Inn at Dover Plains, just 76 miles north of Manhattan. Stop overnight, if you like (and if you've phoned ahead) after a rugged day's skiing. Really magnificent food: steaks, lobster, curries, fowl—and *gluwein* or hot grog for skiers . . . Then there's Emily Shaw's at Poundridge, N. Y., about 40 miles north on highway 9-A: excellent steaks, chops, roasts and sweetbreads. A fine bar downstairs. Good atmosphere.

HANGOVER HALL for many a smart Easterner (or Westerner, for that matter, and Hollywood's overworked males frequently find their way there) is Bill Brown's fabulous Health Farm just an hour's fast drive north of Manhattan at Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y. Long celebrated as a training camp for boxing champions (Dempsey, Tunney, Canzoneri, etc.) this 2000-acre estate in the rolling Hudson River Valley hills has become, since Bill's death four and a half years ago, an annual magnet for overworked and/or insomniac young and middle-aged executives—or simply young men who've Painted the Town too zealously. No alcohol (honor system), very little smoking, and a highly systematized and supervised regimen of hiking, horseback riding, golfing, tennis, boxing, swimming, wrestling, calisthenics—followed by steam baths, salt-rubs, massage, showers and the solarium—all is calculated to make a Tarzan out of a Manville in about a week to ten days. Feature of the famous baths is "Big Bertha," an enormous shower of pure spring water, under terrific pressure. It's self-administered and a brave man takes all he can stand. Bertha, alone, is better than a horse-sized injection of Vitamin B, liver & iron.

FOOD is superb, but each client is on a supervised menu (to take off poundage or put it on – and build up energy). Rooms are big, roomy, masculine and comfortable, with a view of the Hudson and the hills. Plenty of good reading matter, quiet radio (until an early hour). Reveille's at 6:30 a.m. and you're ready for the hay by 9 p.m. Dave Lutkoff, who succeeded Bill Brown, has streamlined his conditioning system and adjusted it to the constitution of the average male – rather than the athlete. But average males frequently bud into athletes after a couple of weeks of this fine hill country air, good food, supervised training (Brown's has never lost a customer) and deep sleep. If you're overweight or underweight, underslept (or vice versa) or addicted to that one-too-many highball after dinner and you know it and want to do something about it, Bill Brown's is *ESQUIREcommended!*

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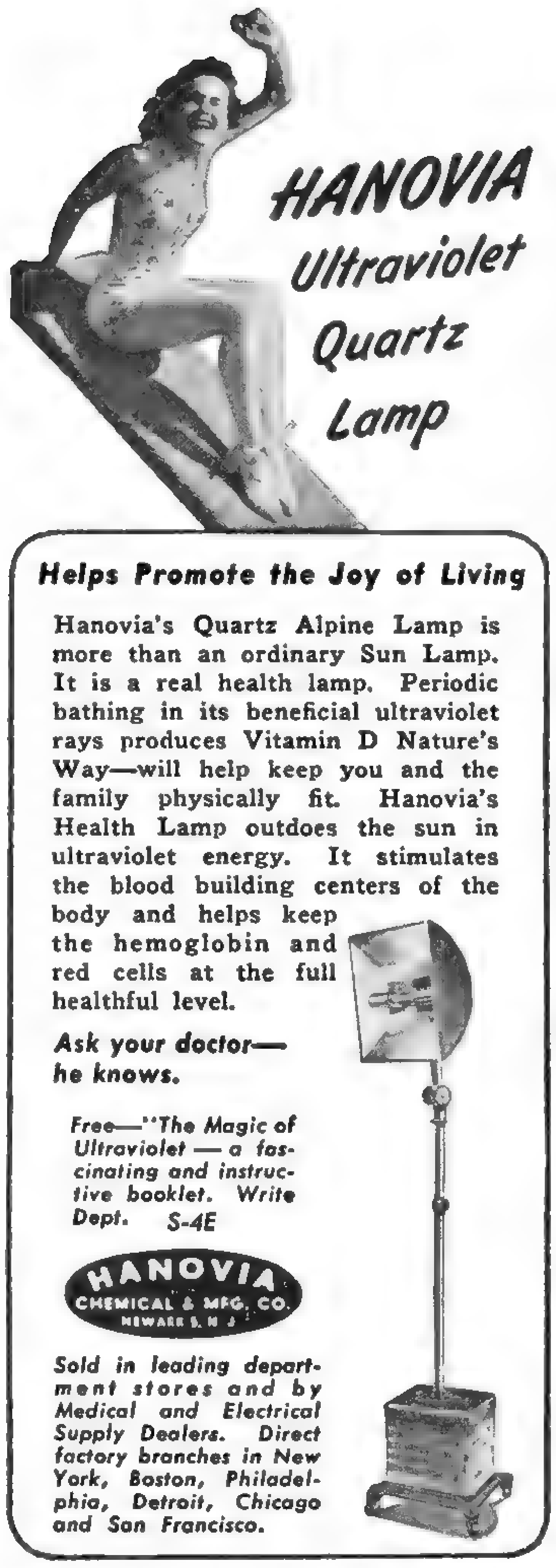

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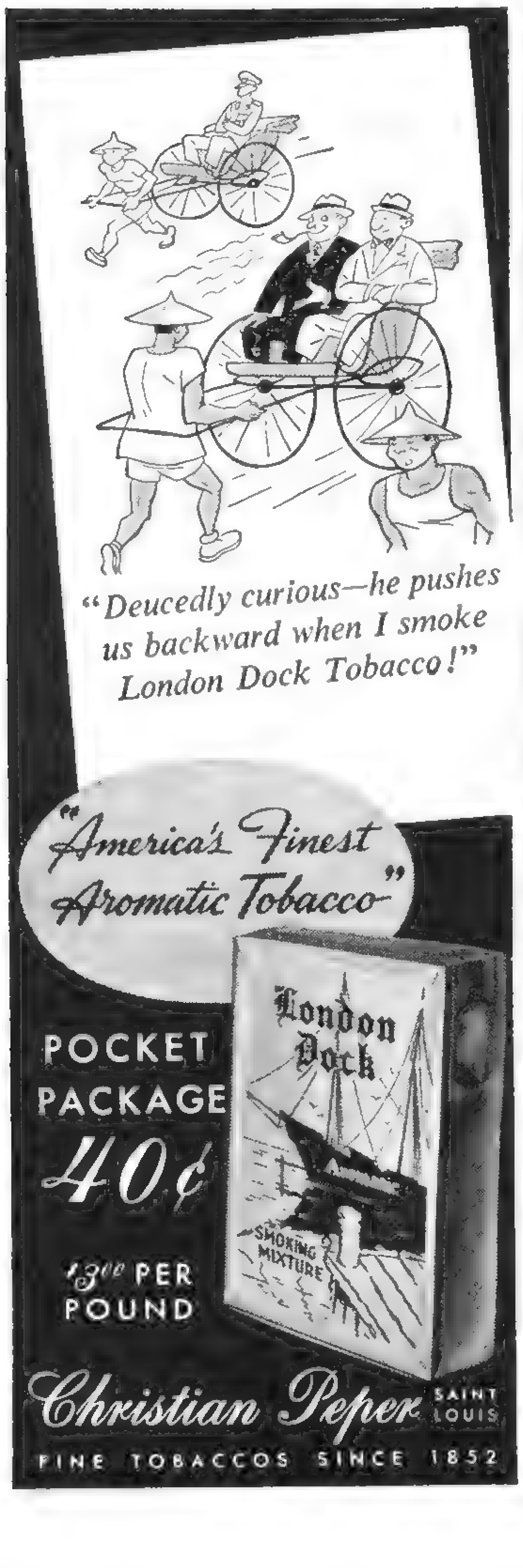

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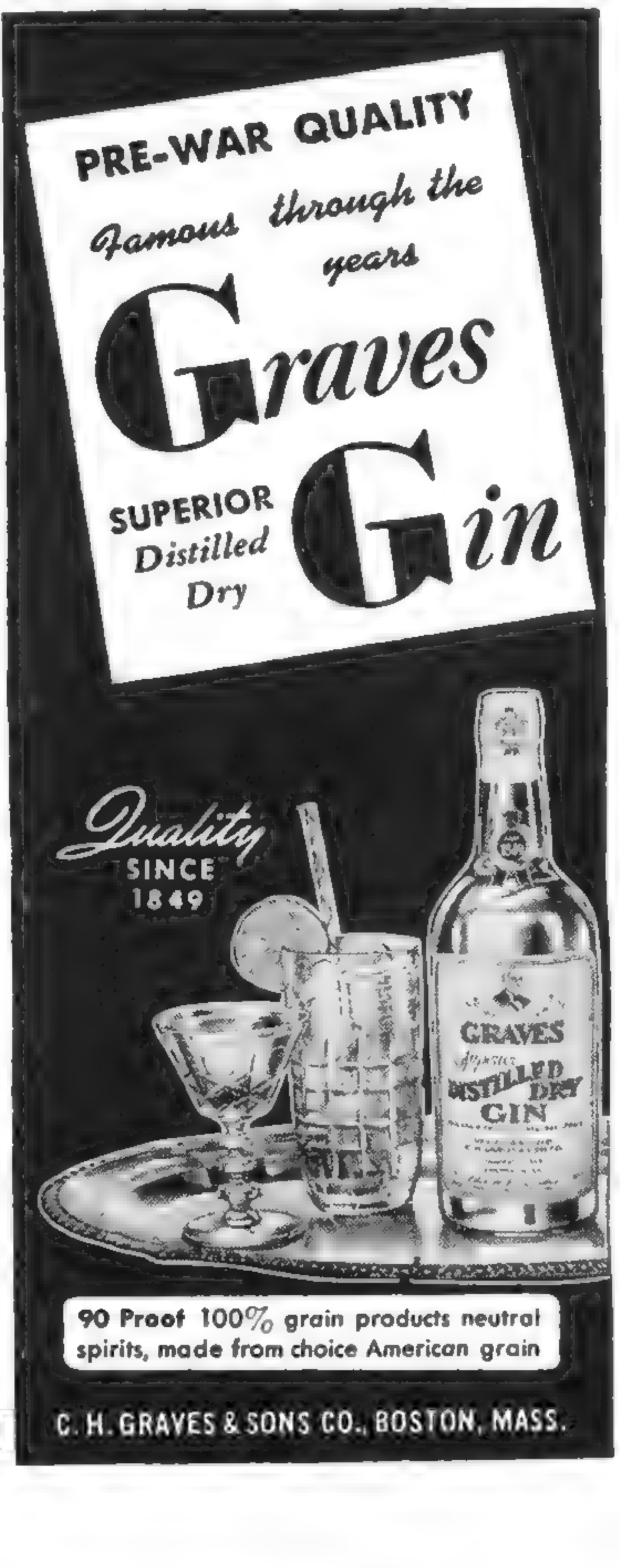

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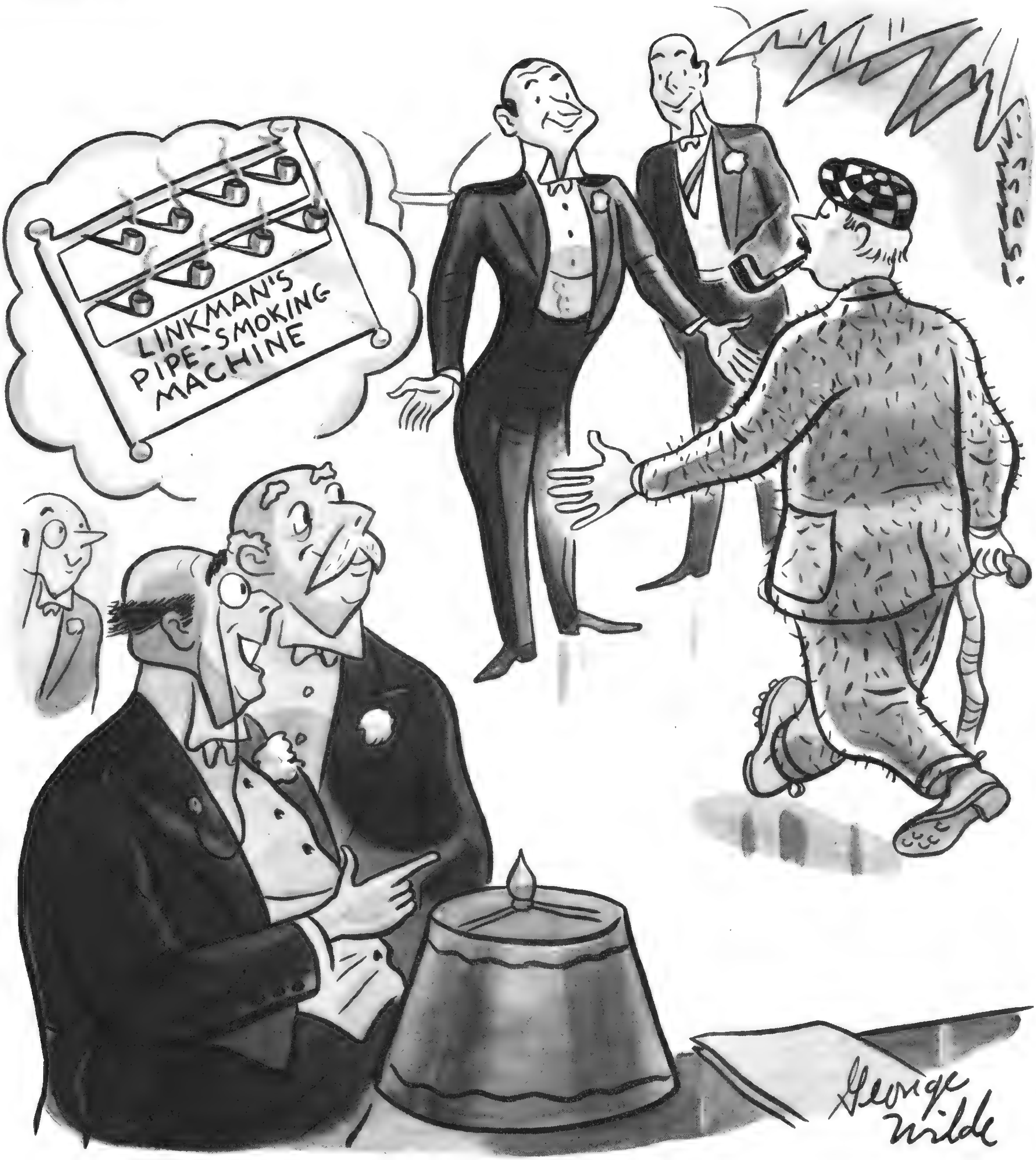
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Painting the Town with Esquire

FLORIDA NIGHT-LIFE this Winter threatens (sic!) to be as gaudy, all-out & expensive as in '47—although some wise entrepreneurs of the Miami Beach spots, have given indications of slightly lower tariffs, better food and service and a little more consideration for the Common Man, as opposed to bigtime black marketers, New York and Hollywood celebrities and, of course, us columnists. *The Colonial Inn* promises a biweekly turnover of such entertainers as Carmen Miranda, Joey Adams, Joe E. Lewis, etc., seeking more "repeat" customers . . . *The Beachcomber*, somewhat enlarged and slightly redecorated, has bid for Sophie Tucker for the entire season . . . *The Park Avenue* again has engaged the risque Charlie Farrell for the run-of-the-season . . . *The Copacabana* (which last year paid Danny Kaye $40,000 for a two week's engagement), is enlarging and promising more stellar entertainment . . . Bars will remain open until 5 a.m., but drinks ordered before that hour may be consumed until 6 . . . ho hum! Miami, across Biscayne Bay, will keep its clubs open until 5, two hours beyond last season, and may cut into Miami Beach business.

FOR SHEER ENTERTAINMENT in the supper-club manner, Max Gordon's famous Village Vanguard is still very near par. This 14-year-old hangout of such old free-living characters (in the old days) as Maxwell Bodenheim, Joe Gould, Harry Kemp and John Rose Gildea, was the original springboard to stardom for such performers as Judy Holliday of "Born Yesterday," Betty Comden and Adolph Green (all in the Revuers company); Betty Garrett of "Call Me Mister!"—as well as the original home in New York of American folk music. The extraordinary Negro singer, "Leadbelly," sang here, as did Josh White, Burl Ives and Richard Dyer-Bennett, Pearl Bailey, Bibi Osterwald and Jane Dulo. In the old days, the customers sat on barrels, packed their own liquor and paid, when they could, a 75-cent minimum for the free-lancing entertainment — including Max Bodenheim's poetic recitations. No more. The new Vanguard boasts a modern decor, really startling surrealist murals (by Paul Petroff, a 7th Army veteran who did the illustrated history of Patton's outfit), air conditioning and a cosy bar. Max Gordon has a well-stocked cellar and a tidy kitchen if you feel like a midnight snack. Better go lateish. The Three Flames, a colored trio featuring Tiger Haynes on guitar, Bill Pollard on bass and Roy Testamark at the keyboard, are due back from Paris this month and will probably team up again with Maxine Sullivan, who in Esquire-about-town's book is still one of the sweetest singers in the business.

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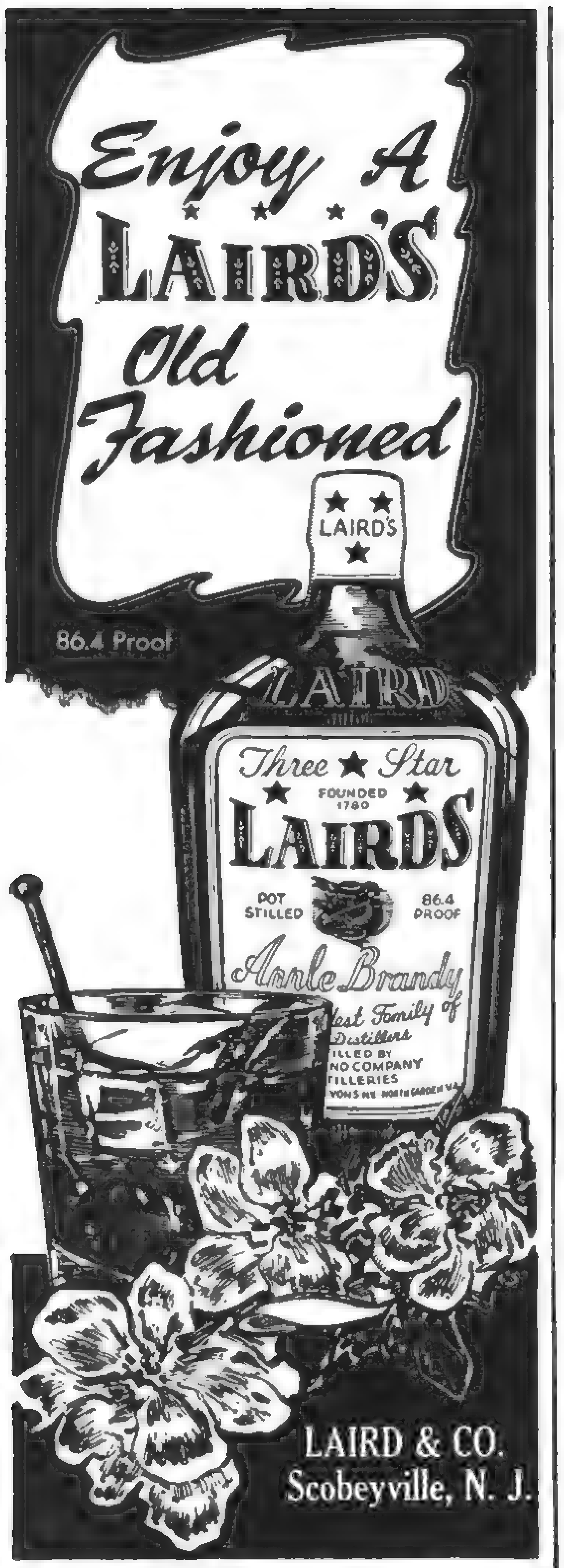

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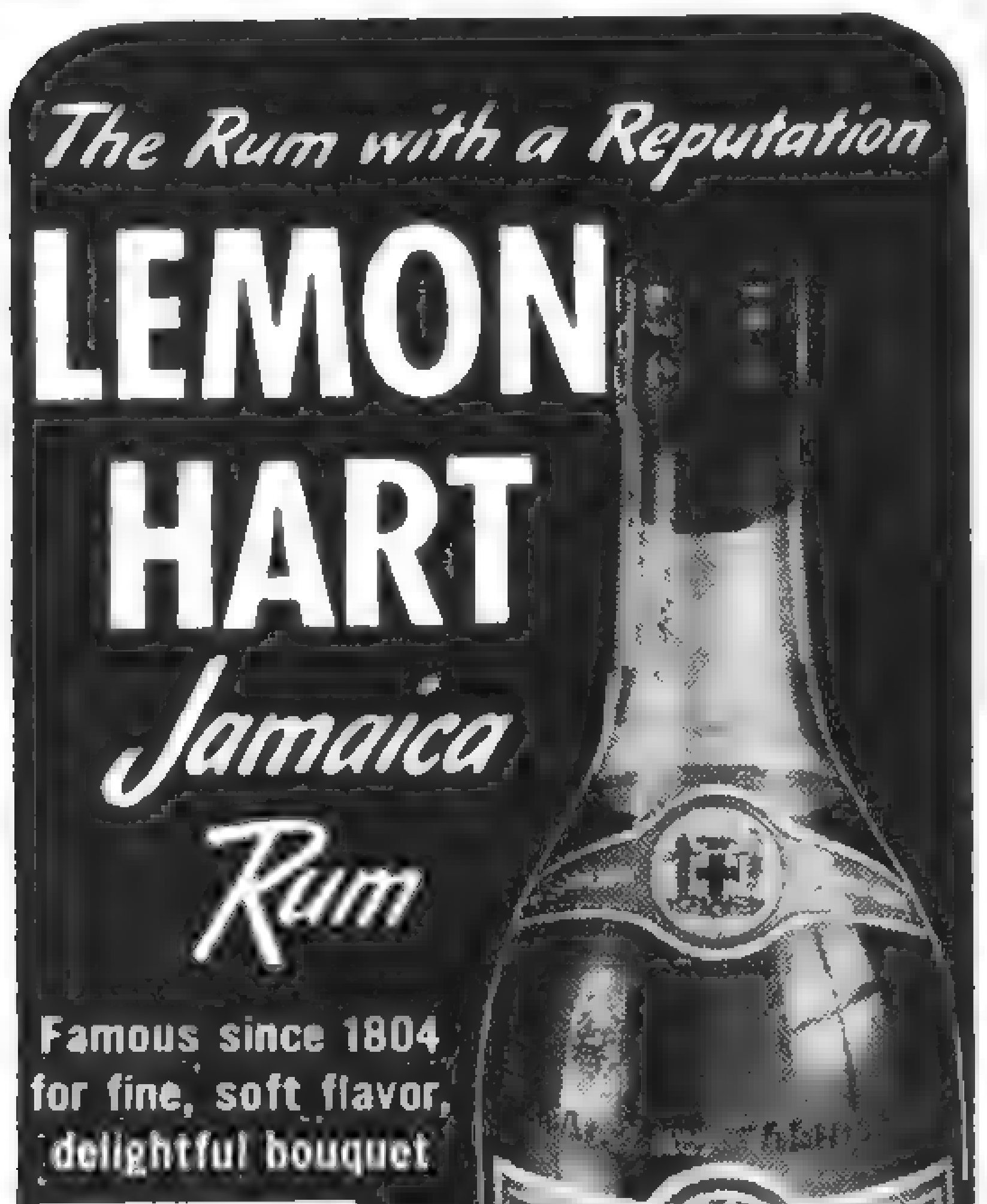

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LEMON HART HOT BUTTERED RUM
2 oz. Lemon Hart Rum
1 lump sugar
1 slice of butter
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Place ingredients in mug or old-fashioned glass. Fill with boiling water. Stir slightly before serving.
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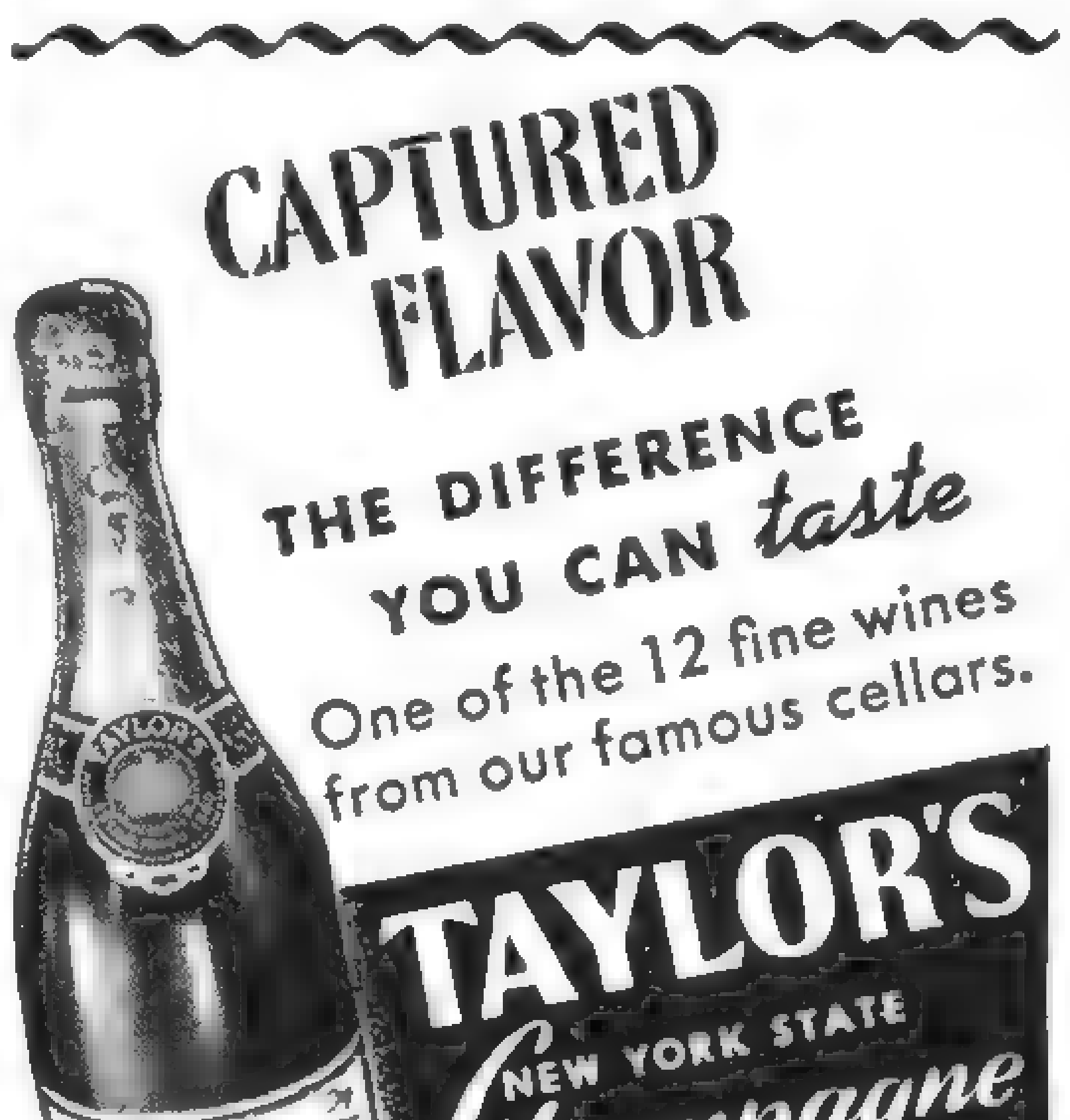

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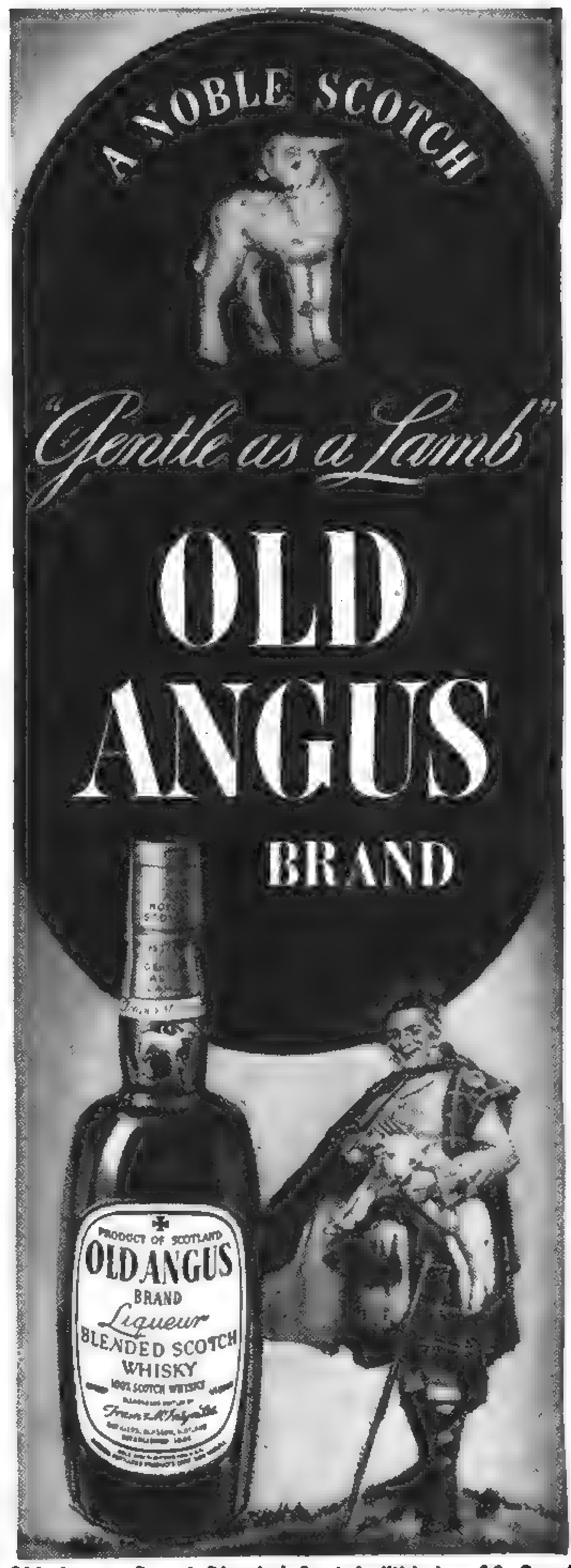

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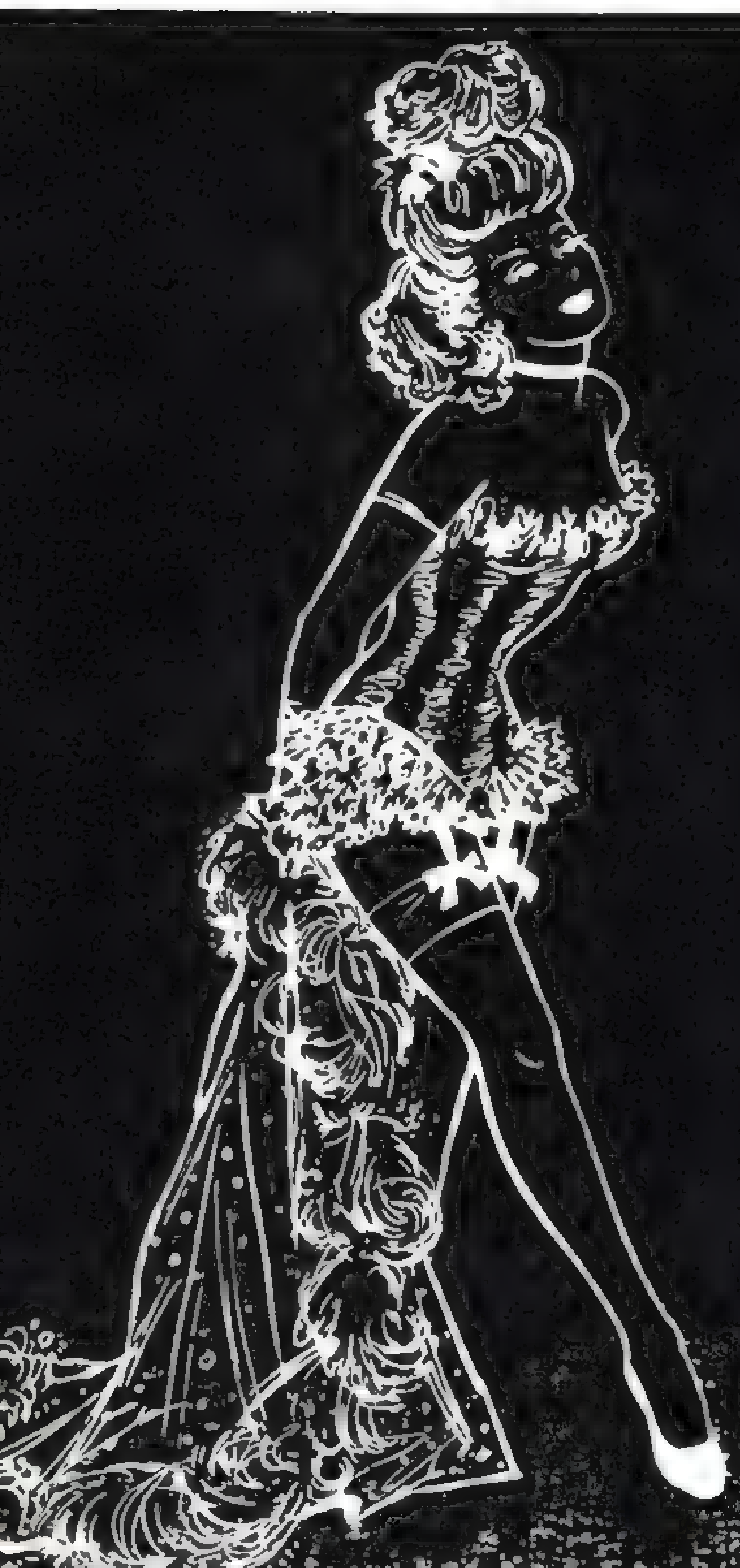

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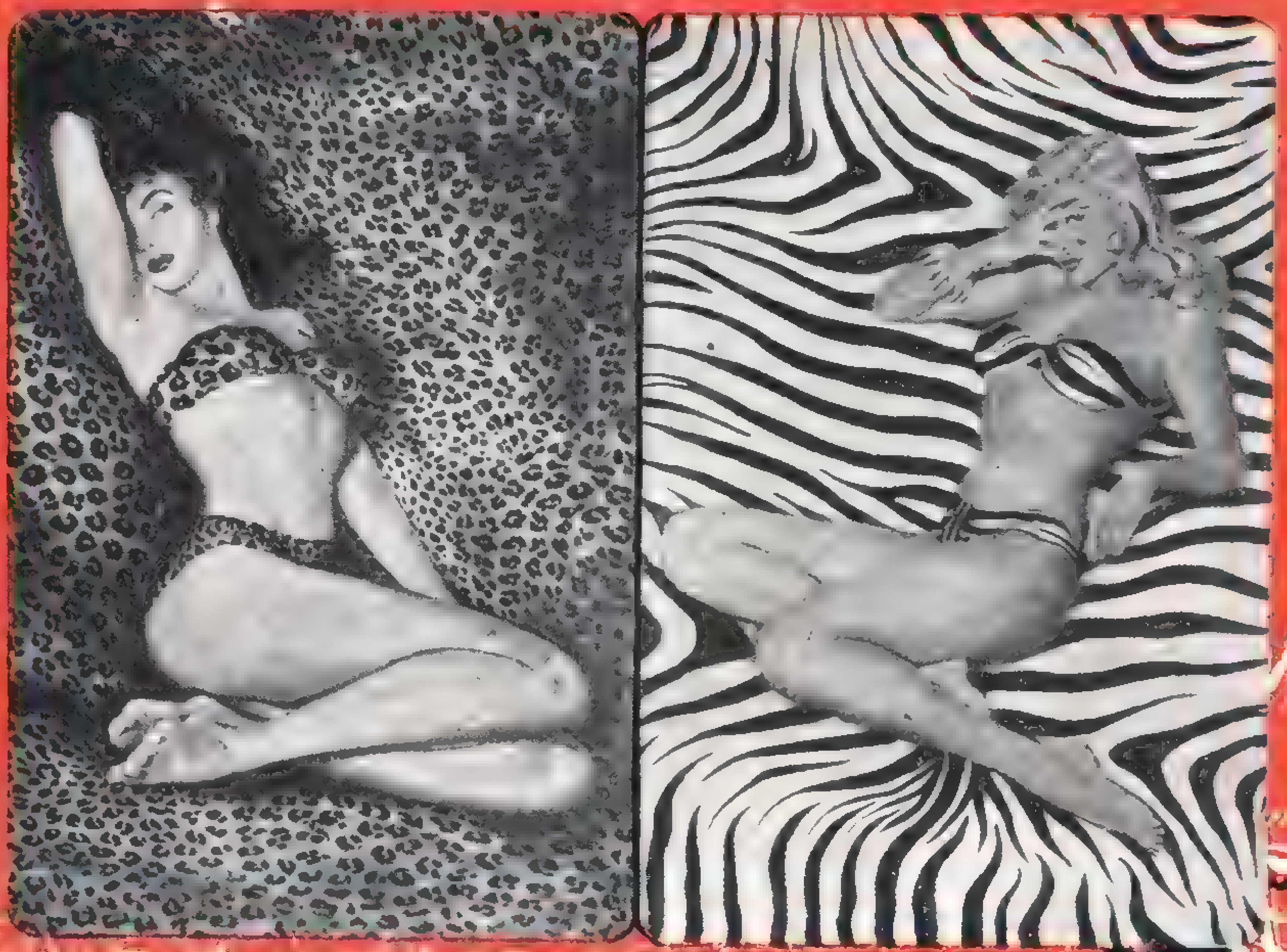

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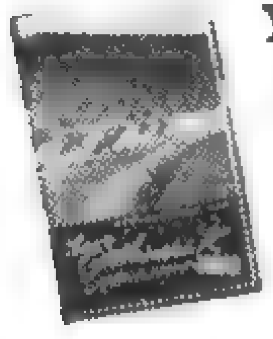

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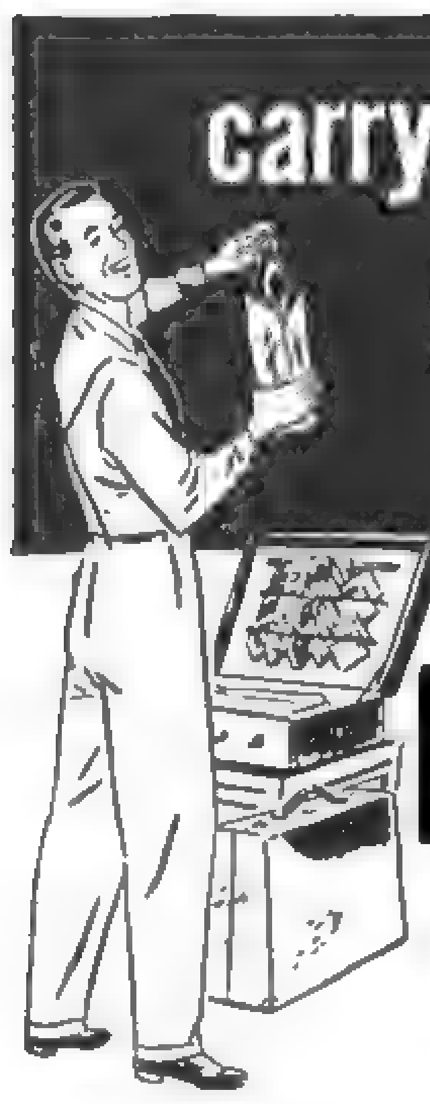
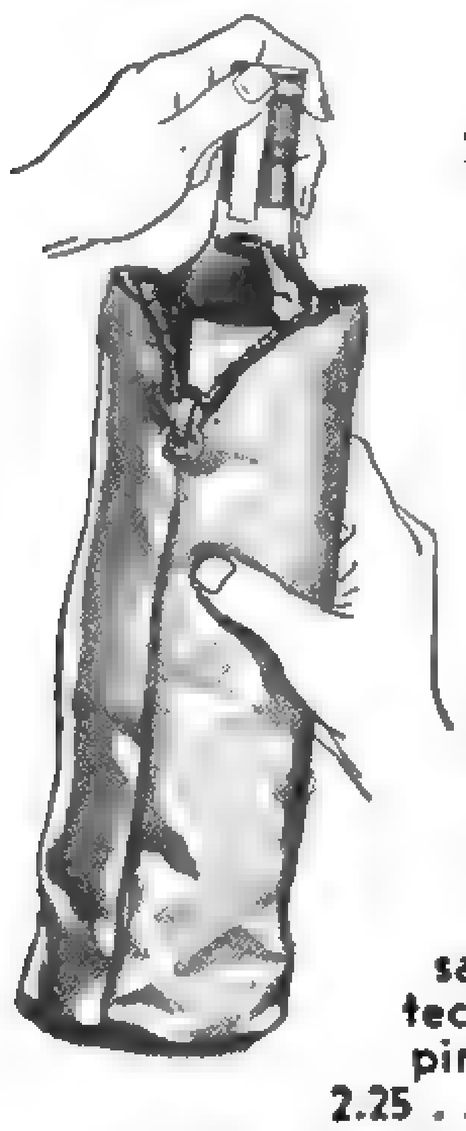


VENUS BOTTLE GUARD



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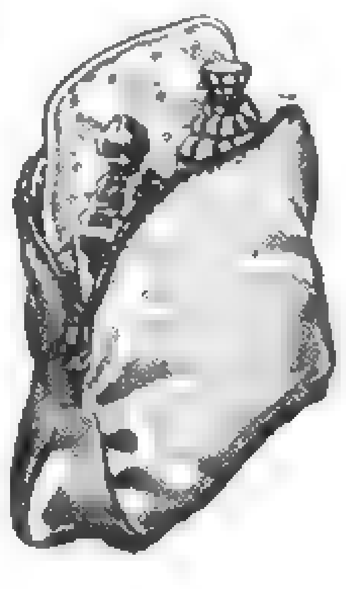

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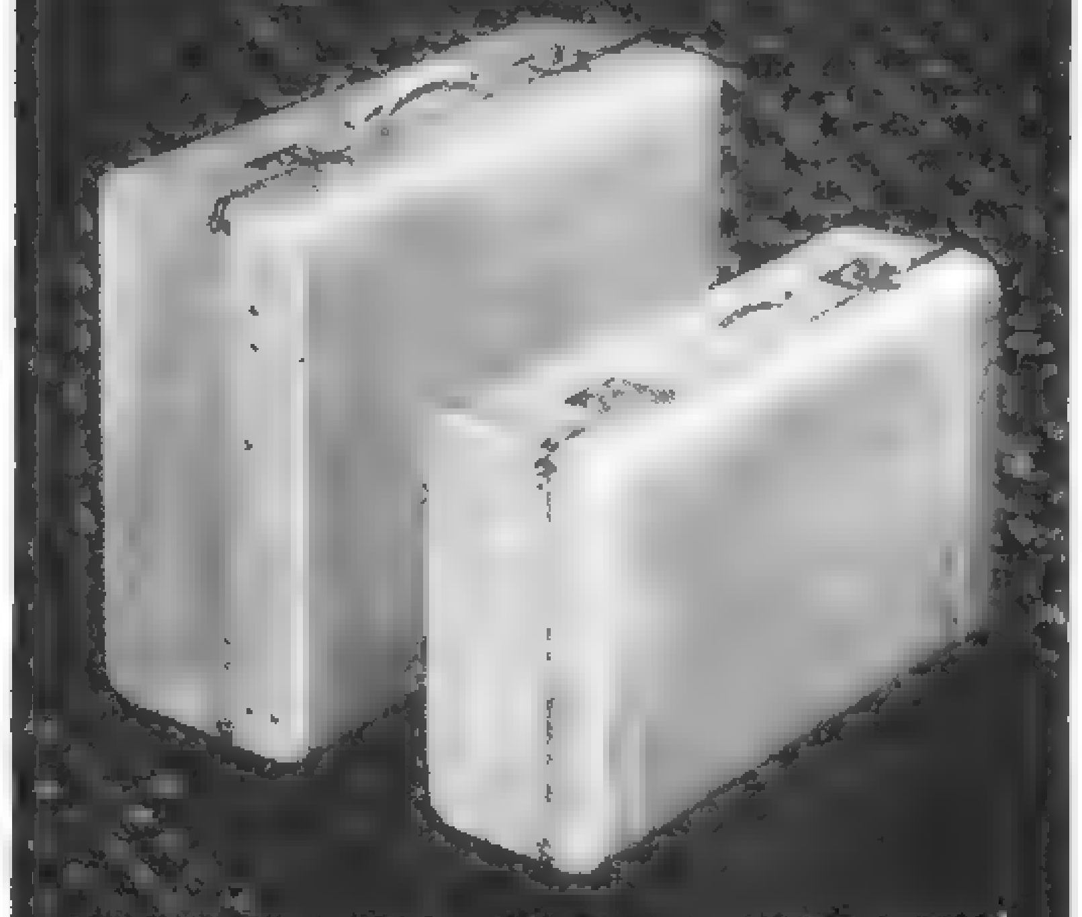

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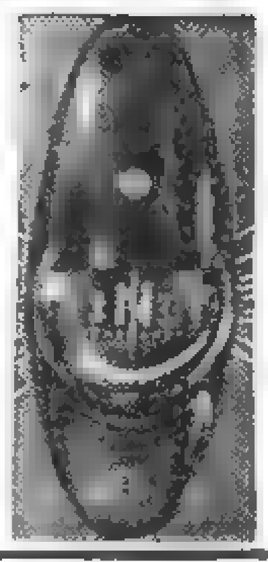

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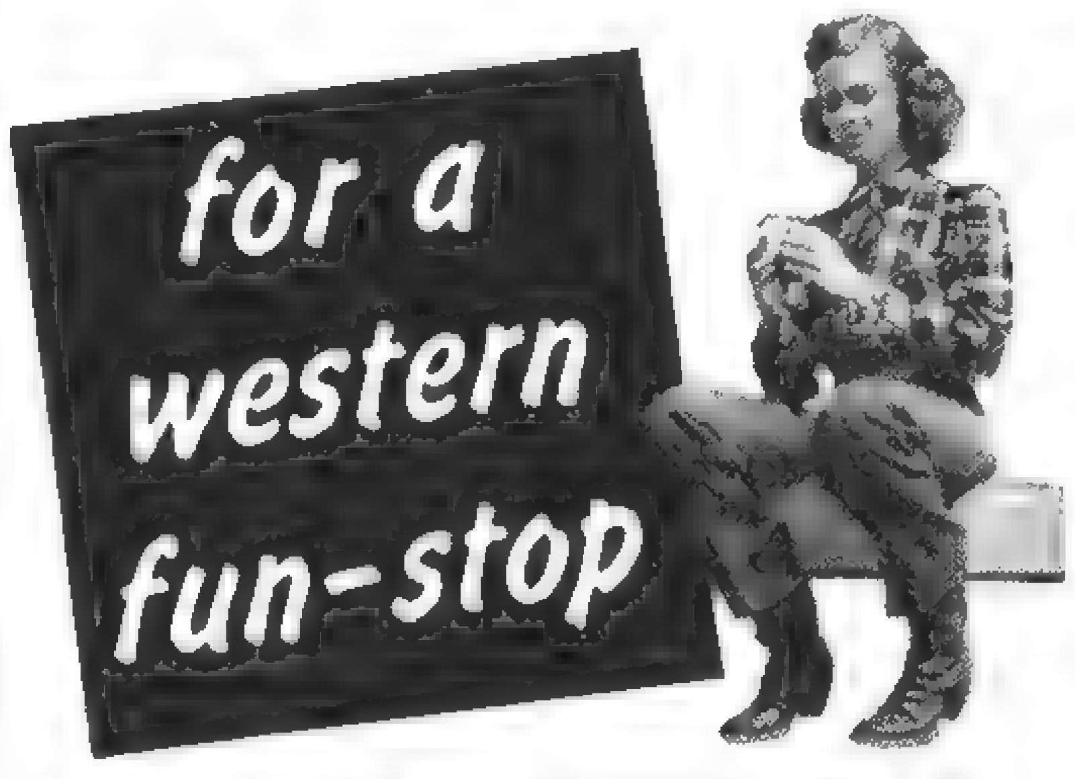

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Going Places

IF YOU'D like two kinds of vacation in one, what about dude ranching in Mexico? Several famous old ranches have been modernized, with a careful eye toward preserving intact the 18th century atmosphere of these huge private estates of another age. The ranch houses, which often had to withstand bandit attacks, have heavy fortress walls, buttresses, richly furnished Spanish interiors. Among the most beautiful ranchos are San Miguel Regla, about two hours from Mexico City; San Felipe, three miles from Oaxaca; and the Hacienda de Santa Gracia, on the Pan American Highway between Monterrey and Valles. Rates, and they include meals, come to $8-$9 a day.

ONE OF the new vacation spots brought to the traveler's doorstep by air travel is lovely Montego Bay, 118 miles from Kingston, capital of Jamaica. Air time is 3½ hours from Miami, and Pan American takes you there for $50 one way and $90 round trip. Wonderful fishing, sailing and swimming here in mild, deep waters. Or, if you like to loaf, you can study marine life through a glass-bottomed boat. Night life is on the informal side. You'll hear Pork Chops and his popular Calypso trio.

BAKE the body in good hot sun this February at Palm Springs, California's favorite desert resort. Reason for its ideal climate is its location on the western rim of the Colorado Desert of California, or Coachella Valley, as it is known locally. Sheltering it from coastal winds is Mt. San Jacinto, rising 10,805 feet into the sky. You can soak in your sun around a swimming pool, on the golf course, or lazying in some flower-decked patio. Then there's polo to watch, and for more active inclinations, pack trips into the mountain or desert. You'll like the western-cowboy flavor of the town. It's just 109 miles from Los Angeles and 121 miles from the Mexican border. Flying time from L. A. via Western Airlines is 55 minutes; fare $6.84. Hotel and ranch accommodations at Palm Springs range from $4 to $12.50 per day without meals and from $6.50 to $17.50 with meals.

IF YOU'VE ever—and who hasn't—known the annoyance of trying to keep your place on a road map, folding and unfolding it after every look, you'll like the McCauley Tour Map. This gadget divides the map into four strips, mounted on rollers, in a plastic, clear-faced case. You can keep the area you want before your eyes and forget about the rest of the map. It comes with maps of the U. S. and Canada, but you can substitute your own map to fit your trip. Cost is $2.75. NASSAU, always a favorite playground of the fashionable crowd, has, since the dollar shortage, become home to top European society, as the pound sterling is valid currency on the Island. Possessed of a most equable climate, the centuries-old capital of the Bahamas offers an unexcelled background for recreation and relaxation. You will want to shop at the smart stores and colorful native markets in Bay Street, visit lovely Paradise Beach on Hog Island, dance in the palm-centered garden of the Royal Victoria, swim in the pool at the British Coloni-

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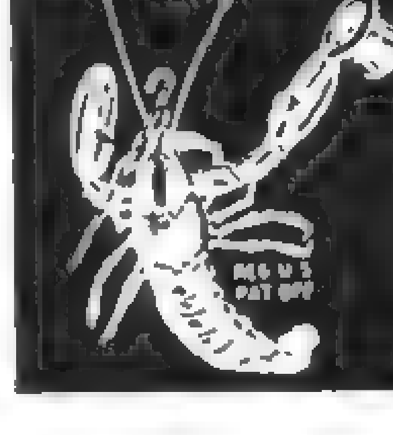

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al, go to the races at the Montagu Park Track. Room, breakfast and dinner at the Fort Montagu Beach Hotel stands you $20-$28 a day. At the Royal Victoria rates without meals come to $8-$11 daily, and at the British Colonial, with meals, they are $20-$24 daily. Nassau is reachable by Pan American Airways in slightly over an hour. Eastern Steamship Lines takes you there from New York at a minimum round trip fare of $125; and of course Nassau is a port of call on several other cruise ships, including Cunard's *Mauretania.*

DAYTONA BEACH is Florida's longest, stretching 23 miles along the Atlantic coast. Its white sand is packed down hard and firm as a pavement, which is why it's often used for testing racing cars. It also provides ideal conditions for two more fun ideas —sand sailing and sun surreying. With less of a transient air than you'd expect of a popular beach resort offering a full range of amusements, it has fine hotels and good food (like the French-fried shrimp, for instance.) All this in an atmosphere tinged with the perfume of nearby orange groves. Hotel rates vary between $5 and $12 with meals and $1.25 and $6 without.

ALCOA'S cruises to the West Indies are a bright spot for anyone's winter doldrums. The Alcoa *Cavalier* leaves from New York, and the Alcoa *Clipper* and Alcoa *Corsair* sail out of New Orleans on 17-day cruises as far south as Trinidad. Itineraries vary slightly on the three ships but rates are the same — from $450.

GRACE LINE continues to carry capacity crowds to the West Indies and South America on its Santa ships. The Santa Rosa and Santa Paula leave weekly on de luxe 12-day cruises to Curacao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, and Cartagena. "Casual cruises" on passenger-cargo ships call at Cartagena and Barranquilla, Colombia; and Maracaibo, Venezuela. Duration varies around 12 days, hence the term "casual." Both cruises leave from New York, and fares begin at $395. And incidentally, every cabin on Santa ships is an outside room with private bath. On the "Casual" cruises, all staterooms are air conditioned.

IN THE sprawling desert town of Las Vegas, Nevada, tourism is a major industry. And no wonder—with desert, mountain and lake as its natural resources. Within 35 miles of each other you have swimming and skiing, sun bathing and winter sports. To keep you amused there are riding, tennis, golf, mountain climbing, exploring, scenic auto rides, bass fishing (no closed season) and gambling. Las Vegas hotels include such colorful names as The Flamingo, El Rancho Vegas, Hotel Last Frontier and the Nevada Biltmore. Rates, without meals go from $3 to $6 single and from $4 to $12 double, depending for one thing, on the degree of luxury of your particular hotel.

FOR SKIING as it should be, there's nothing quite like Mont Tremblant, Canada's version of the super ski resort. You've got everything here to make a skier happy—from a variety of well-tended trails and a 3300-foot chair lift by day to cozy bars and lounges with roaring log fires at night. Accommodations at the Lodge vary widely, to suit every taste and pocketbook. Also guaranteed to fill you with the satisfied feeling of good living are the luxury cottages over at Manoir Pinoteau, with their cozy sitting rooms, with picture windows overlooking the snow-clad hills and your own fireside to make things mellow.

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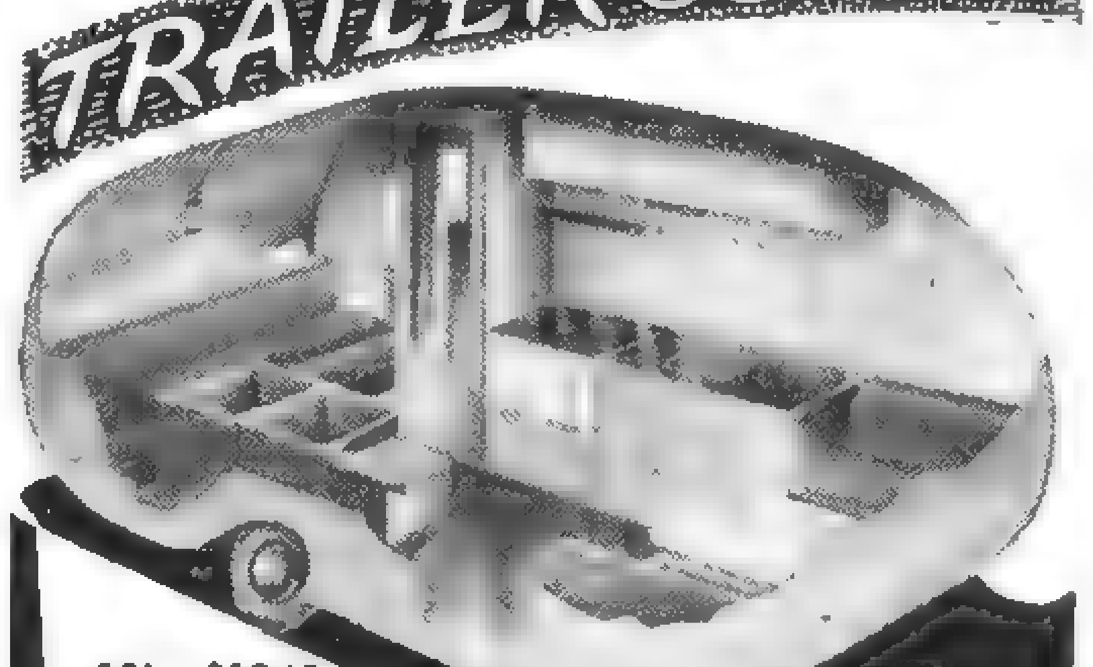

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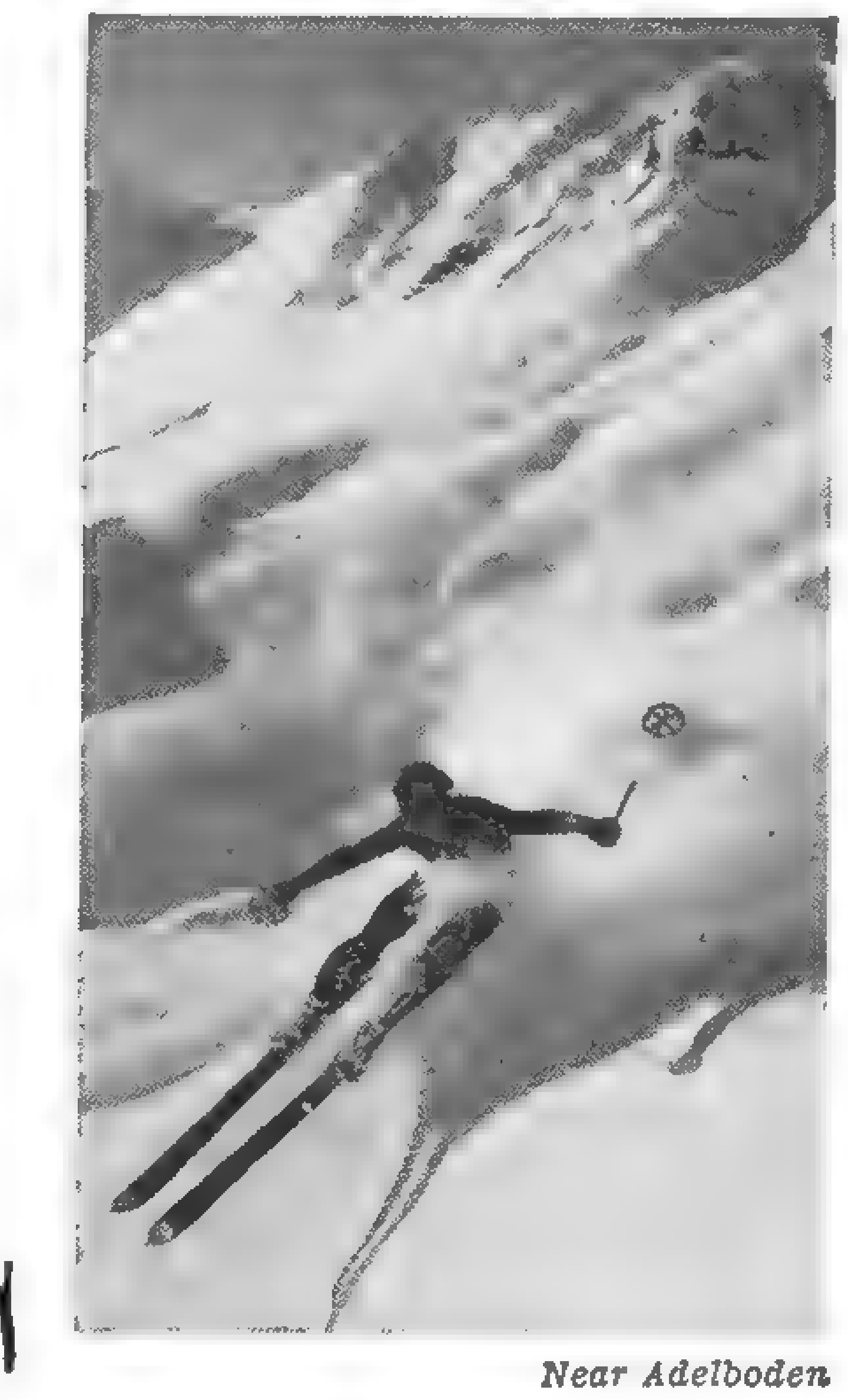

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Backstage with Esquire

Abel Green

ABEL GREEN, Editor of *Variety*, writes: "As an old, well not so old, Francophile, with a yen to recapture that last-time-I-saw-Paris routine, it was essentially a sentimental journey when I visited France and England with my wife last summer. Although long-time Paris residents, while I was setting up *Variety*'s foreign service, we hadn't been back since the Summer of '38. The city's splendor was heightened then by the history-making parade down the Champs Élysées by the King and Queen of England—the first time British royalty had set foot on foreign soil in more than a century. The mobilization of France's military might (?) for that occasion was intended to impress Hitler with Anglo-French amity and Gallic strength. Today an environment which openly heralds the fact that money can buy anything makes the strait-laced tourist a chump, brings out a little 'honest' larceny in the average person. Hence my article, *Wanna Go to Europe?*"

Stanley Dersh

When painting such pictures as his illustration for *Tableau: Sextette in Bebop*, page 57, STANLEY DERSH usually piles a stack of hot platters on his record player, sits down at his drawing board and falls to, his feet stomping like mad to the rhythm of the music. He grew up in Reading, the heart of the Pennsylvania-Dutch country, where he painted barns and Model T Fords as well as the Amish people. After graduating from Pratt Institute in New York, where he won numerous awards, including the Society of Illustrators scholarship, he joined the U. S. Coast Guard and served during the war on a P.T. boat. Shortly after his discharge and the end of the war he was drafted into the Army and stationed in New York, where he did posters as well as illustrations for *Yank*. Now he's back in civilian life in a New York apartment furnished largely with Pennsylvania-Dutch antiques, lending a rural atmosphere to the hot jam sessions which occur whenever his musician friends drop around.

Robert Lewis

After graduating from St. John's College in Annapolis ROBERT LEWIS spent a year at the University of Bologna, Italy, on an exchange fellowship, and another at Johns Hopkins. He tried free-lance writing, until, he says, "hunger drove me to work, from which horrible fate I was saved by the war." He served as court interpreter in Naples, joined the Seventh Army for the invasion of southern France and served as a translator of French and German. Now he's back at Johns Hopkins, working for his Ph.D. in the field of Romance Languages. His first published story, *Little Victor*, won the O. Henry Memorial Award for 1947. He admits that *Scoop: How I Licked Japan* (page 58) is pure fantasy—he's never seen the Pacific.

HELEN LAWRENSON, whose *Eyes Over Your Shoulder* is guaranteed to start, as well as stop, a lot of talk, will always be remembered south of the border as the author of *Latins Are Lousy Lovers*. She says that since writing *Sailors Make Wonderful Husbands* she hasn't done a thing—except have another baby, a boy. He is named Kevin—after Kevin Barry, the Irish patriot.

Saul David

The author of *Anything for a Friend* is SAUL DAVID, our Discovery of the Month, an art-school graduate who modestly attributes his initial publication to "the good looks of my wife who badgered an Esquire editor into remembering my name, and to the fortunes of the chairbound Cairo campaign which brought me into contact with the editor of Esky's sister publication, *Coronet*. I was trying to persuade the *Coronet* editor to propagandize for portrait commissions, and on seeing my art work he said: 'I'd like to help you—what else do you do?' By merest chance I happened to be carrying thirty pounds of manuscript."

Jack Kramer

Never a victim of indecision, JACK KRAMER says: "The day that dad brought home a racket, when I was ten, I knew I wanted to be a tennis champ. My old man encouraged me all the way up the ladder, and Perry T. Jones, Secretary of the Southern California Tennis Association, gave me many a helping hand." He also acknowledges credit to Dick Skeen who taught him strokes, and Ted Roche who drilled him in strategy. He attended Rollins College, in Florida, is a veteran of the U. S. Coast Guard, and has a small son whose first words, according to Jack, were: "Where's the nearest tennis court?"

ROBERT M. COATES (*The Cows Jumped Over the Moon*, page 71) is art critic for *The New Yorker*, an indefatigable skier and the author of several novels and collections of short stories, most recently *Bitter Season*. He reports: "I'm working on another novel and, barring art and skiing, hope to have it finished by spring. It's about murder, also an enthusiasm of mine, so far vicarious."

Another Discovery of the Month is EARL HULBERT, whose first published story is *The Duke and the Corker* (page 42). He has a house and an apple orchard at St. Paul, Minnesota, overlooking Pig's Eye Lake, and shares this prospect with a wife, two sons and seven mongrel dogs. While he would like nothing better than to curl up with a good novel (his own, now in construction), he is trying to synchronize the writing urge with the business of making a living.

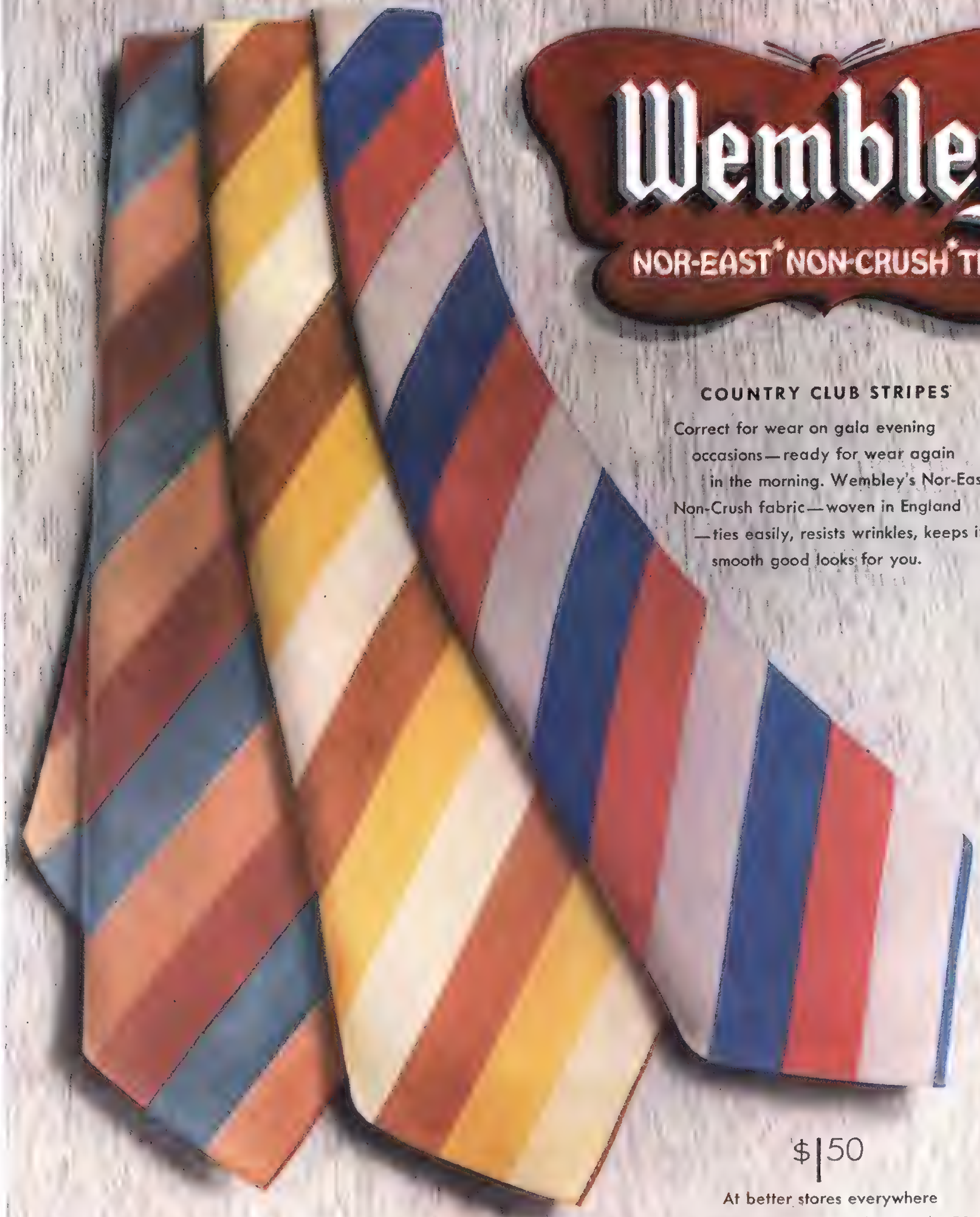
George Weller

GEORGE WELLER (the foreign correspondent who turns to domestic comedy with *The Bed We Lie On*, a short story on page 49), is on leave from the Chicago *Daily News* to attend the Nieman Fellowship seminar at Harvard University, his Alma Mater. Weller's dispatches have always been distinguished for their literary, as well as reportorial, merit and his account of the exciting incident during the war when a U. S. submarine crew operated on a shipmate for appendicitis won him the Pulitzer Prize. His books include *Singapore Is Silent* and *Bases Overseas*.

COLONEL ROBERT S. ALLEN has all that it takes to write a biography of General Patton, having soldiered through two world wars in addition to a distinguished career in journalism. After his discharge from the Army in 1920 he entered Wisconsin University and earned his tuition by reporting for local papers. He was awarded a scholarship to the University of Munich and his off-campus activities included covering Hitler's Beer Hall Putsch for several American newspapers. He became the Washington, D. C., bureau chief for the *Christian Science Monitor* and was fired from that post for having co-authored, with Drew Pearson, the provocative, best-selling book about the Hoover administration entitled *Washington Merry-go-round*. Returning to active service in the Spring of 1942, he was assigned to the Third Army for the duration. He graduated with honors from the Command and General Staff School in Leavenworth, served as Chief of Combat Intelligence with the Third throughout the European campaign. Wounded and captured by the Germans during action, he suffered the amputation of his right arm, was rescued by the Third Army shortly afterward and returned to duty. He recently edited *Our Fair City*, an exposé of seventeen American cities, proving he is still a gadfly as well as a soldier.

Mel Heimer

MEL HEIMER says: "In *The Big Drag* I have attempted to give a candid picture of the Broadway scene; how candid it is may be judged by the fact that two of the town's higher-class saloonkeepers are looking for me with baseball bats." Since last appearing in Esquire he has written four books, and in January he went to California to do the life story of George McManus, the *Bringing Up Father* cartoonist and a fellow laborer at King Features, for whom Heimer does a column, *My New York*. A reformed ghost, he now admits: "*The Rampant Refugee*, by Kathleen Carlisle, and *Champagne Cholly*, by Eve Brown, were both the product of my gaunt little hand."



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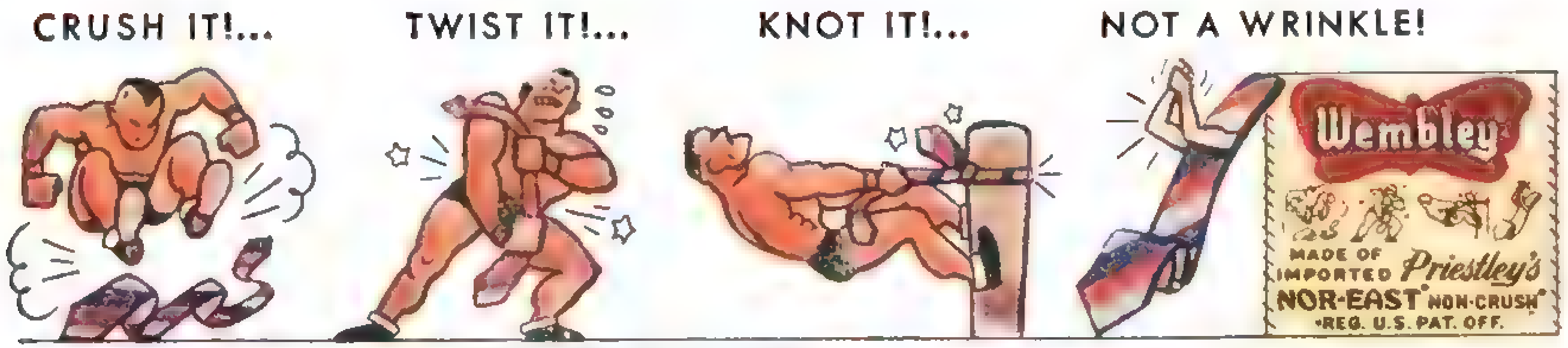
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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

THIS MAN'S WORLD:

Reeling and Writhing and Arithmetic

A number of things annoy Esquire's commentator this month, and please don't interrupt till he's finished

Comment by

PAUL GALLICO

This is really the most wonderful country, particularly for writers, and I for one am going to stop worrying over the problems of making a living with a typewriter, because apparently it is a lead-pipe cinch and I have just been a sucker to fret.

Just how marvelous it is I have only known since a little magazine called the *Writer's Digest* came into my possession and I took to reading the advertisements, all directed at the fledgling writer and the fellow who has his eye on the gold in them thar mountains of manuscripts. It's a breeze. Nobody need ever work for a living again.

For instance, brother Will Herman, operating out of Cleveland, Ohio, advertises: "SELL IN THREE MONTHS . . . OR YOUR MONEY BACK. If You Can Write Correct English You Can Write Juveniles And Sell Within Three Months." This comes as a complete surprise to me. I always thought that to write juveniles, or anything, one had to have ideas, ingenuity, imagination and almost bottomless wells of knowledge of the psychology of the child mind, as well as springs of phantasy that will reach and touch the young reader. But Professor Herman says no, he has sold over 3500 stories, serials, articles and fillers to juvenile editors, now he is engaging in criticism and collaboration, write for terms and *free* pamphlet, and away you go.

There might be some carpers who will complain that the Prof. has a catch concealed in his come-on, the same being the assumption that you will know how to write correct English before you come a-knocking on his chamber door. At that, I would be curious as to how one would judge and who would do the judging. "The cat has caught the rat" seems to me to be an eminently correct bit of English and the line even contains an element of the conflict so dear to the hearts of editors, and maybe that is as far as one need go to crack that juvenile market. It is just that all my life I had thought the business of writing correct English much more complicated. Finding it reduced to an essential simplicity by the Herman method both soothes and excites me. What the hell have I been worrying about?

The next step after juveniles, spinning romances for adults, is equally a pipe. There are thirty-seven or more advertisements offering coaching, instruction, criticism and short cuts to fame and fortune weaving stories for the magazines in the *Digest*, and according to the testimonials of satisfied authors, they are all wonderful and equally good.

Personally, I like the simplicity of the Studio Story Method which makes its headquarters in Spokane 8, Washington, a long way from the market, it is true, but at least out in the great Northwest where the air is fresh and invigorating.

"HOW DO I START?" inquires Studio Story Method's neatly boxed ad, and then snaps back with the answer—"I take a Student-Centered PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR'S COURSE in the 'write-way.' "

Thereafter its Q. and A. "Q: HOW DO I LEARN CONSTRUCTION?"

"A: SSM shows me basic patterns of articles, stories, radio."

(Thank God, this is a country where a fellow can go far with a basic pattern.)

"Q: HOW CAN I WRITE GOOD DIALOGUE?"

"A: SSM shows me the tools for dialogue, atmosphere, action, characterization!"

(Now that is what I call just dandy, and how can a guy go wrong? What was it Churchill said: "Give us the tools and we'll finish the job"? Of course when I open *my* school for writers we are going to have an extra-special feature. For a purely nominal fee of $5000, we will perform a delicate operation, grafting an ear for the spoken word onto the student writer, enabling him to *hear* speech as it is written, since many editors have an old-fashioned idea that this is important, along with the tools.)

And finally—"Q: HOW CAN I TELL WHEN MY WORK IS READY TO SELL?"

"A: SSM editor-authors give me critical help on *my* manuscripts, help me to revise and to find my market."

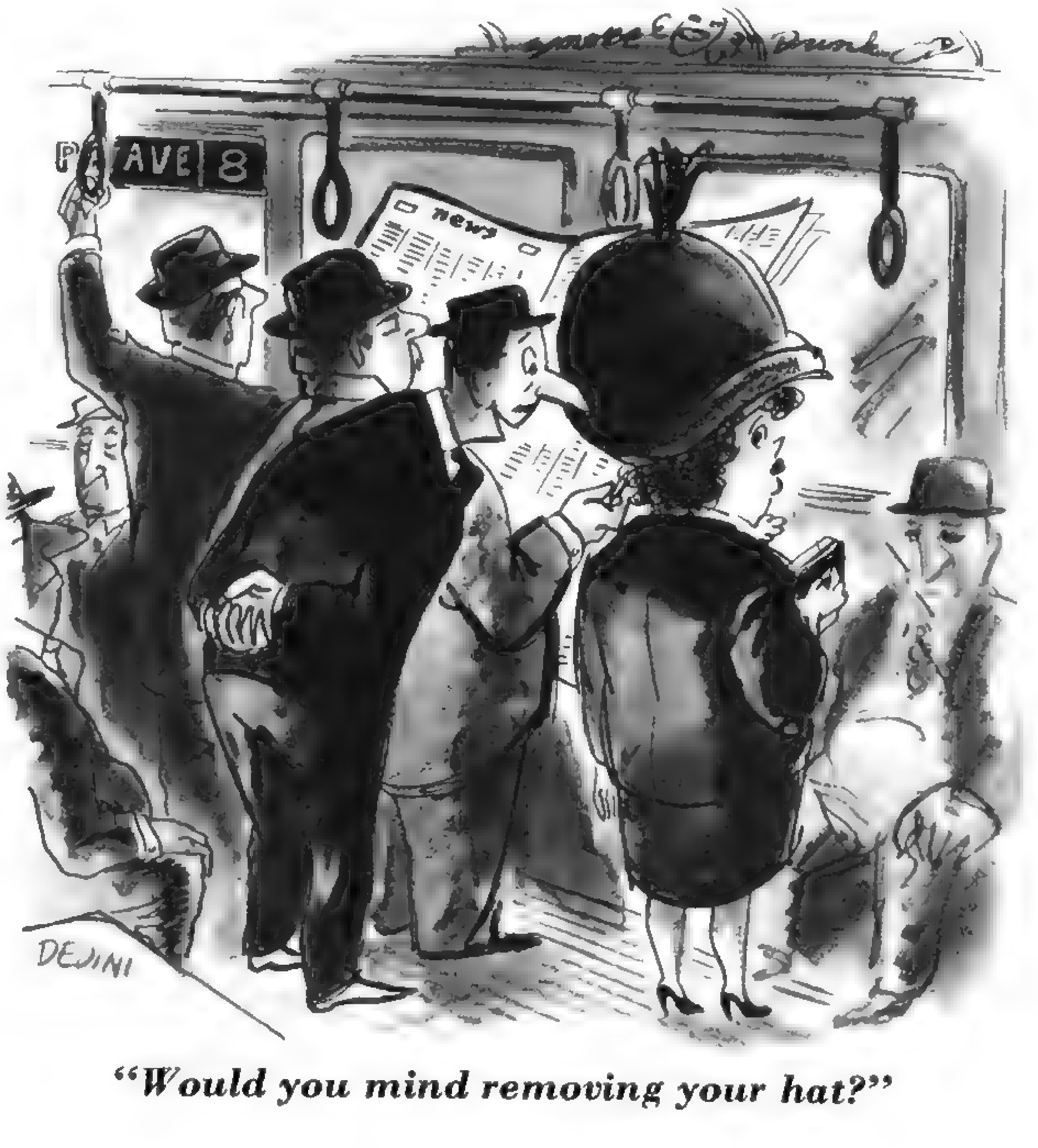
There you are. You're in business.

You've got no holler coming on the prices charged for this type of work. Conning through the proclamations in *Writer's Digest* I note that an average fee for reading and criticizing a story manuscript is $1.00 per thousand words up to five thousand, and 50 cents thereafter for each further thousand words. Brothers, that's giving it away. For five bucks, *somebody* will not only *read* your opus but straighten out the love tangle from which you have not managed to extricate your hero and heroine, rename your villain so as not to offend the minority which happens to be squawking the loudest at the moment, organize your syntax and give you a list of magazines which will reject it in that order.

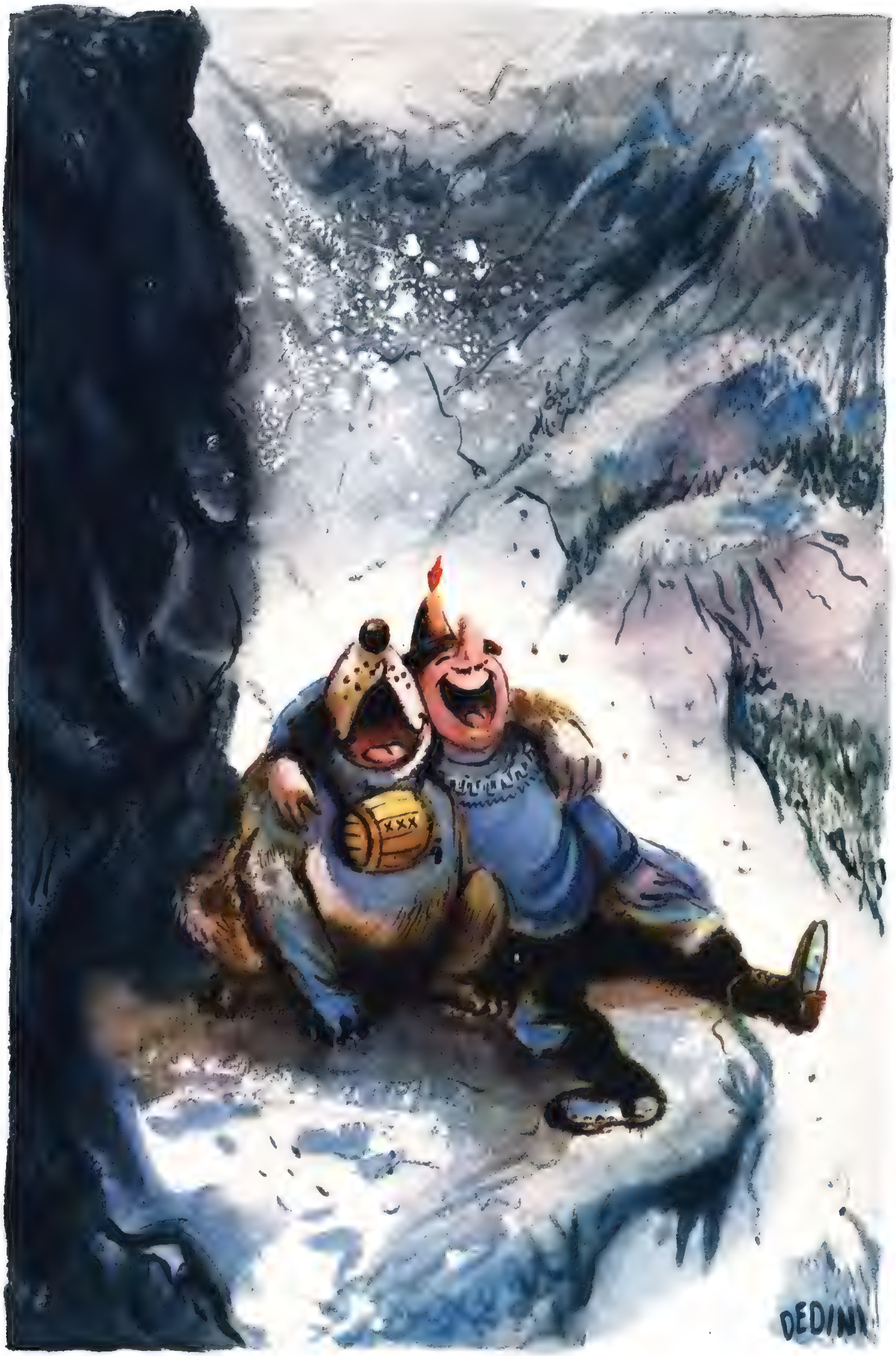
How can they manage? My Alma Mammy, Columbia University in the City of New York, paid me the sum of $600 per semester recently to assist in installing the art of the short story into the young and ambitious. During the course of one term I read some sixty scripts of varying degrees of horror, which makes it come out to $10 a story. Looking back over this collection of turkeys confected by graduate students already advanced in the craft of writing, I consider myself grossly underpaid. It is punishing labor. And here are dozens of firms offering to do it for from two to five clams per stinker. I tell you, this *is* a writer's country.

But best of all, I like the service offered by Laurence R. D'Orsay, author of stories and articles in leading magazines, who bases at Topanga 1, California, and offers among other services, "PLOTCARDS, the Perfect Plotting Device . . . a deck of cards which supplies synopses

(Continued on page 112)



"Would you mind removing your hat?"



"Sweet Mother—Mac—Chree—"

Ideals Bowled Over

Did some members of a football squad demand $100 a man before they would play in a Bowl game? How did an Eastern college develop a set of football muscles in honor of its 250th anniversary? What college dropped football and increased its enrollment? Why was New York University glad to drop out of the big time at the height of its success?

A Sports Article by STANLEY FRANK

THE end of the world appeared to be simultaneous with the arrival of the New Year on the afternoon of January 1, 1942, when the bottom fell out of a cloudburst over New Orleans. Less fearless and foolish people would have fled to the hills, but 73,000 intrepid sportsmen assembled in the Sugar Bowl to watch the Fordham and Missouri football teams make muscles and mudholes. Although the weather turned the exercises into the dreariest game ever witnessed on the North American continent, several thousand customers remained until the limp end—probably to satisfy their morbid curiosity and see how large a grease spot the imposing hulks on the field left after they disappeared into the slimy goo.

That storm was just a gentle shower though, compared to the cataclysm that had struck the Fordham authorities fifteen hours earlier. The Fordham authorities were roused from their contemplation of the $73,000 to be forthcoming after the morrow's game by a phone call from the team's training camp located at Bay St. Louis. "Some of us feel awful sick," said the call, in effect, "and we probably aren't going to feel well enough to play tomorrow unless you send over $100 for each member of the team, to help him get well."

This may have been a practical joke, but if it was a strike pulled by some of the Fordham players, then it was not the first one staged by a Bowlbound football team. You know how college boys are. They're highly impressionable—and no dopes. They hear educators deliver eloquent speeches in praise of idealism and the pure, white flame that is college football. And then they see their schools, ostensibly citadels of culture and ethics, junk those lofty precepts to get a piece of the big money that goes with an invitation to a postseason hippodrome that is strictly a real-estate or Chamber of Commerce promotion.

A bid to the Rose Bowl, the model for similar commercial dodges that feature the great game of football, at one time was worth $103,000 to each participating team. The Sugar Bowl pays $73,000, the Orange Bowl $30,000 and the Cotton Bowl guarantees $35,000, with a potential pay-off as high as $52,000.

If a demand had been made by some of Fordham's team, it would have been thoroughly reasonable in 1942.

The East-West game, played annually by college seniors for the benefit of a crippled children's hospital in San Francisco, was shifted that year to New Orleans when outdoor sporting events were banned on the Pacific Coast after Pearl Harbor. Players invited to the East-West game were given a sweater, a wrist watch and $150 for expense money.

Fordham's graduating players could have had the same free ride on the gravy train if their services had not been exploited by their University. It would have been the identical trip from New York, plus $150 and other trophies of the chase. The Fordham kids were given no pocket money to explore points of aesthetic interest in the French quarter, such as rare-book shops and delicate grillwork on the historic mansions. They had remained in training for an extra month and had given up their Christmas vacations for the privilege of getting large lumps, welts and abrasions and, maybe, the satisfaction of playing on the winning side. It wasn't sufficient compensation. Not with the University getting $73,000.

There are, admittedly, worse evils abroad in the world, but the Bowl games of the last decade are sitting ducks for criticism, affecting as they do college football and, indirectly, all college sports. The Bowls, with their rich pay-offs, are open invitations to overemphasis of football, a familiar phrase first heard in the 1920s. When there was only the Rose Bowl, the football factories masquerading as colleges paid their proselyted players, lowered academic standards and winked at commercialism to gain national publicity and attract students. Now that there are enough postseason games for every school—or so it appears—that wants one, the incentives for going after the muscular meatballs necessary for a top-drawer team are more alluring. The added income brought by a hired hand-picked team is a snare and a delusion, as we shall see presently, but venal educators can't see the danger for the dollar signs. They are occupied with the enchanting discovery that the words "spectator" and "spectacle" are derived from the same root.

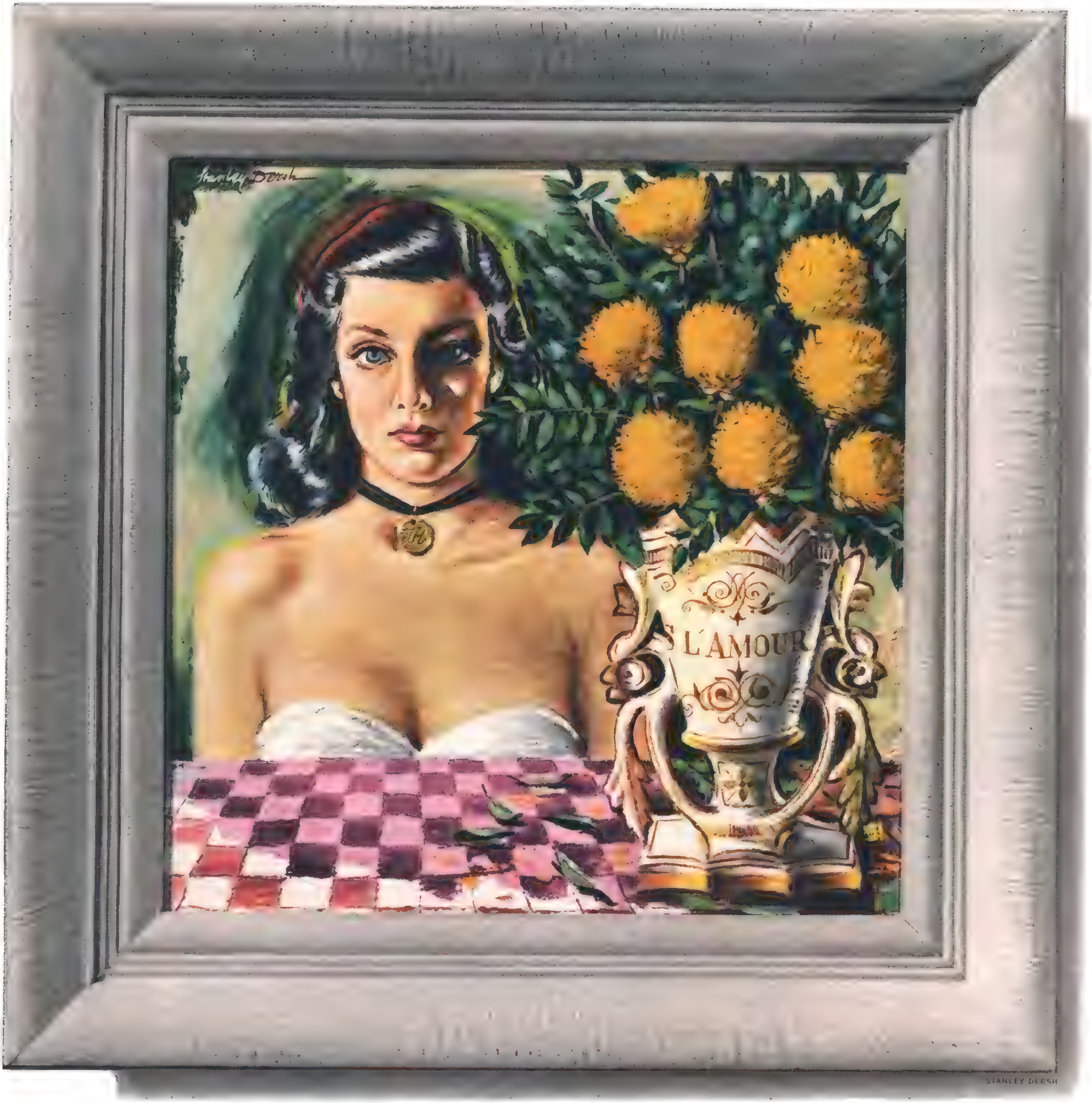
This stampede to postseason, intersectional clambakes is not a new refinement of high-pressure football. It is almost as old as the game itself. In 1873, four years after Princeton and Rutgers played the first game, vigorous youths at Cornell and Michigan agreed to commit interesting atrocities on one another at Cleveland, a neutral site. Then, as now, the scholars of both schools went into huddles to dream up free transportation and, of course, to dig up fresh money for wagering purposes. All arrangements were proceeding famously until Andrew D. White, President of Cornell, put a blight on the party.

"I will not permit thirty men to travel four hundred miles merely to agitate a bag of wind," White thundered.

White was the first articulate crusader against overemphasis and for half a century he was virtually alone. But in the 1920s a sharp reaction set in among colleges with high academic standards which refused to countenance the inevitable hypocrisy and abuses that are the concomitants of big-time football. It is true that many colleges which piously professed to view with alarm the trend toward professionalism had been guilty of the queasy

(*Continued on page 131*)

"The defense has endeavored to prove the pistol could not have been fired from that position; however . . ."



STANLEY DERSH

Sing Before Breakfast

A man is as old as he feels about having an affair with the first girl he ever loved

A Story by TIMOTHY FULLER

"It's Gwen." Blake was reading the evening paper, a cocktail at his elbow, when Mary returned from the telephone.

"She didn't say what she wants," Mary added, her smile transparently grim. He got up and handed her the paper as he went out to the hall. It was an unconsciously thoughtful gesture, as if to say, "It's all right. We're married. There's nothing to fear."

He sat for a moment with his eyes closed before picking up the receiver. "Yes?"

The lilting, familar voice came as he expected it, without greeting, without any mention of the eight-year silence that had followed their divorce. "This is absolutely the *worst* thing that *ever* happened! In ten minutes I'm supposed to eat creamed chicken with a ghastly group of local homemakers. And because of this vile hotel . . ."

It might have been any phone call picked out of the hectic three years of their marriage except that now, he realized thankfully, he felt only a controlled, quite normal curiosity to discover what she was up to.

"What do you want, Gwen?" he interrupted. "Are you at the Fenhaven?"

"*Is* there another hotel in this dreary city you live in? I'm going to sue them for the pictures they hang on their walls."

"Pictures?"

"The place swarmed with bad Audubon prints. It was the last one I couldn't get. What *does* a broken ankle feel like, Doctor?"

"The hotel will get you a doctor."

"I wouldn't trust this hotel to walk my dog, even if I had a dog."

"Oh, the hell with you," he said weakly and walked slowly into the living room but, having decided, it was as if a spring were tightening inside him, urging him to hurry.

Mary sat with her cocktail balanced on

her knee. "Funny how these old battle scars can tweak us, isn't it?"

"You, too?" he asked, forcing a laugh. "She's on a lecture junket for *Your Home*, evidently. She hurt her ankle and, like an idiot, I'm going over there. It would be foolish, I think, not to see her."

She nodded. "Of course, I can't help wishing she'd fallen on her neck." Then she rose and he took her in his arms. "Big kiss."

Her lips and her solid body under his hands were known, safe, enduring against the vision of Gwen's mocking smile.

"That should hold you," she said. "Go see your patient, Doc."

Driving toward the hotel he felt his assurance ebbing even as he tried to check it in a review of Gwen's little tricks and her hard, untouchable arrogance. He remembered with pain her last vicious attack when he was finally leaving. "General practice in a fourth-rate city? You're just afraid to specialize in New York. You haven't the talent!"

Of course, it was ridiculous to take this meeting too seriously. He had left her once and now, besides Mary, there were the children, his practice, the whole way of life Gwen had so eloquently scorned.

"Miss Gordon is expecting you, Dr. Niles," the clerk said when he asked her room number. "You're to go right up."

She lay on the bed, small, deeply tanned, and wearing the same kind of frivolous white neligee for which, when he was an intern, he had saved for months to buy her. For a moment they looked at each other; then he was taking off his coat and she was saying, "Before you lay a hand on me, you've got to take down that obscene scarlet tanager."

Without glancing at the offending print, he came around to the bed. Her short dark hair still curled thickly over her head and she looked nearly as young as she had the day they had signed the divorce agreement.

"Can you step on it?" he asked, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

"No."

The ankle had begun to swell but, testing it, he could find no sign of a break. "Try it."

She swung around beside him and with one hand on his shoulder let herself down to the floor.

"That's enough," he said, when he'd seen it would bear her weight.

She swung back on the bed and her uninjured foot dug quickly and not by accident into his stomach.

"We're putting on a little weight, aren't we?"

"Some," he said, and allowed himself to smile. "I recommend getting to a hospital for an X-ray. Your ankle may be broken."

He got up and went to his bag. "I suppose you're still taking something to put you to sleep, but I'll leave you some codeine."

"You know it's a funny thing about those pills," she said. "I gave them up when I got married and I've never used them since."

He remained bent over the bag because he knew the shock he felt would be clear on his face. "I didn't know you were married."

"Oh, yes," she said lightly. "Of course, I'm not any more. That's how I got my tan. In the Virgin Islands. I suppose you know that's the place to get a divorce these days."

He straightened up, forcing what he hoped was an easy, sophisticated smile as he turned to face her. "Was it anyone we know?"

She giggled. "He was very rich but like a fool I didn't scratch him for a sou."

He put the pills on the bedside table and dropped a bandage on her face. Immediately he was sorry because, as he should have suspected she would, she picked it off and, without expression or comment, placed it up beside the pills.

"What do you prescribe to soak my foot in, Doctor? I won't go to a hospital."

"A champagne bucket would do nicely," he said, turning to go for his coat.

"Are you leaving now?" She was watching him closely. "I can't understand why you came at all."

He smiled. So it had been she, after all, who had broken down. "I have my inscrutable side. Why did you call me?"

"A whim. You know my whims. I don't suppose you'd take a dare?" She had pushed herself upright and her pose was so obvious that he wanted to laugh.

"I've taken one already, haven't I?"

"This would be the jack pot."

He sat on the bed beside her, put his hand on her shoulder, and bent down to her parted lips. Her mouth was as familiar as the scent in her hair and it would be easy to stay.

"Superb," he said lightly.

"You're a liar."

"No." It was a relief to be able to speak the truth. "I won't say it's not a pleasure but you can't really expect to madden me with desire after all these years."

"Damn you," she said matter-of-factly. "You might as well reach under the bed and get the ice bucket. I ordered the ice because I, too, have taken a first-aid course, but it seemed wasteful to have it without a bottle."

The champagne, he discovered, was really there along with a couple of glasses. "You win on that one," he admitted. "I'll join you in a drink on it."

Laughing at her conceit and his ability to handle it, he picked up the bottle.

"I've been thinking about my falling off that chair," she said, finally. "You know what psychiatrists say about accidents?"

"Uh huh," he said, busy with the cork.

"Well, I'd never have called you if I hadn't hurt myself, so subconsciously I must really have wanted to see you."

He was still beside her, the bottle between his knees, and without thinking he reached out with one hand and stroked her hair.

"Oh, Blakey," she moaned, and cried.

He let the bottle drop back unopened into the ice, put his arms around her, kissed her hard this time until, twisting, his foot struck the champagne bucket and he broke gasping away.

"All right," he managed, "I was a liar."

He went to the window where he pressed his shaking hands flat on the sill, feeling shame but not knowing whether it came from what he had just done, the cheap joke he had made, or the thought of Mary.

"I apologize," he said, unable to face her.

"I don't."

It was like a hard slap in his face and in the silence after it the pop of the champagne cork was an explosion. Startled, he turned to see her pouring the wine, the heavy bottle steady in her hand.

"Drink this, Doctor, it's good for your courage."

Dumbly he took the full glass in both hands and waited obediently while she filled her own and held it up to him. Her head was back, one eyebrow arched, her lower lip in place between her teeth. Suddenly and with mounting wonder that he hadn't seen it before, he knew that this last act of hers, this opening of the wine, was done desperately and bravely to cover up her weakness at crying. For all these years he had been a partial prisoner in the trap of her independence and now because that independence had cracked for an instant he had escaped and was free.

Almost gaily he raised his glass to her and drank off the champagne.

"Listen, Gwen," he said with tender finality, "it's too late for anything with us. I wish it weren't but that's the way it is."

"Spare me the nobility, you fat practitioner."

But already there were new tears on her cheeks and she turned away from him. He picked up his coat, said, "Good luck, Gwen," and went out the door.

He stood savoring the dank air of the corridor as if it were a breeze from the sea; even the pity he now felt for her was a kind of intoxication. And then against the door behind him there was a crash and the sound of breaking glass. He smiled. Perhaps he could save his pity.

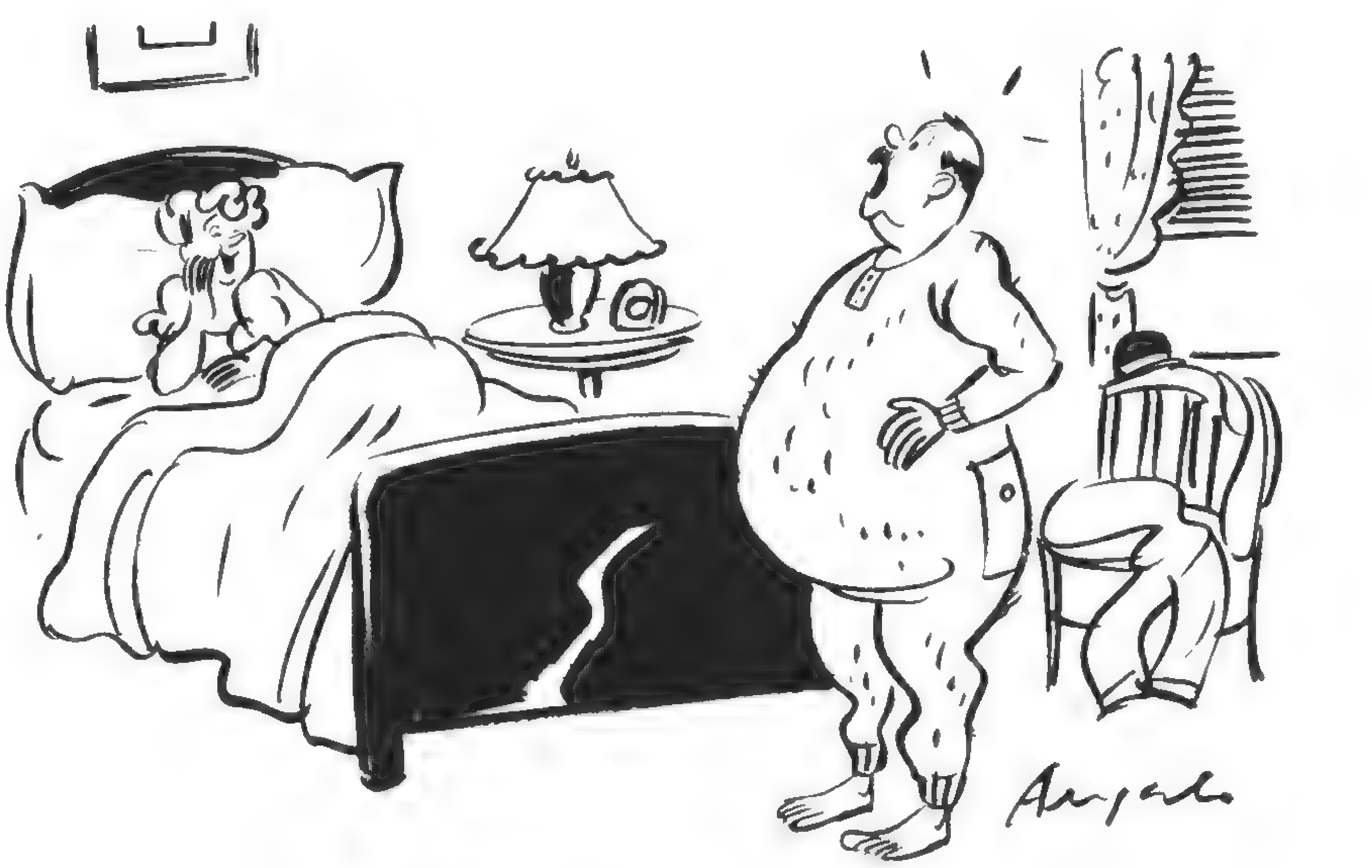
He grinned at Mary as he came into the living room and sank luxuriously into his favorite chair. There was no need of explanation between them. She came quickly across and curled up on the floor at his feet. He let his hand go up under her hair to the back of her neck and she snuggled closer, taking his other hand in both of hers.

"Clean out, like a whistle," he said.

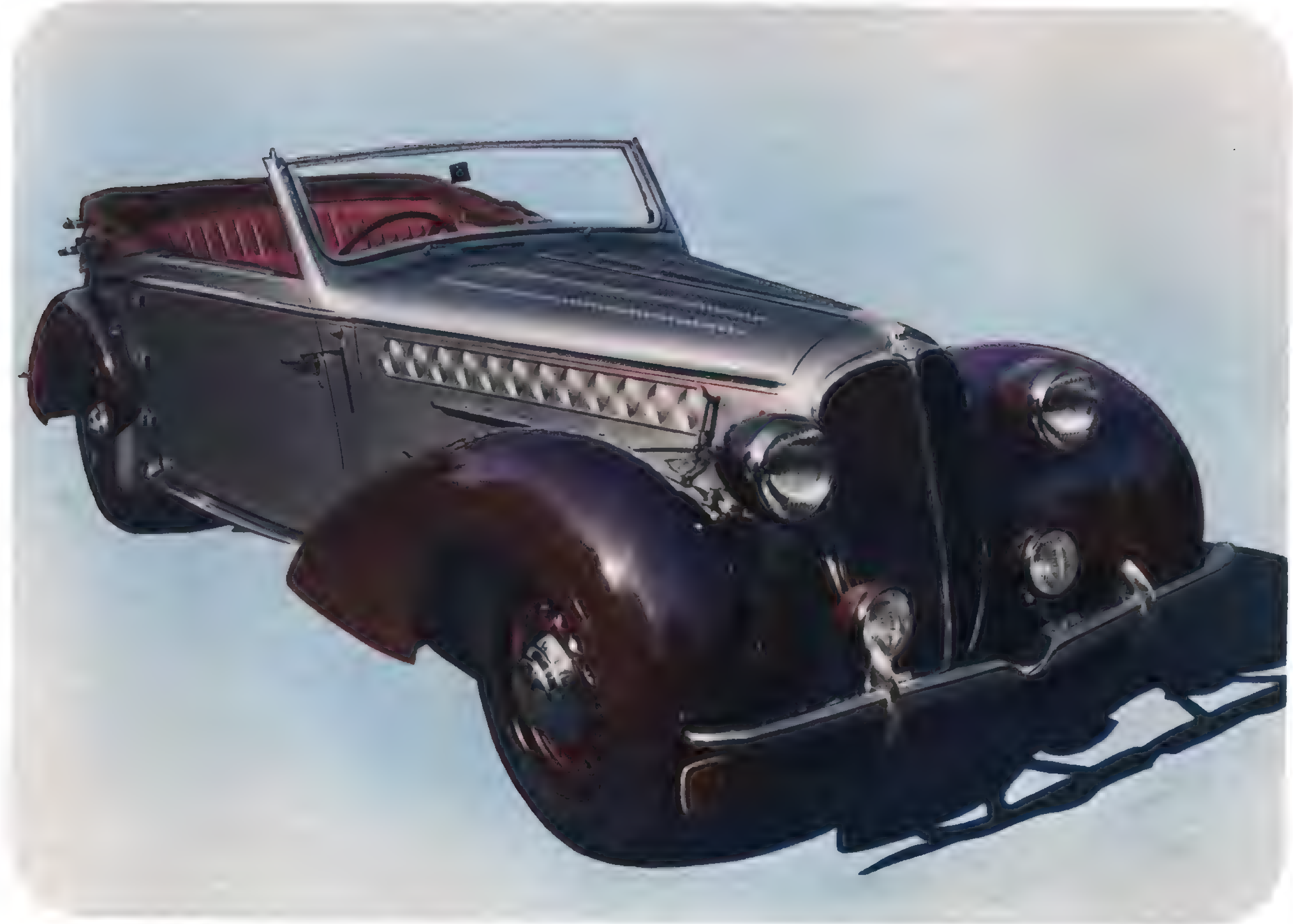
"Are you starved, darling?"

"I can wait. I want to enjoy my home for a minute."

He was free of Gwen now and forever, and suddenly he felt so overpoweringly tired and old, he wondered crazily if he would be able to get to his feet when Mary should suggest going in for supper. ⌗



"Please stop calling me Comrade"



Delahaye, ***French, can reach 100 m.p.h.***

KODACHROMES BY BERNARD GOLDBERG

Imported Horsepower

FOREIGN sports cars, like those pictured here, are a red-hot cult among the few hundred Americans who own one. Membership in the cult is by no means confined to New York and Hollywood big-money circles. In the clubs to which most of the fans belong you find country gentlemen, farmers, artists, writers, actors and a solid sprinkling of plain guys who have picked up a used model for little money and fixed it up themselves.

Among real sports-car fans there is neither border nor breed nor birth nor class distinctions based on income. Millionaire hobbyists wrangle amiably with grubby-fingered mechanics of high-school age over such abstruse problems as brake horsepower and standard compression ratio. Club members get together at dinner and find shop talk so exciting the dinner sometimes lasts through breakfast the next morning. They also hold runs, or rallies, once a month, at which the cars are put through a road test of around 250 miles for speed, reliability, hill climbing, etc.

The Sports Car Club of America is the leading group in the field, with slightly more than two hundred members. The Motor Sports Club is a bad second with only seventy-five members, and last comes an elite group calling themselves the Bentley Drivers Club—twenty members (the Bentley parent organization in Britain has approximately four hundred members). Bentley people are a race apart, endowed with a sort of mystic adoration for the Bentley car, a beautiful streamlined job that flourished in the twenties. It was later taken over by Rolls-Royce and became another luxury car. It is hard to describe the depth of feeling with which its admirers regard the Bentley. John Paul Stack, general manager of a New York hotel, was once heard to say, "I perhaps love the three-litre (Bentley) not exactly the way I love Mrs. Stack—but I love them both dearly." Mr. Stack bought his 1926 Bentley during the depression for $375 and was recently offered $2000 for it.

Millionaires, film stars and just plain Joes are enthusiastic fans of fast, flashy cars from British, French, Italian factories

Film star Gary Cooper is probably the best-known owner of foreign sports cars on the West Coast. So tender is Cooper's affection for his imported horsepower that when something occasionally goes wrong with them, he is liable to have his Coast mechanic do the repair job with a phone glued to one ear while a New York specialist offers detailed advice over the wire.

Among other owners are such celebrities as John Perona of New York's famous El Morocco night club, Jimmy Melton, opera and radio star, Paul Draper, the dancer, cartoonists Ralph Stein and Charles Addams, and color photographer Leo Pavelle. Chicago millionaire D. Cameron Peck has several foreign sports cars among his private fleet of over a hundred and fifty automobiles.

Ralph Stein has tried to define the appeal of these cars. Passing over the obvious snob appeal of owning a flashy job costing several thousand dollars that stands out from its American brothers, Stein asserts foreign cars are easier to handle, steer better and give the driver a comforting feeling of mastery over his machine. "You know that you're running the car," Stein says, "it's not running you. By comparison, American cars are soft, unwieldy, uninteresting." These are Stein's words, not ours. He adds scornfully, "Show me the American car you can steer within a sixteenth of an inch."

Another attraction of these foreign babies is that they can go like hell. No doubt this has something to do with the fascination of these buggies—especially when the police can be prevailed on to give clearance, as they can now and again, for the frequent road tests staged by the Clubs. #

MG, *British, can touch 90 m.p.h. on 4 cylinders*

Triumph, *British, hit 90 m.p.h. in road tests*

Lancia, *Italian speedster, hits 80 m.p.h.*

Allard, *British, can travel 104 m.p.h. with special gear*

Alfa-Romeo, *Italian, breezes along at 100 m.p.h.*

Jaguar, *British, a town car that betters 95 m.p.h.*

Eyes Over Your Shoulder

When girls go into a huddle about men, nothing is sacred!

An Article by HELEN LAWRENSON

Helen Lawrenson once tied a firecracker to the tail of a brave legend with an article in Esquire called *Latins Are Lousy Lovers.* It took the Good Neighbor policy years to overcome the effects of that one. This is going to leave scars that won't be erased quite so soon

It will probably come as somewhat of a shock to the average male to learn that when he is occupied in amorous dalliance with the lady of his choice, be she wife or sweetheart, he is not, in a manner of speaking, quite alone with her. There are eyes looking over his shoulder, intent on his every move—brown eyes, blue eyes, green eyes, hazel eyes, all shining brightly like the eyes of cats at night.

They are the eyes of his wife's girl friends. Not really, of course, but for all practical purposes, there they are, floating happily around the bed, like the ectoplasm in photographs of spiritualist seances, eagerly taking in everything that goes on. Nothing escapes them—the things you say, the silly pet names, your secret weaknesses, your amatory successes and your failures—all are grist for their mill, greeted by the unheard rippling of their spectral laughter.

How does this happen? Simply because the woman of today is a Pulitzer Prize journalist when it comes to reporting her amorous adventures. Men may talk about women (although usually not about their wives, because that, they feel, would be a reflection on their own vanity and self-esteem), but when they do, it is apt to be in a boastful and general way. They will say that such and such a gal is terrific or lousy (if the latter, it probably means that they couldn't make the grade with her), or they will mention her name with a knowing look from which you are supposed to infer that if they wanted to, the Things they could tell you about her, "Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!" Their reportage on amorous episodes is mostly a matter of implication and innuendo, marked by an almost complete absence of humor. (I am not speaking of actual male *writers*. These creatures love nothing better than going over and over their affairs in print, like so many ruminating cows. Women who shrink from publicity should confine their indiscretions to men whose literary ability goes no further than signing their names to checks.)

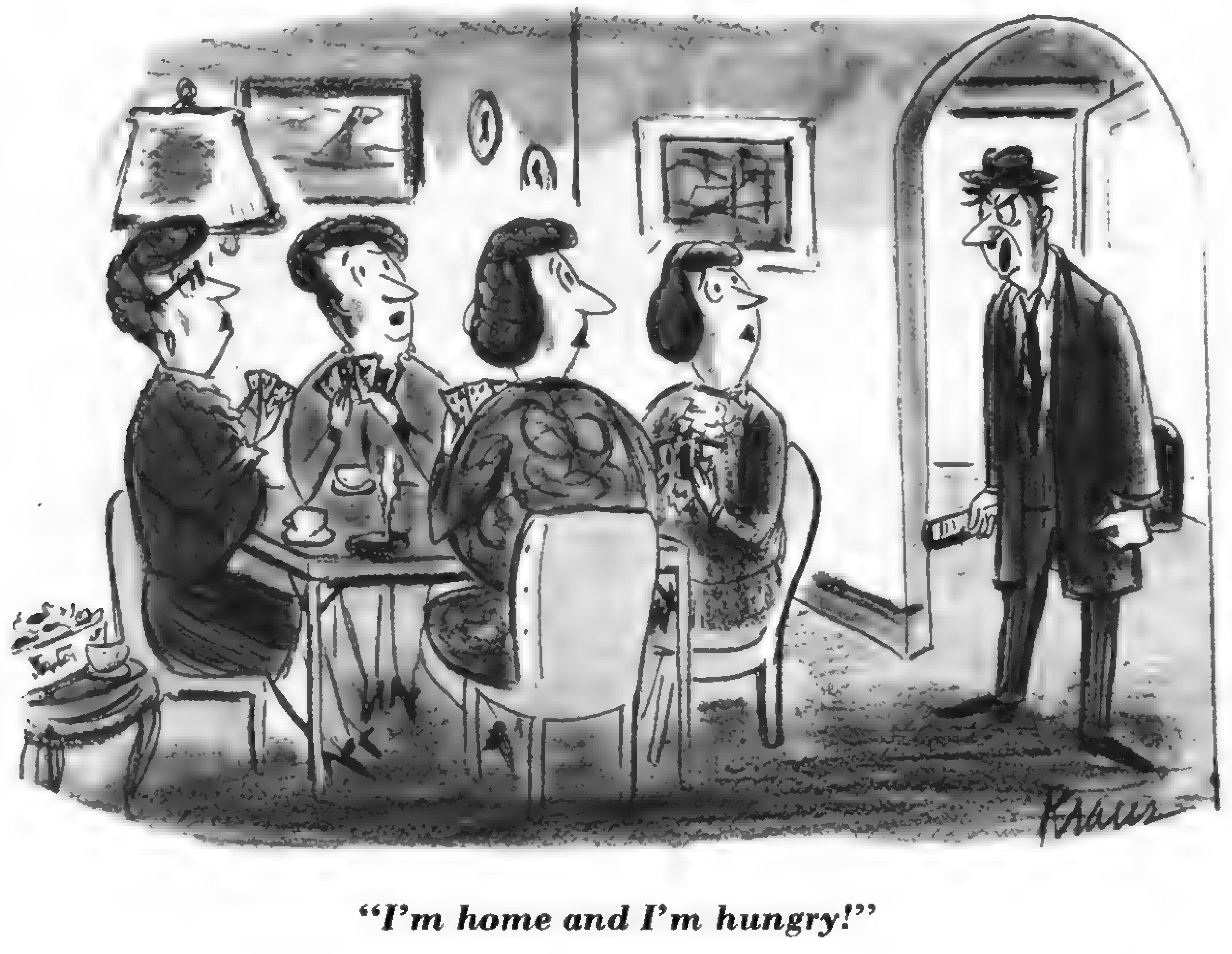
There is nothing vague or general, however, in the way women describe their affairs to each other. They are relentlessly explicit in detail, and their unabashed language and lashing humor would just about paralyze into permanent impotence any male who might be so luckless as to overhear them. The fact that they will discuss their husbands or sweethearts with such articulate attention to anatomy, technique, and general tendencies—and go off into gales of feminine laughter over certain aspects of same—does not necessarily mean that they do not love their mates, or that they regard them with contempt or a lack of tenderness. It merely indicates the essentially more realistic honesty of women in their attitude toward sex. It also illustrates the basic truth that women will cheerfully relate an incident in which they, themselves, appear in a ridiculous light, whereas most men had rather die than admit that there could be anything remotely funny about their conduct in bed.

Not only do women tell All to their girl friends—so that whatever you do, you are confronted with the problem of "Now what will Sue and Phyllis and Esther think of this?"—but each girl friend, in turn, is apt to relate a slightly expurgated version (toned down in deference to general male sensitiveness on the subject) to her own husband or boy friend, so that you are faced with an unseen but ever-increasing public. This can be fairly disconcerting to the average American male, who would probably be loathe to make love to his wife on a raised dais at the annual Elks' banquet.

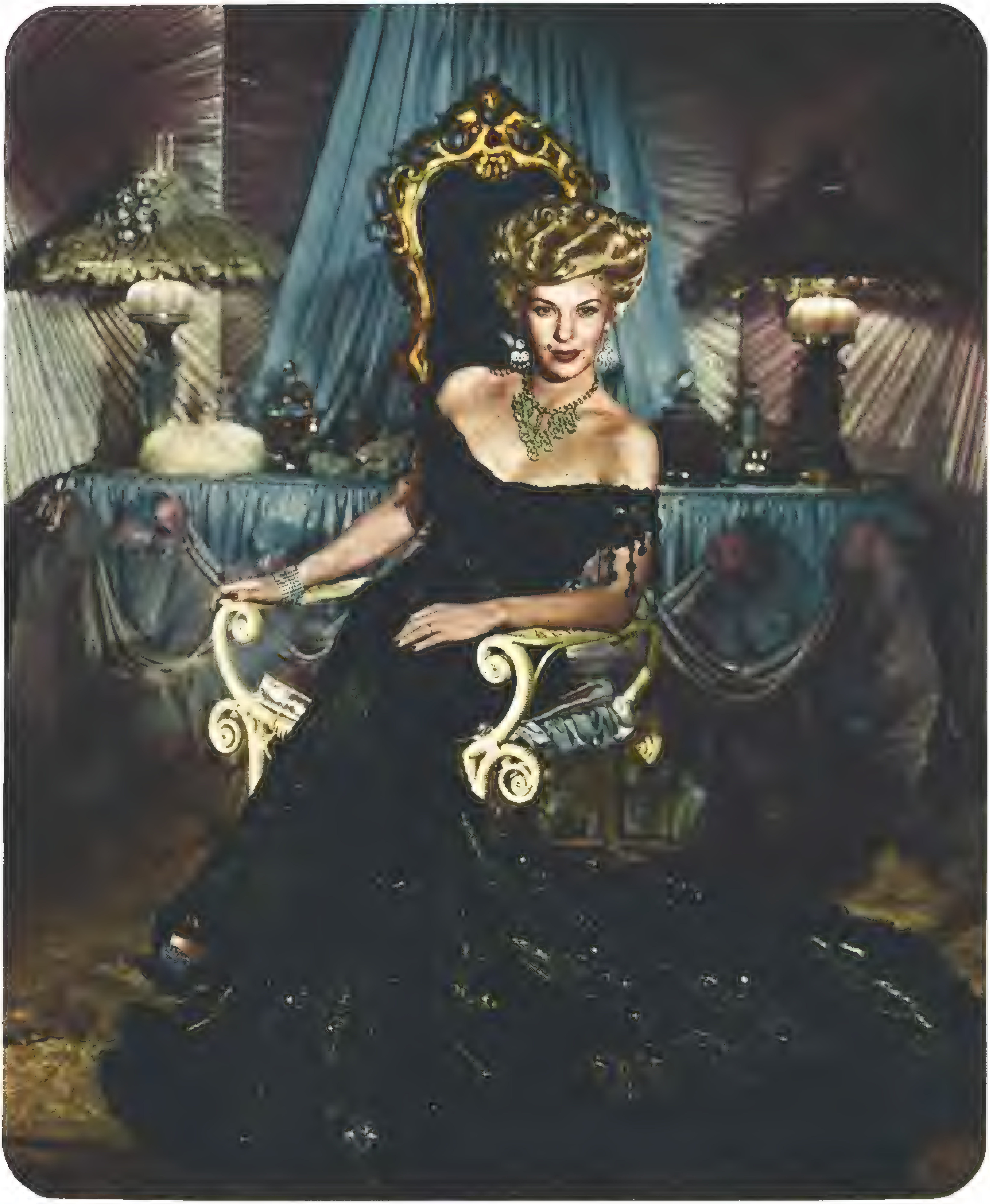
Robert Browning once wrote: "God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures boasts two soul sides, one to face the world with, one to show a woman when he loves her." Thanks to the feminine grapevine, the second soul side now reaches a larger audience. So when you are next about to show the woman of your choice this secret side of yours, you should first pause and consider the far-flung consequences. "Oh, oh! Mabel Whiffenlopper would never approve of this, I bet. Furthermore, how is Bert going to take it when she tells it to him? I'll never be able to face him at the office." Because you can be sure that whatever you do, the news is going to travel with a speed that will make wildfire look like a glacier. It is going to be mighty hard to maintain your dignity as a statesman, captain of industry, or just plain ordinary working stiff if you know that the slightest deviation from your customary simple routine is going to become common knowledge among your acquaintances. You might just as well have it emblazoned on the advertising placards: "JOHN WARD HAS SWITCHED TO . . . !" The next time you notice one of your girl's women friends looking at you with an intense new interest, you should realize that it's not just your suit she's admiring. Not at all. She is merely trying to picture you in the situation which occurred night before last and which has since been relayed to her in ample and colorful detail by your Lady Fair.

It happens even to kings. They show one side to the world on the throne, and another to the queen—or her stand-in. Pretty soon the whole court knows about it, and the next century it's history. And was it about Napoleon or the Duke of Wellington (well, anyway, it was *somebody* famous!) that his mistress wrote in her memoirs, "My Lord did me the honor last night with his boots on," little dreaming that a hundred-odd years later one Beatrice Lillie would sing a song maintaining, "It's better with your shoes off."

I know a famous dramatic critic who would be horrified to learn how many girls know the ignomin- (*Continued on page 116*)



"I'm home and I'm hungry!"



KING PLAYS QUEEN

Photograph by Bert Six

Andrea King plays Lillian Russell in Warner Brothers' film, *My Wild Irish Rose.* Lillian Russell, in case you've forgotten, is the girl who made life with father pretty irritating for mother at the turn of this century. From the evidence supplied by the above picture, the reader might be expected to ask what did Russell have that King hasn't got. Warner researchers looked into the matter and came up with certain items of what might be called "general interest." They advise that to become the complete, the well-rounded Miss Russell, their Miss King required, if you will pardon the expression, padding in certain vital places. Translated into English, this means Miss King was four inches shy in hip and bust and seventeen pounds in weight.

The Duke and the Corker

If the slugging match in this story isn't the bloodiest battle you ever read about, you can go out and pick your own fight

A Story by

EARL HULBERT

THE work in the foundry is all hard; the shakeout is the hardest of all; and with a troublemaker in your crew, it just gets impossible. I remember how, years ago when I was on the shift, Mac, the foreman, was always telling us: "Why don't you guys gang up on him?" Well, that's not easy to do in cold blood. And Corker was kind of smart the way he went about picking a fight. Somehow it usually seemed like the other guy's fault, not Corker's.

He was really a fair-sized man, weighing over 180 and built like a brick outhouse, if you know what I mean, but short. A month after he started working here, he had fought every man in the crew and always won. He loved to fight, and I never saw a man who did it better.

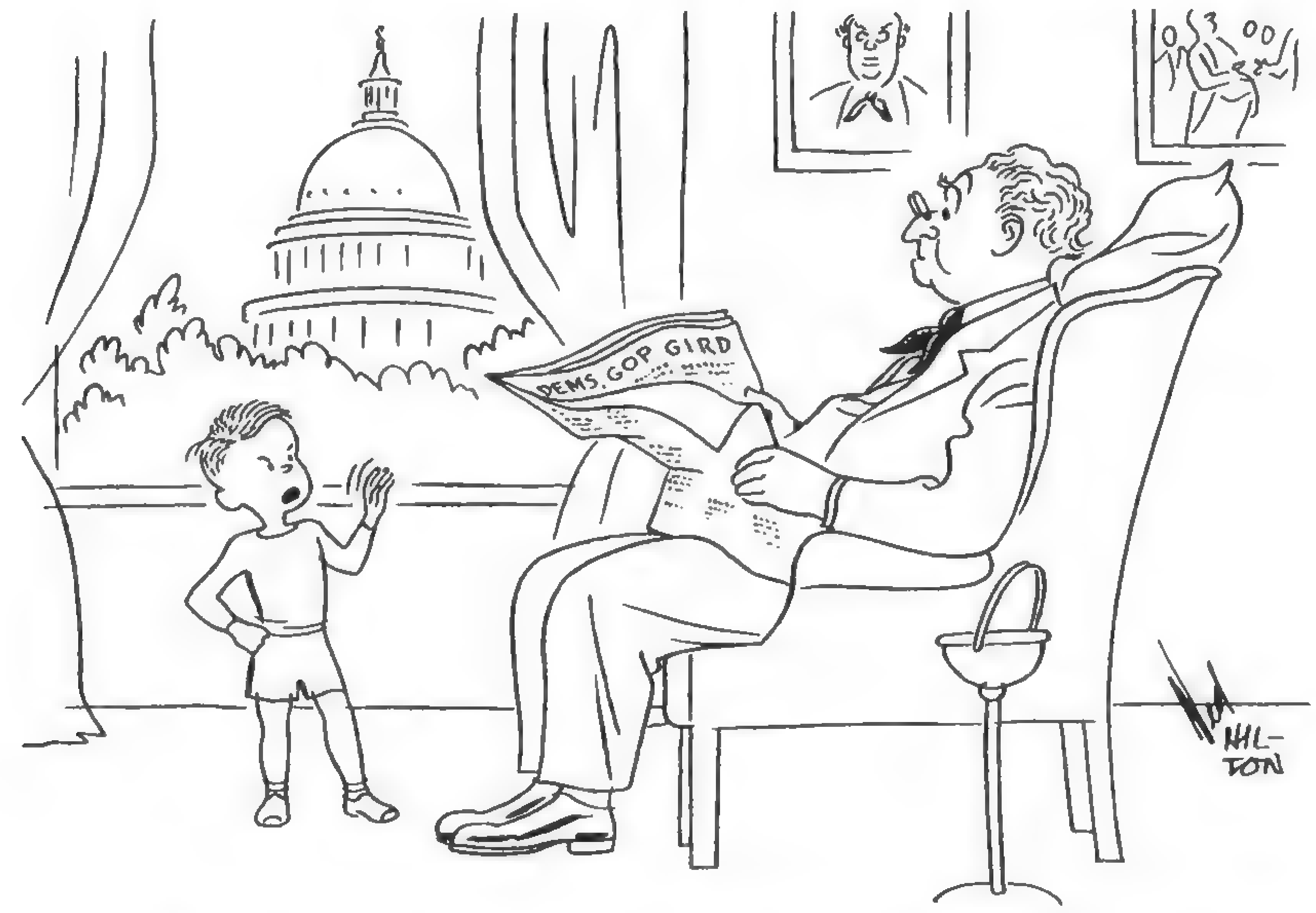
It's a funny thing about ordinary guys fighting. In the movies they always knock each other down clean, hitting with a sharp click, like billiard balls. But in real life they just swing and maul at each other, hitting each other sometimes hard enough to hurt, but not often. They keep mauling at each other, sweating and getting red in the face and breathing hard, but they usually end up both on their feet and all tired out, both glad it's over and they don't have to fight any more. Corker was different. He always waited till the other man got all set to fight, then he would go to work on him. It usually didn't take him long to make the other guy quit; sometimes he even knocked him out before he could say he wanted to quit.

After he had beat the tar out of a man, he would insist on shaking hands with the poor stiff and being his best pal. His hard, tight little bulldog face would loosen up in a big smile, and he would drag the guy into a bar and wash his wounds with whiskey and holler at the bartender for bandages.

When he had licked everyone in the crew he began to put on little airs. He would order some of the guys around; and if you said anything he didn't like, he'd frown like some of those movie actors that are supposed to be tough.

Then there was the way he acted about the Uplift. She worked in a bar where we usually stopped for a beer. A little blonde, with a shape like these girls in the comic strips, and the question naturally came up whether she wore an uplift, so pretty soon we began calling her that. We had all made a play for her, but most of us were old married men with kids, so we didn't get anywhere. But Corker was young and single, so he figured he had the inside track. Anyway, he sure hated to see anyone else talk to her. Once when one of the boys was sweet talking her, and she reminded him that he was married, he said: "Any man who cuddles his wife is a coward," which made her laugh a little. Right away Corker got up from his table and came rushing over to talk to her, practically pushing the other guy out of his way.

Still we didn't realize how much we hated Corker until one of the boys left the job and the gang was shorthanded. Corker just wouldn't let that vacancy be filled. We had three or four new guys, one after another, before the Duke showed up, and Corker fought every one of them. Naturally, they didn't stay. A new man isn't going to stay on a tough job like the shakeout if the people seem hard to get along with. It's a real hardship on the crew to be shorthanded. And we all hate the job, even if the pay is good.



"Now, pop, don't give me any of those phony promises you give to your constituents"

So the day the office man brought this big stringer out to the doghouse where Mac and I were sitting we gave him plenty of attention. "Wonder how long he'll last," Mac said to me. I was saying he looked pretty good to me as the office man brought him over.

"Mac," he said, "this man is going to work with you. What did you say your name was?" he asked the new man. The man said something that sounded like Shishishish. "Oh. Yeah. Well, he's going to work in your crew, Mac," the office man said, "you take care of him."

The new man stood there, looking around the doghouse, and you could tell he'd never been in a foundry before. He was tall and built like a fence post up to where his chest began to broaden out. His shoulders and arms were big, and he had so much beef on the upper part of his back he looked humpbacked. His head was small, and his little pale eyes and long sharp nose made his face look like a wolf's face. He looked about thirty-five.

"Sit down, Duke," Mac said. "You never worked in a shakeout gang before, did you?"

The new man said no.

"Well, it's tough, I can tell you," Mac said. "We got fourteen guys in the gang — fifteen with you—and everyone has to work his can off if we're going to get out in time for a beer." He looked at the guy's shoulders. "But you look like you can stand hard work."

The new man said yes.

"Our job is pulling the castings out of the molds those guys are pouring now," Mac told him. "It's hot and dirty. Man, sometimes when they're all dumping molds, and the gas and steam and dust pour out, you'll think you're in the bottom of hell."

The new man just grunted.

"After we get the castings picked up, we take this sand and run it through machines to get it ready for the next day's heat," Mac went on. "With a full crew we may get through about midnight, sometimes later." The new man didn't say anything. "Uh—ever do any fighting, Duke?"

"I was in the war," the new man said. He had a kind of foreign way of talking, not bad, just very slow and careful.

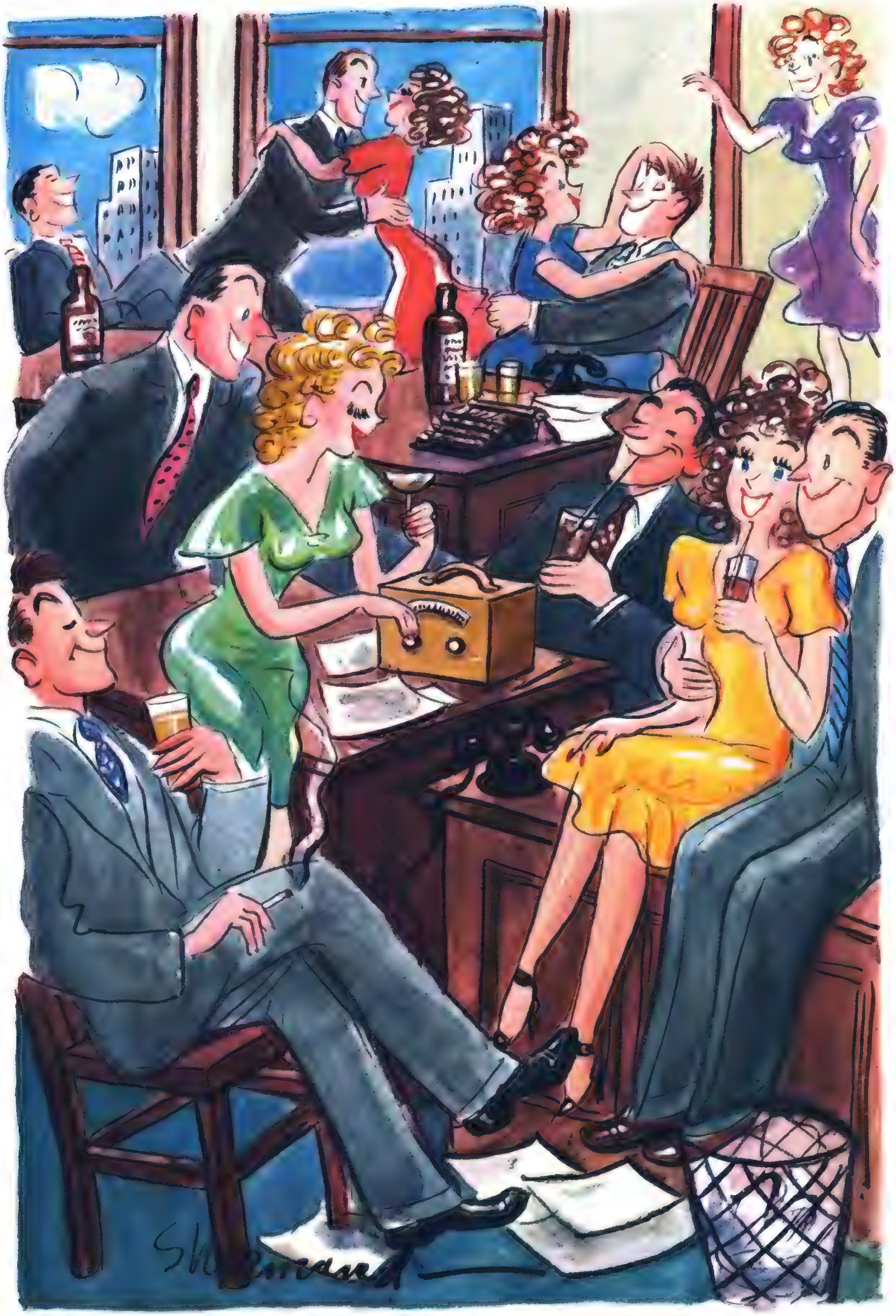
"I don't mean like that," Mac said. "I mean, like boxing."

The new man raised his eyebrows. "I do not do boxing," he said.

Think of the devil . . . just then Corker came in. He gave Mac and me the big smile and said; "New man?" jerking his thumb toward the Duke. Mac nodded, looking a little sour. Corker sat down and took out a cigarette and asked if anyone had a match. The new man drew a matchbook out of his pocket and handed it to him. Corker lit his cigarette and started to put the book in his pocket. "You don't want these do you, Bub?"

"They are the only ones I have," the new man said. "I need them."

"Oh. You need them." It was the way he said it. The new man threw him a look out of his little pale eyes, (*Continued on page 126*)



"You've got to hand it to this company when it comes to pleasant working conditions!"

How I'll Beat Bobby Riggs

A Sports Article by

JACK KRAMER

Clinging precariously to the end of a long, shaky limb, the world amateur tennis champ applies an expert needle to his leading pro rival. Here, for the tennis fan, is a fascinating inside view of court strategy, showing how a champion breaks down an opponent's game into its strength and its weakness, and plans every match shot in advance

The word is "attack." Bill Tilden once wrote that controlled speed always wins in tennis. I second the motion. For I rest my whole belief on beating Bobby on the time-tested premise that sustained power will shatter the strongest defensive game. It did for Big Bill in his heyday. It worked for Ellsworth Vines.

Mind you I stress the word "control." Riggs will not be beaten by any other kind of forcing game. His elastic defense is too error-free, his ball control too amazing, to be broken by any other method except sustained pressure—with all the shots. You can't have a single stroke weakness and hope to conquer the little champion.

When you go out on court to play Riggs you face a superb shot-maker. Dipping passing shots from both forehand and backhand. A lob off either side—even under pressure—which regularly pitches within two or three feet of the base line. A clever disguised drop shot which is usually inserted into the rally at the most embarrassing moment for you, Bobby's opponent. And you must be prepared to counter a Riggs who has added pace to an always accurate service and a champion who can—and does—volley with skill. Add to this formidable stroke array a tennis brain which the game has not seen since the days of René Lacosté, the great French stonewaller of the twenties.

Riggs' many wins over Budge, a great forcing player, over these past two years have made the little champion supremely confident that he can absorb my speed and turn it against me. He also believes that mixing them up—topspin, chop and slice—will break up the rhythm of my game.

Sound strategy for Riggs. But not for me.

Whenever I play Bobby Riggs I'll have to be on top of him all the time. He won't be controlling the rallies. I will. Remember that the first blow in the rally is struck by the server. I don't believe that even Bobby himself will claim his delivery is the equal of mine. For in this vital department I have a marked advantage in a fast, flat first serve and a twisting, high-bounding second ball.

Mercer Beasley, the well-known coach, was interviewed by the press in March of 1947 during the U. S. Indoor Championships at New York. Beas told reporters that my second serve was more deadly than my first, primarily because it carries tremendous "break" which moves the receiver far out to his left and opens up the court for my volley.

I'm six feet one inch, a full five inches taller than Riggs: I get more leverage on the ball. You can be certain I'll give Riggs the "breaks" when serving. And if he tries any soft slices my controlled speed will ram them down his throat. I can assure American sport fans that once I get Riggs running around the court I'll keep him running. I know he's famous for desperate gets out of the corners. But a human being can cover just so much ground. And with my greater reach, speed of shot, and power of service and smash, it would seem that Bobby's mobility won't be enough to win.

What makes Bobby run? Controlled speed.

Riggs' admirers claim his superior stamina will decide the issue. But will it? I know the little guy is tireless on the court. But at twenty-six I'm three-and-a-half years younger than Bobby and he still can't return what he can't get to. Don't forget that on our tour every match but the opening one will be played over the best two out of three sets. This situation favors me because I can go all out on the attack without thought of holding back, whereas if we were playing over the longer five-set route I would be compelled to husband my resources for the long pull.

Let me take you behind the scenes of a nation-wide professional championship tour. Our promoter is Jack Harris, the Chicago sports impresario. Jack has masterminded all but one of the major junkets over the past decade. All last fall Harris busied himself with lining up the fifty to seventy key U. S. cities so necessary to making our project a success. A New York opening traditionally in Madison Square Garden, that mecca of big-time Manhattan sports events, and after that a swing around the U. S.

No human being can be at his absolute peak playing three to five nights per week. But if you take care of yourself, like Bobby and I do, you can minimize these factors. And if anyone tells you our challenge series isn't on the level you tell him for me: "Nuts." Because I pride myself in always playing the game on the level. And I know Bob Riggs would sooner part with his right hand than allow anyone to strip him of his title. Don't take my word for it. Ask any ranking U. S. player, pro or amateur.

On what kinds of surfaces will we play? The great majority of matches will be played in indoor arenas. This means wood or cement floors. However, the tour itself carries a green canvas, with the court boundaries painted on it in white. The canvas insures a fast uniform bounce not unlike the California cement courts on which both Riggs and I learned our games.

I honestly feel that such a surface is in my favor. It means that I can give my undivided attention to hitting that little white ball, and hitting it hard. There'll be none of the bad bounces which are so frequent on turf, especially U. S. grass. And you and I both know that a hard-hit ball yields point-winning dividends on a fast indoor surface.

In the last nation-wide pro championship tour—in 1946 between Riggs and Budge—forty-seven matches were played and forty were indoors on a surface comparable to the one I described in the above paragraphs. The other seven matches were played outside, on clay. That surface favors Riggs, and Jack Kramer would be a hammerhead if he didn't admit this (*Continued on page 123*)

"Staccato, Bartolini, staccato!"

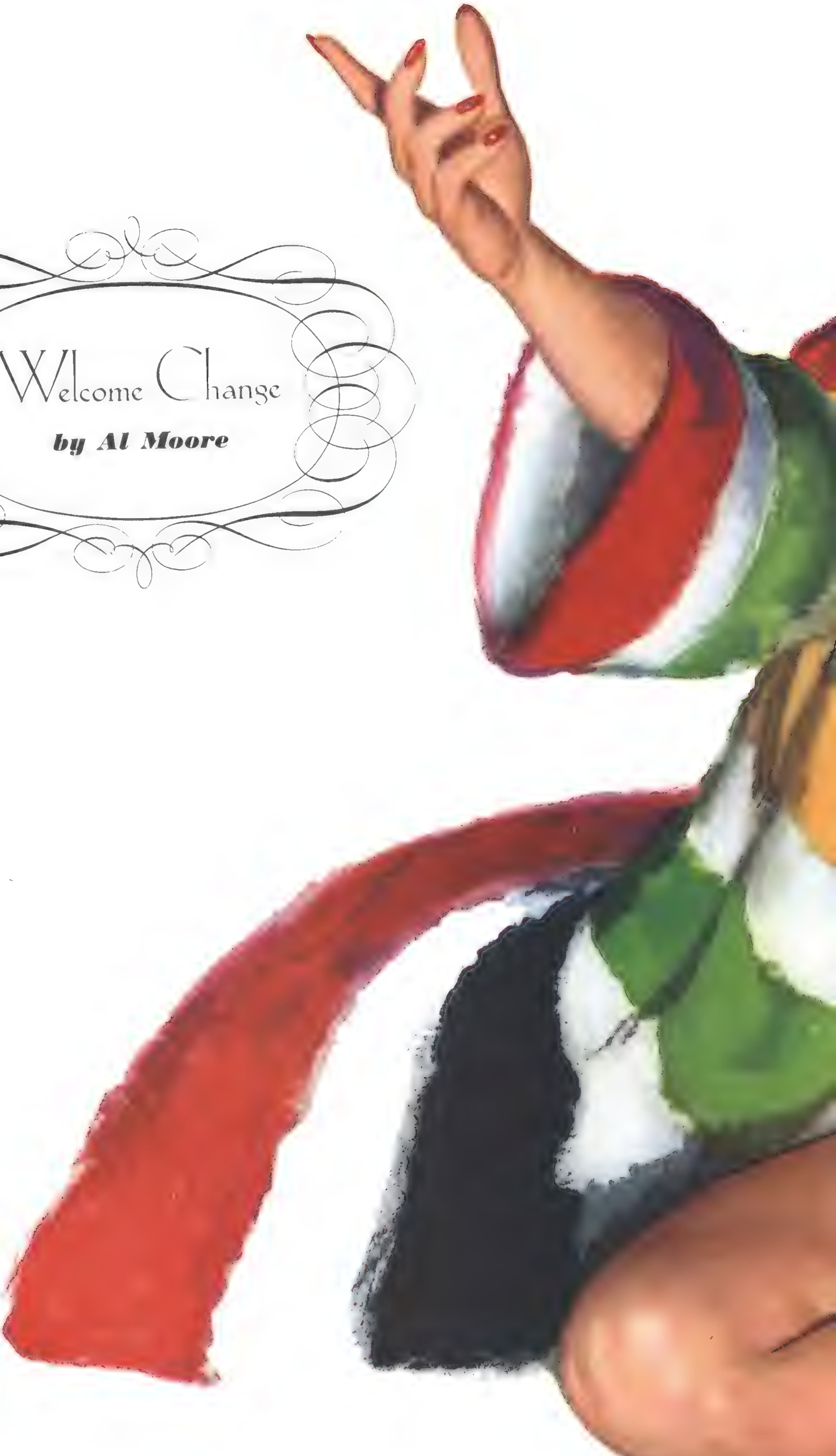
COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK

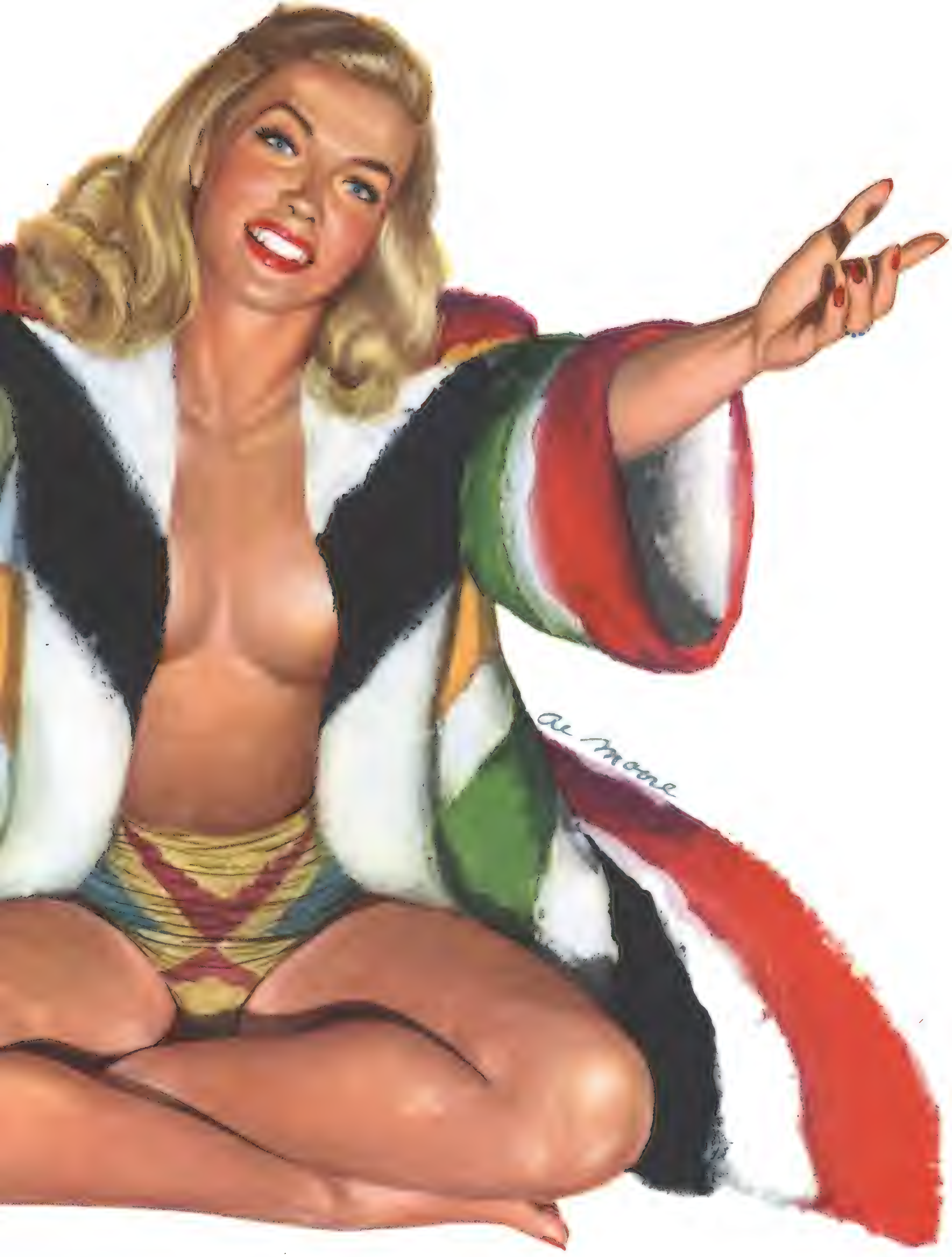
REHEARSAL OF THE BALLET ON THE STAGE

by Edgar Hilaire Germain Degas

Welcome Change

by Al Moore





Al Moore

The Bed We Lie On

The psychiatrists would have a word for the quarrel between this sophisticated couple over a useful article of furniture

A Story by

GEORGE WELLER

SHE let him out of the small station wagon with a quick elementary kiss and handed him his brief case. "Another thing, Edmund," she said. "If Mr. Gorman opens the express office before your train comes, ask him if he has a crate for us, will you?"

"If he doesn't open, shall I try to pick it up tonight?"

"No, too big," she said. "I'll have to make a special trip."

"What's in the crate?" he asked from the platform. But Muriel only waved her hand as she drove off.

He worked his way through the commuters till he came to the freight window. At that moment Pat Gorman walked up behind him. "Anything I can do for you, Mr. Dean?"

"My wife mentioned something about expecting a crate, and I wondered if it had come in as yet."

"I felt poorly yesterday and my boy took over," said the agent. "I don't know what came in on the evening train. Let's go in and see." He unlocked and opened the scarred double doors, and then led the way to the only pretentious object in the room. Mr. Gorman took up a tag and bent it toward the light. "It's from Ulysses Sandstrom, Santa Fe, New Mexico." He straightened up. "Looks like a present from your father-in-law," he said cheerfully.

"Not my father-in-law," said Edmund Dean. "Ulysses Sandstrom was my wife's first husband."

"So your wife lived out West," said Mr. Gorman, pretending that the geography of her life was all that interested him.

"Born, married, lived and divorced out there," said Edmund. "Took me years to catch up with her."

The 8:34 hooted at the crossing two miles above town. "Well," said Mr. Gorman, "if Mrs. Dean doesn't pick this up before closing, I'll stand it out on the platform for you tonight. Sign here." Edmund signed the form, observing that Ulysses had insisted on a return receipt. For a man of tempestuous public affairs and high national policy, Sandstrom was oddly meticulous about detail, particularly when it concerned his private property. It did not displease Edmund to think that when the receipt went back to Ulysses, he would find Edmund's, not Muriel's, signature on his token.

"Ulysses Sandstrom," said Mr. Gorman. "I heard that name somewhere before. Was he ever a ballplayer, or in movies?"

"No, he's a columnist," said Edmund. Experience during his three months' marriage had taught him to dump out all particulars at once. "He's always speaking and writing about world peace and getting together. On Gingerbread Windmill Thursday nights, right after Barbara and Bob."

"That's where it was!" said Mr. Gorman. "On the radio!"

"That's right," said Edmund. "See you tonight, Mr. Gorman."

However, when Edmund alighted from the 5:21 the freight office was closed, and the crate was not on the platform.

When he got home his wife was washing her hair. There were some straw shavings in the hall. "Hello, darling!" he called upstairs.

"Hello!" she caroled down. She sounded particularly cheerful.

"You pick up the crate?"

"Oh, yes."

"What was it?"

"Tell you later," she called. "Busy with my hair now."

At dinner she read him a letter from Albert, her son. Albert was ten and went to Carlton Academy. The letter closed with: "Tell dad to write me. Several of the fellows say their dads have heard about him. I'd like to have a letter from him to show them."

"Which dad do you suppose he means?" said Edmund.

"Which dad?" she echoed. "What do you mean?"

"Well, we had him calling me dad, when he was home at Easter."

"Yes," she said. "I'd forgotten. But I think he means Ulysses."

"How can he? He puts it up to you to ask 'dad' to write. He must mean me, from that. How could he be referring to Ulysses?"

She looked at him, her head a little on one side. "Well, why couldn't I ask Ulysses to drop his son a line now and then?"

"Because you're not supposed to be in touch with Ulysses," he said. "Except through lawyers, I mean. You aren't, are you?"

"But there are all kinds of little leftovers to clean up," she said, shaking her head impatiently. "You never were married before and so you don't realize." She was forgiving him his inexperience again.

"So you are corresponding with him?"

"Corresponding? Edmund, things have to be finished, you know."

"I know. That's what I want them to be, finished. Not dangling all over the place like that wisteria he has all over his patio love nest. Not straying all over the furniture like that unkempt hairdo on that cutie from Oklahoma he took up with."

He noticed that her nostrils were a little dilated. "Edmund—"

"And another thing I don't like is the way your mail still comes here addressed Mrs. Muriel Sandstrom."

"Can I help that?" she cried. "Do I control the letters that come to me? Do I write them?"

He topped her, shouting back, "When are you going to start being my wife?"

She got up, gave him a tragic look, and rushed upstairs.

He finished eating supper alone. When finally she came downstairs again, she was readier to forgive him than he expected. She got him another cup of coffee. "Your cup is cold," she said.

They sat there domestically awhile, drinking coffee and looking at each other. Not their first quarrel or their last. But it was over; the hell with it.

"What was in the paper tonight?" she asked.

"Nothing but ads," he said. "Those publishers must be coining money, the way they fill up their pages with advertising."

"What sort of advertising?"

"Oh, automobiles, gadgets, food, furniture."

"Furniture is very high, isn't it?" she said.

It was an odd thing to pick up, it seemed to him.

"Sure, it's high," he said. "But so is everything."

"Furniture especially," she said.

"No skin off mine," he said contentedly. "With what I had in my flat, plus what my sister sold us, we've got plenty."

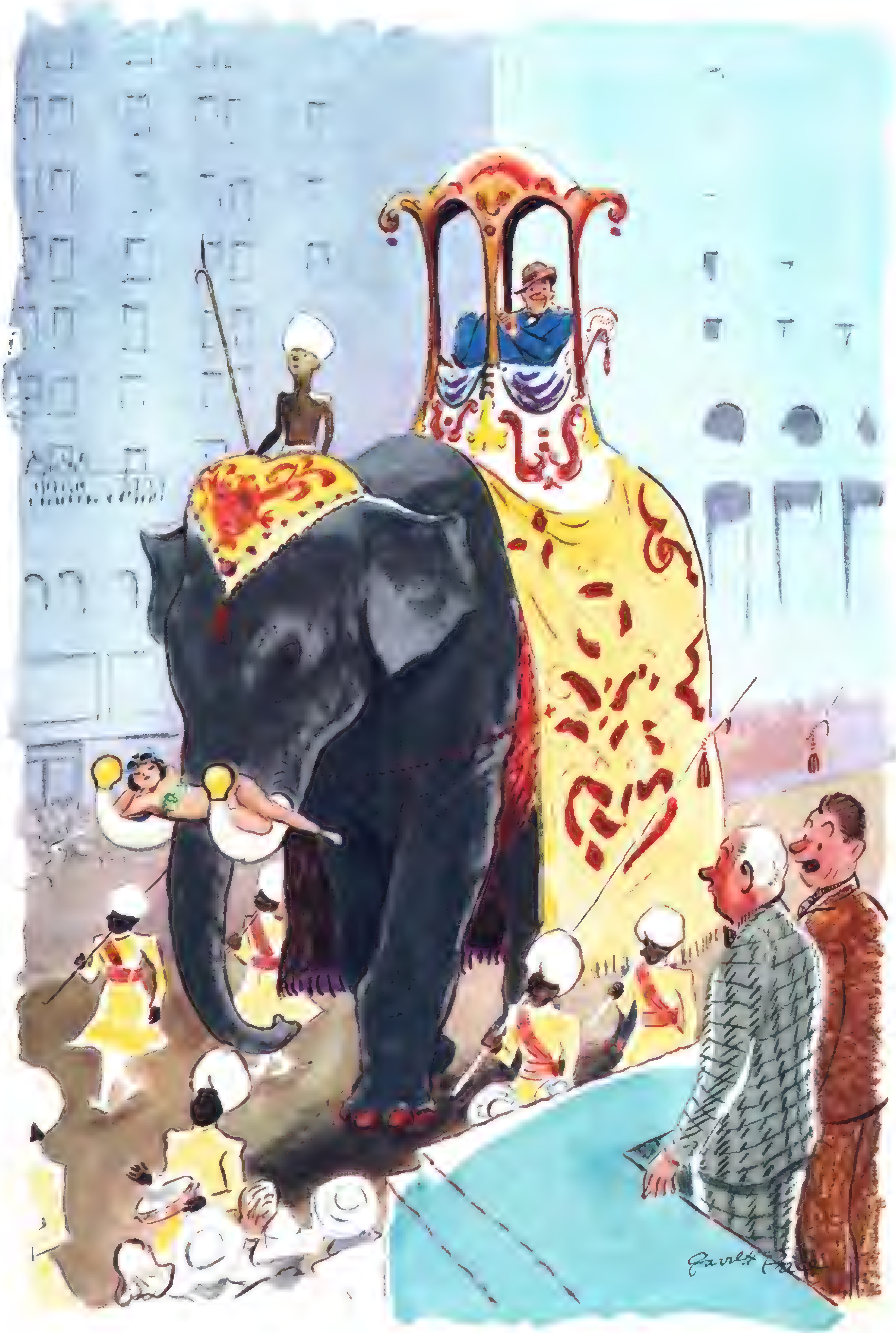
"I always felt sorry the way I didn't bring anything," she said.

"You didn't have to," he said gently.

"But I had such lovely things in New (*Continued on page 137*)

SKI LODGE
McKAY

"Would you care to dance?"


Garrett Price

"He won it all on some radio program"

Canada Lee—Harlem Hamlet

Running a close second to Joe Louis in the Harlem popularity stakes is a high-tension guy with a supercharge of talent

An Article by

ROBERT W. MARKS

Canada Lee is a big man, a solid, high-tension hunk of a man; actor-extraordinary, producer, ex-jockey, ex-prize fighter, ex-musical prodigy; there is little he can't do. He likes living; in this he stands versts apart from the repressed suicidals who make up the warped woof of Broadway and Hollywood. For this people cling to him; they cling in pairs, dozens, droves—all trying to pick up a few scraps of left-over electricity.

For a number of years now Canada has been embedded in admirers, some talented, some wealthy, some imaginative. The result has been a creative sycophantage which has detached Canada from prosaic moorings in a bread-and-butter world.

It is not easy to walk down the street with Canada Lee. People stop him every ten paces. Sometimes they want autographs. Sometimes they only want to slap him on the back. These diversions often make him forget where he is going. If you're walking with him to get anywhere, it's a safe bet you'll never get there. Likely as not Canada will make a solo detour. He will probably be found a half-hour after appointment time, standing by himself on a corner, reading aloud from a book borrowed from the last person to accost him.

Canada is a big man, solid, high-tension. When you visit him amid the greenery of his New Rochelle bastion, you get no conventional greeting. "Cement mixer, putty, putty," sings Canada, nonchalantly running point counterpoint to the radio.

You may not be aware of it, but you are being greeted—enthusiastically, impersonally. Canada is not talking to you. He is not talking to himself. His greeting is a cordial acknowledgment that he has seen you enter, that he is enormously glad to see you. He delivers this modified Yoho-to-ho as an electronic-age leitmotiv. "Cee . . . ment . . . mix . . . er . . ." The radio drones on behind him.

You nod. You throw your jacket on the floor, drape your tie across a lamp. It's hot; it's always hot at Canada's.

"Come in, dear boy, come in," continues Canada, basso profundo, and lapses into permanent reverie. "Cee . . . ment . . . mix . . . er . . . putty putty." Ecstatically he throws back his head and opens up the Congo.

In the far distance you hear ancient war drums throbbing boomelay boom. At any moment you expect a soft voice to purr the countertheme: "Me Tondelayo."

Protocol in his penthouse overlooking the Polo Grounds is not very different. The place mirrors his complex personality. Its door is never closed. You are as free to wander in and out of it as you are to investigate the byways of the Grand Central Station. The bedroom is usually occupied by friends who have no other place to sleep; Canada resigns himself to the living-room couch. Each summer day the terrace is decked with lines of long-limbed, beach-clad girls, basking in the hot Harlem sun. The place is yours. You can do as you please there. You can sun yourself, go to sleep, or inch into any of the three-ring debates always in progress.

On one of my visits I spent half an hour nibbling at an argument on the philosophy of Bishop Berkeley. The question: "Can we prove that this whiskey bottle exists, or must we assume it is only a faint ripple in the realm of illusion?" Later, a delicately molded girl, wearing a wisp of a bathing suit, challenged me. "Do you know who I am?" she asked rhetorically, punctuating her strophes with semicolons of the hip. "I," she went on, "am love."

Later, I understand, doctors continued the discussion after electric shock.

Canada lives and walks in a state half-dream, half-daze. Everything that has happened to him has happened unexpectedly, a result of cosmic accident. He has long since abandoned hope of finding casual relations in a streamlined chaos. In his personal life he knows no sure way of seeing whether circumstances will make him a commissar in Kamchatka or the greatest yo-yo player on Goona-Goona. Anything can happen.

He is one of the most affable men alive. His personality, with the slightest stimulus, opens wide and gracefully, like a nylon parachute ballooned by spring thermals. There is in him nowhere a shred of malice, sharpness, conventionality. He talks with a nervous swiftness, clipping his syllables with the precision of a Gielgud. Should it suit him, however, he will spread them out like a sea of molasses.

Canada was born in Harlem forty years ago. His given name is Leonard Lionel Cornelius Canegata. "Sometimes," he told me, "I think my first name is 'James'—but I'm not sure." His grandfather was a West Indian merchant and shipowner; his father had shipped to this country as a cabin boy. Canada's parents expected him to be a landscape painter. Canada fooled them: he became the most talented violinist at the Music School Settlement. At nine he appeared in a violin recital at Aeolian Hall.

This talent did not deter him, however, from higher deeds of derring-do. At fourteen, to impress a girl of eleven, he ran away and became a jockey. He rode nags more or less successful in Saratoga, Belmont, and the Aqueduct tracks, eventually winding up in Canada.

His first intimate glimpse of horseflesh was at Saratoga. A friend of his, also fourteen, had a job walking the jumping horses of Mrs. F. Ambrose Clarke; this boy, now grown, is in an asylum, bearing out Canada's philosophical dictum: "All my friends wind up in the crazy-house."

"Say," said Canada to the then jumper-walker, "get me a job with the stable. I want to walk horses, too."

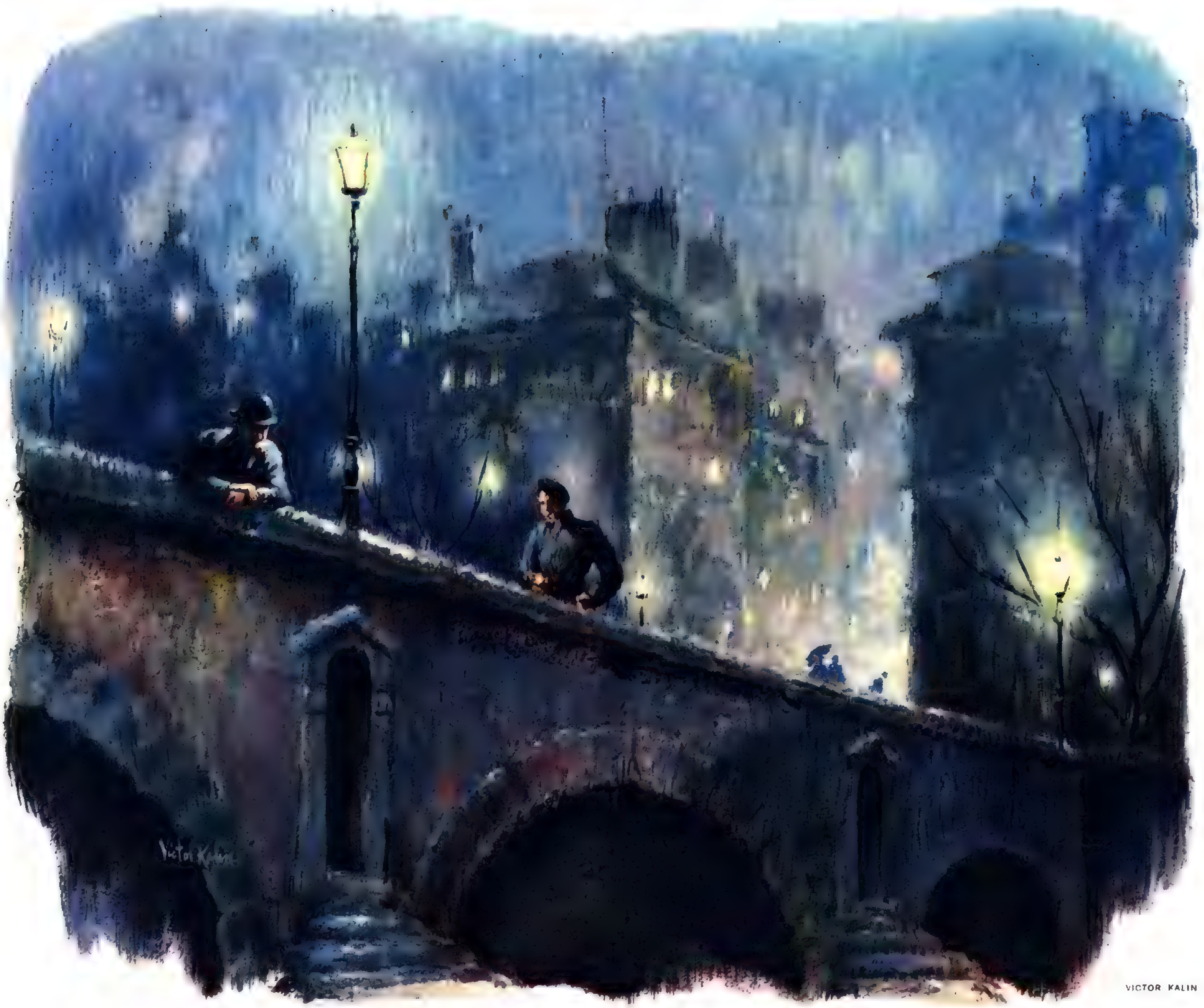
The boy was agreeable. He introduced Canada to Tim Donahue, Mrs. Clarke's trainer; Donahue gave him a job as exercise boy.

Meanwhile he was given the track name "Blitzen," because somebody thought he looked like a horse named "Blitzen." He also struck up a friendship with a tall, stoop-shouldered boy who was working around the stable. The boy was named "Meatskin."

On a certain bonanza day that summer, when racing activities had shifted to Blue Bonnet in Canada (The Dominion), and Canada (the boy who walked horses) had followed the tide, a man came up to Meatskin and said, "Lucky Girl is sick; take a look at her and see what you think."

Canada trailed (*Continued on page 124*)

"Hey, Joe—look what I found next to the T-bones"



VICTOR KALIN

Too Many Suicides

The moral of this story is never try—not even in Paris in April—to talk a gangster out of taking away your money

A Story by

JOSEPH E. SHANER

M'sieur Chardon, traversing one of the less lighted of the thirty-odd bridges spanning the Seine, halted suddenly and swung about. There was no mistaking the intent of the swarthy-faced hoodlum, who also stopped abruptly and, panting, stared fiercely at M'sieur Chardon.

The young man's beret was drawn tightly down to the left, obscuring his features, but with the aid of the yellowish light overhead that blinked dimly through the warm mist, M'sieur Chardon could discern something else. From a slot at the base of the right pocket of the youth's bouffant rain jacket a pistol's lethal mouth projected.

M'sieur Chardon expressed neither surprise nor fear, though he realized the power and eloquence with which the weapon could speak. He had seen the youth take up his trail a quarter of an hour before when he had locked up his bakery for the night. Coming across the esplanade, M'sieur Chardon saw him again, shoulders hunched, lingering to make sure the prey would be overtaken near the middle of the span, where an outcry was least likely to fetch aid.

The baker had heard the soft footfalls gain menacingly in loudness and proximity, and when he felt his adversary was almost upon him, M'sieur Chardon had turned, like an actor of experience who moves abruptly to gain the full interest of his audience.

"*Cher ami,*" greeted M'sieur Chardon, a look of grateful welcome over his countenance. "Thank God, you have come at last!"

"Your money," the youth ordered, "give me your money and your watch, and don't talk or it will be necessary to kill you."

"That is what I want," M'sieur Chardon said, sighing emphatically. "I want you to kill me. If I had money and gave it to you you would only make off with it. You would not kill me." M'sieur Chardon held out his palms imploringly, his eyes begging into the strained face of the man with the pistol. "Please kill me; I want to die."

The bandit flourished the pistol, jerking the pocket up and down nervously. "Quick! Quick!"

"It must be the blessing of St. Honoré, the patron of bakers, who has sent you to me in my woe," cried M'sieur Chardon. "He has arranged it that I may die in peace; in April, when Paris is loveliest."

"You are an old fool!" the bandit snapped. "The city is ugly. Quick, your money. Now, I say!"

"Ah, no, young friend, smell the moist April tang of the river and the rain, so soft, so heavenly. Did you know that the chestnut trees are in bloom on the Avenue Henri-Martin? Did you know the trees are leafing in the Luxembourg, and lilies of the valley are on sale at street-corner stalls? Today I saw a window box burgeoning with color in a sixth-floor garret! The glass screens have come down from café *terrasses*, peanut vendors and street singers lift their voices sweet and . . ."

"You want to die, eh?"

"Yes, I . . ."

"You could not want that!" the bandit retorted. "You are in love with this miserable Paris and you give yourself away, you with your galloping tongue. You would cringe and weep were I to pull this trigger. You old buffoon! Your money now, or I swear I will shoot."

"*Cher ami*, I want you to shoot. I have walked in lanes and dark alleyways; I have seen weird shadows dancing on walls, in places no man who fears to die would step. I have hoped someone such as you would kill me, suddenly, painlessly, without warning..."

M'sieur Chardon's head drooped dramatically as though he were marshalling his thoughts. Swiftly, he raised it again. "There is nothing for me to live for. My sons, all three, are dead; my wife is dead two months now. I have nothing, and I am so ill at heart, so weary of the world. Now in April would be the time to die and . . ."

"You talk too much. It is a wonder someone has not pulled your offending tongue out by the roots. Come, old man, or must I crack your skull open for you!" The bandit's dark eyes swept up and down the bridge sidewalk. Save for an occasional automobile whirring by, there was nothing to hinder him in his occupation.

M'sieur Chardon said, "I have tried to die by gas, but before I could lose consciousness I had to crawl to the window and let in the saving air. I could not put this sin upon my soul. I could not die by my own hand. Once, leaping into the river, I became so frightened I cried out, fearing to die that way, but wanting death so much. And I was pulled aboard a river barge."

The bandit moved closer to the baker. "Stop it," he demanded.

"Here," cried M'sieur Chardon, "witness my wrist. See where once I slashed it?" The bandit gazed warily at the extended arm, then broodingly into M'sieur Chardon's eyes. "When I saw the blood," the baker added, "my life's own blood flow out of me, I was fearful of cutting my other arm. I became ill. I could not finish what I had begun, and I ran to the physician for help.

"Again, I obtained sleeping tablets and I swallowed a dozen. I locked all my doors and lay down to die. But I could not, *cher ami*, I could not let myself die—not to know that I . . ."

"Blathering jackanapes!" the bandit barked hoarsely. Angrily, he pummeled M'sieur Chardon's arm. "Shut up!"

But M'sieur Chardon went on with his lines.

"Don't strike me, I entreat you. Don't injure me and cause me greater suffering and grief. Kill me! It would mean nothing to you. You have many sins on your soul, or you would not prowl by night. It is a courtesy that you could extend to me. I cannot kill myself. I am a good man, and I am a coward. I fear that hell awaits those who take their own lives. Were I not sane, it would be different, for then there would be forgiveness, for the insane know not what they do. I—I am sane. Kill me . . ."

"You *are* insane!" the bandit recoiled, shuddering. "To think of dying in the water, to drown! Once when I was a child I almost choked in—never mind . . ." The pistol point retreated into his pocket. "Go, you poor fool," he commanded. "Go!"

M'sieur Chardon's pained eyes scrutinized the glistening pavement. He trudged slowly away. The bandit, twisting sideways and watching him with alert eyes, withdrew.

Head still down as though he were ill, M'sieur Chardon limped to the bridge railing, looking out over the riverbank, busy and aglow with spring trade. The lights of a passing *chaland* gleamed below, and M'sieur Chardon suppressed a smile. "I should have been an actor," he congratulated himself. "I wasted my life baking!"

Without turning he listened to the soft, retreating steps of the bandit. "These sentimental, scared boobies who call themselves criminals!" he murmured. "They are weak-minded and easy to control. Ah, pity that the stupid gendarmes do not know what I know so well! Let me see, how many times is it now they have tried to rob me? Twelve? No, thirteen. Thirteen times these wicked idiots have sulked away empty-handed. Not a sou! Oh, how madame shall laugh at this new escapade. Oh, how they'll cheer me in the shop!"

M'sieur Chardon smiled broadly to himself, dramatizing his return home. He would be casual. He could see Madame Chardon listening openmouthed. He would demonstrate how he thrust out the wrist he'd accidentally cut in the bakery. Then she would laugh with him. They would both laugh, long and hard. It would be worth a celebration, perhaps even to open a bottle of cognac.

Still without thinking of the action, M'sieur Chardon's hands left the bridge railing again and poised themselves, palms upwards, as though they asked him an unanswerable question. Madame Chardon, though a gentle soul, would not believe the story if he did not gesticulate. He always did while talking. In the shop, while showing a cake with one hand, his other would flutter faster even than his tongue as he heaped great praise upon the bakers who worked for him. He pictured the return home afresh. Now he tapped at his brow. If he'd only thought to bring some croutons, toasted brown and fresh and sweet with the redolence of the bakery, he could have entered the house in his usual quiet manner and urged the Madame to make some chocolate.

Now, murmured M'sieur Chardon, that would be right. Then I could tell her to rouse our sons, Jacques and Pierre, those two tousleheads. They would come down the stairs, rubbing sleep from their eyes. Chocolate and croutons at midnight. There, that would be a treat, and they'd both know something immense was afoot. Their eyes would question him, but they would wait. Madame Chardon would be impatient and she would strive to find out what news he had to unfold. But, aha, sitting silent, waiting for his audience to be fully prepared and expectant, it would be ever so easy for an actor such as the baker to remain still.

"I shall tell you how to look death in the eye, my sons," M'sieur Chardon would say, once they'd finished.

No, he snapped at himself, I do not need to carry home croutons. I shall not need them at all. I shall call my two sons to me and explain to them that in life they must face great dangers, but that they never need fear anything. I shall speak outright then of this bandit who swept upon me and tell them how, staring straight into his eyes, I denied his vicious will. Then I shall say to them, here is a lesson in life for you never to be afraid. I shall muss the hair of both of them and slap them soundly in joy where small boys are to be slapped, lightly, of course, a father's good-night salute, and then I'll send them scooting up the stairs, with a good lesson in their heads, to be cool at all times.

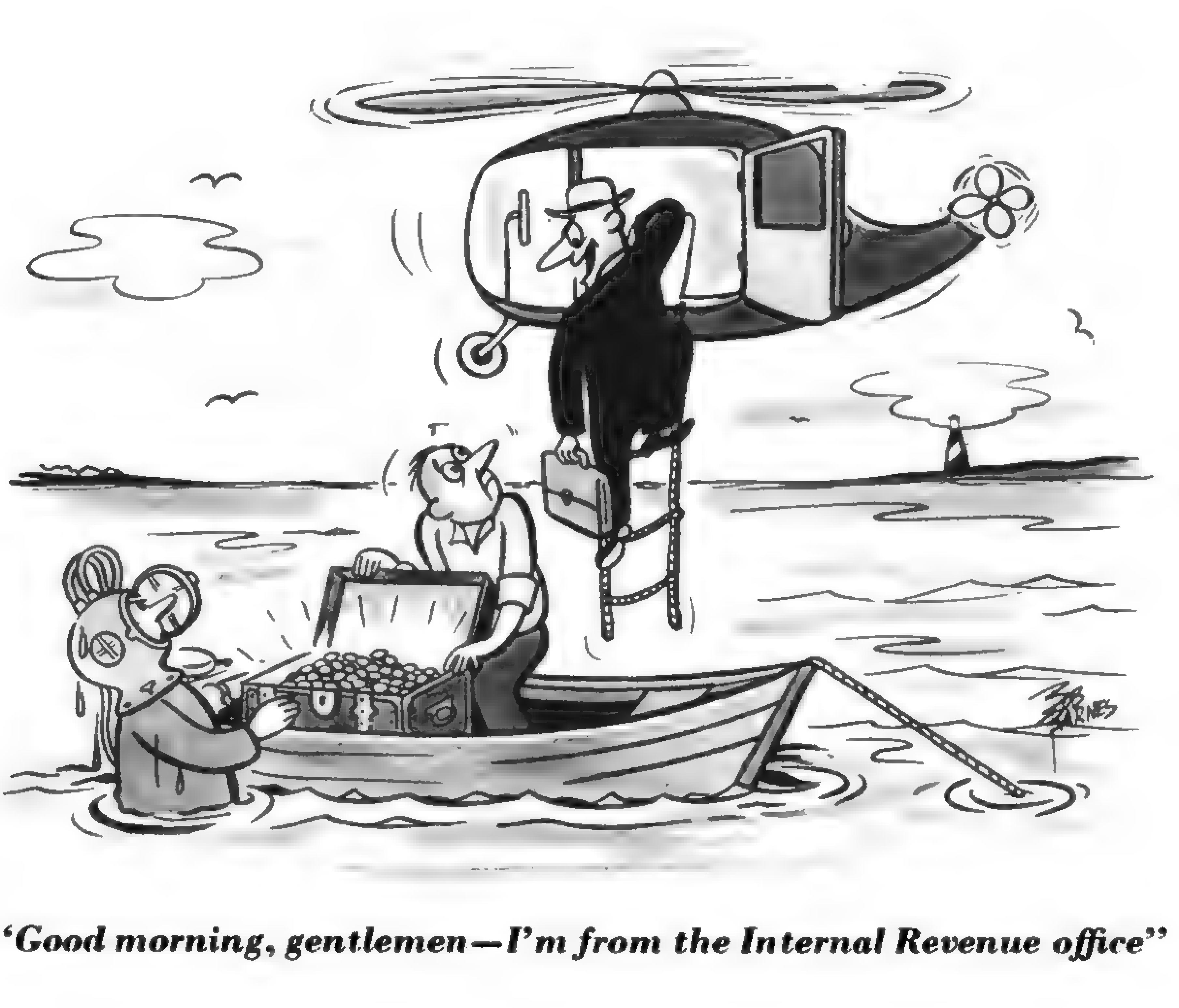
Madame Chardon would not enjoy the story. It would frighten her and she would place her head on his shoulder and force a promise from him that always in the future he should come home so late at night in a cab. The baker smiled again, shaking his head as though in the fact of promising her. Ho, he cried to himself, ho, fear is for old ladies.

M'sieur Chardon decided he had stood long enough. It was important to the act not to run once a robber had left him to his own devices again. Take it slow, M'sieur Chardon reasoned, or they might suspect trickery.

He lifted his gaze from the river he loved so well, hearing a throaty whistle from below, and turned to go. The youth, coming up stealthily, was pointing the pistol at M'sieur Chardon's chest. "Do not leap," the bandit pleaded, "it is horrible to drown! Horrible to die of one's own hand! Let me help you! Perhaps in this manner my own sins may be absolved for the humanity and the mercy I show my fellow creatures . . ."

There was fright on the face of M'sieur Chardon, the uncontrollable, tragi-comic fright that comes upon looking death in the face.

Slowly his benefactor pulled the trigger. ###



"Good morning, gentlemen—I'm from the Internal Revenue office"

Crossing

At	*You'll Meet*	*Talk About*	*Amuse Her by*	*It'll Cost You*
Sun Valley Outstanding U. S. ski center. Millionaires' resort with some plebeian accommodations	Hollywood starlets (some stars, but they take some meeting), western coeds, skiing cowgals	Otto Lang's technique (on skis). Your own technique (off skis, schussing the Duchin Room)	Lunching at the Round House. Hot after-ski toddies at the Ram. Gambling and gamboling in Ketchum	From $199.50 w'kly for works at Lodge, including ski lessons; down to $102, same deal, Chalet
Mt. Tremblant Leading winter sports center of the Laurentians—Eastern Canada's ski center	French-Canadian girls from Quebec, English-Canadian girls from Toronto and Ottawa	The thrill of a schuss down Flying Mile Trail, and how about bundling up for a sleigh ride, *ma chère?*	Displaying your sophomore French. Baring chest for a winter tan. (Canada gets very cold)	$7 to $14 daily, with meals, at Mt. Tremblant Lodge. At Manoir Pinoteau, $10 to $15
St. Moritz Switzerland, scene of this year's winter Olympics. Smart set's winter capital	French countesses. British gals out to load on some calories. Balkan babes out to marry a buck	Your estate, plantation or penthouse. Why Americans are best athletes. (Unless team gets licked)	Lighting her cigarette with ten-dollar bills. (Stock up on Confederate notes before you leave home)	Round-trip airfare New York-Geneva, $673. Hotels from $6 to $30 daily, with meals
Mt. Hood Oregon. Ski center of Northwest. Excellent accommodations at Timberline Lodge	Rangy girls of the Western range, grown tall, husky and handsome in the wide open spaces	Stem christies. Arlberg vs. Parallel. Waxes. This girl's mind is on skiing, see?	Breaking your leg, if you're not a downhill champ. Admiration or sympathy are your only bets	At Timberline, from $2.50 daily in club quarters to $7, private room and bath. Figure $6 for meals
New York City World's greatest tourist attraction. Year-round capital for indoor athlete	Showgirls, models, copy writers, novelists, geniuses and girls who live in Brooklyn	*Weltpolitik*, psychiatry, state of the theatuh, will Durocher come back?	Dining different nationality every meal: French, Chinese, Armenian, Mexican, Russian, etc.	From $20 to $35 daily for a suite at Waldorf to 75¢ at Mills Hotel, but money goes fast in N. Y.
London Istanbul, Karachi, Calcutta, Bangkok, Manila, Guam, Honolulu, etc., on Pan-American's world trip	A girl with a lot of money. (Chances are)	Sunset on the Seine, moonlight on the Taj Mahal, and how about stopping over somewhere together?	Trotting out all the old gags about that can't be India because India's red on the map, etc.	$1739.77, including taxes, for one week and 21,426 miles' worth of flying

WHEREVER YOU GO—GALS

Sketches by Rudi Bass

Here is a new kind of guide for the vacation-bound male, and perhaps the most honest one yet, since we go straight to the main point of interest for the roving masculine eye. Far be it from us to imply that the Three Tetons, for example, are less impressive in contour than the blonde on the

the Dateline

At	You'll Meet	Talk About	Amuse Her by	It'll Cost You
Las Vegas Last West frontier. Wide-open rowdydow. Ridin', shootin', drinkin', gamblin', 22 churches	Girls on rebound, sweating out divorce mill. (Warning: County Clerk issues marriage licenses 24 hours daily)	Your aching head after covering bars on Main St., roaring down Fremont, into Fifth and out on U.S. 91	Taking her swimming, skiing, riding, hiking and seeing Hoover (Boulder) Dam, Lake Mead, Mt. Charleston	Not too much, if tables don't get you. Gambling pays most of nut, so prices fairly cheap
Palm Beach Florida's most fashionable resort, where the elite meet to beat the sleet	Girls who are strictly social—unless they suspect you're a trespasser from more plebeian beaches	Riding to hounds. Polo. What Elsa said at Cannes. Veblin and *The Theory of the Leisure Class*	Inviting her to go yachting—on her yacht	No more than at some less swanky spots. Figure about $20 daily minimum, room and board
Riviera Nice, Cannes, Antibes, Juan-les-Pins, St. Raphael, St. Tropez, Monte Carlo, etc.	Girls of the international (Duke of Windsor) smart set; also girls who write, paint, sculpt, dance	Existentialism, pessimism, the world among wars, so let's live tonight to the full	Going boating, golfing, tennising, swimming, skiing up in the mountains a piece. Casinos at night	About $8 to $20 daily, hotel with meals. Prices lower on Italian side as dollar worth more
Havana One of gayest Latin-American capitals. Fabulous night life. Rumba, conga, maracas and juke boxes	American girls out to sow an oat or two. If you speak Spanish, maybe a nice Cuban—carefully chaperoned	Latin rhythms and what they do to you. The throbbing of the conga drums and the perfume of her hair, etc.	Taking her to jai-alai games, polo matches, cockfights, races, swimming, sailing—gaming at Casino Nacional	Average of $20 daily for hotel with meals holds good here too. Inflation prices, as everywhere
Bermuda Heaven off Hatteras, lovely as only unspoiled island can be	Girls who prefer peaceful approach, enjoy plunging into surf pounding onto a coral beach	Bermudian architecture—unique, functional, lovely. Holiday home you'll build someday on a seaside cliff	Taking her cycling, swimming and shopping by day—moonlight dancing and carriage riding by night	Hotel and guest-house rates run between $7 and $24 daily, single, with meals. Other prices moderate
Caribbean—on cruises of Eastern SS, Grace, Alcoa, Delta, United Fruit and Standard Fruit Lines	Girls who know what moonlight on southern seas can do to a man—girls who want to get married	Romance without that permanent quality. Fast footwork needed to avoid getting hooked	Deckwalking, shuffleboard and deck-chair conversation. Helping her bargain and sight-see in ports	About $18 to $35 per day aboard ship, plus whatever you spend in ports

clubhouse porch. And yet there is a certain satisfaction in seeing them artistically superimposed one on the other—particularly when you can comment on the Tetons and acquire the blonde. Of course, the charts must be used with care—and caution. Brisk badinage exchanged with a wind-blown Diana on skis may sound like sheer gibberish to a sleepy-eyed lass lazily sun-bathing by the ship's pool. We recommend that you consult your own tastes in scenery first, then check on the associated attractions as given on the chart above, and may your vacation cross only the right datelines.

Dry-Fly Barflies

Don't talk about the sport in fishing until you've battled guppies in a highball glass with a spider-web line

An Article by

A. J. LIEBLING

UNTHINKING friends, passing a snap judgment because they usually encounter me in Bars and Grills, sometimes accuse me of being indifferent to the Great Outdoors. They use too mild a word. What I feel is not indifference, but hostility. This emotion, based upon the consideration that man has been trying for ten thousand years to get away from cold and discomfort and why the hell spend good money to go back to it, is exacerbated every spring by photographs of men in rubber boots walking around in mountain streams and annoying fish. The only fish I know of that deals sensibly with trespassers is the piranha, a small South American characine that looks like a New Jersey punkin seed and hunts in packs. Piranhas will strip the flesh from a living man's skeleton in a few minutes, and I have sometimes thought it would be amusing to stock a trout steam with them.

The Great Outdoors is antisocial. Wars are made outdoors. Children are made indoors, in a great majority of instances. If everybody stayed indoors there would be no need of a United Nations. "The bar," as a learned friend of mine once observed, "is the anteroom to the boudoir," and although many a fellow cools alternate heels on the brass rail without trying to branch out, still you will never get anywhere with a woman by running away to the Poppasqueetchie River in Nova Brunswick and jumping into a puddle of water. You are lucky if you don't drown, although by cleverly combining the techniques of two sports you may include in your trout-fishing equipment a Labrador or Humidor retriever which will leap into the stream after you and haul you out in case your foot slips. I prefer the Humidor, a new breed, as it maintains an equal moisture at all times and is trained to let its master go down twice before jumping in after him, which makes the whole deal more sporting. Henry Wallace and I are engaged in joint experiments to breed a retriever that can count up to three and let the fisherman go down definitively, which will be a great improvement from my point of view.

It is not as if I had no experience in the Great Outdoors. Near Gafsa in Tunisia in 1943 a wady, swollen by a cloudburst, turned into a river abruptly, flooding out a jeep in which I happened to be riding. I slid out and found myself in cold water up to my middle, just like an illustration in *Field and Stream*, while the jeep went sliding downstream (M.P.s eventually lassoed it). It was a situation that I had always earnestly striven to avoid, and I found it just as unpleasant as I had anticipated, even though I was not hampered by having to carry a long stick and a ball of thread. I had only a musette bag, blanket roll and typewriter. The only fish I saw was a dead camel, floating downstream a scant jeep's-length in front of a live lieutenant-colonel, and I regretted not having a fly or two to cast at them. A horsefly would have been the thing, I suppose. I do not know whether a camel will bite on a horsefly—a lieutenant-colonel certainly won't—but a horsefly will bite on either a camel or a lieutenant-colonel. When I got to the other shore I found nothing to bite on personally but the outside of a C-ration can, not even a Parcheesi Belle or Yellow Cabbie.

My aversion from the Great Outdoors does not extend with full force to the little, or lower-case, outdoors, which begins on the sidewalk outside a saloon and extends as far as a taxicab drawn up at the curb. I can get along without this lower-case outdoors for days at a time, but I must admit that it has a certain utility, as without it I could not get from one saloon to another, or home, or to my office or a number of other points of interest, all linked by stretches of this variety of lymph, or atmosphere. Also it is useful to a man looking out of a window, as without its presence he might think he was looking in.

I have even pushed my explorations of this lower-case outdoors as far as the paved surface extends in all directions from Tim Costello's ale and spirits establishment at Forty-fourth Street and Third Avenue, Manhattan. This means to the East River in one direction and the North River in its opposite (the man who named those rivers didn't work by compass), to the south edge of Central Park and the north boundary of Washington Square.

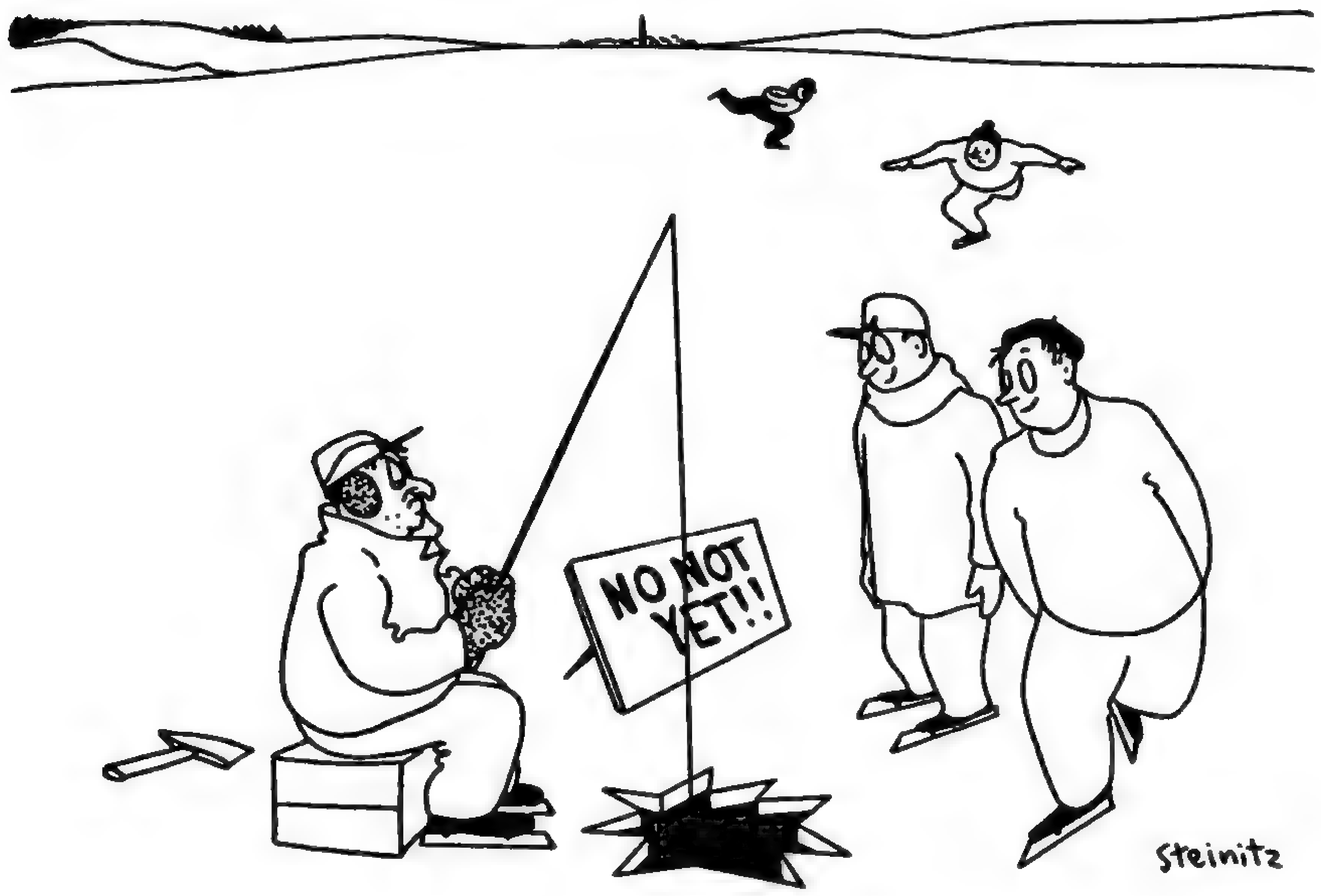
Beyond the two land boundaries the earth has an unhealthy green color, denoting the presence of grass, and there are trees, which may harbor either poisonous caterpillars or snipers. I leave grass and trees to the dogs, which have good uses for both. I do this as a matter of principle.

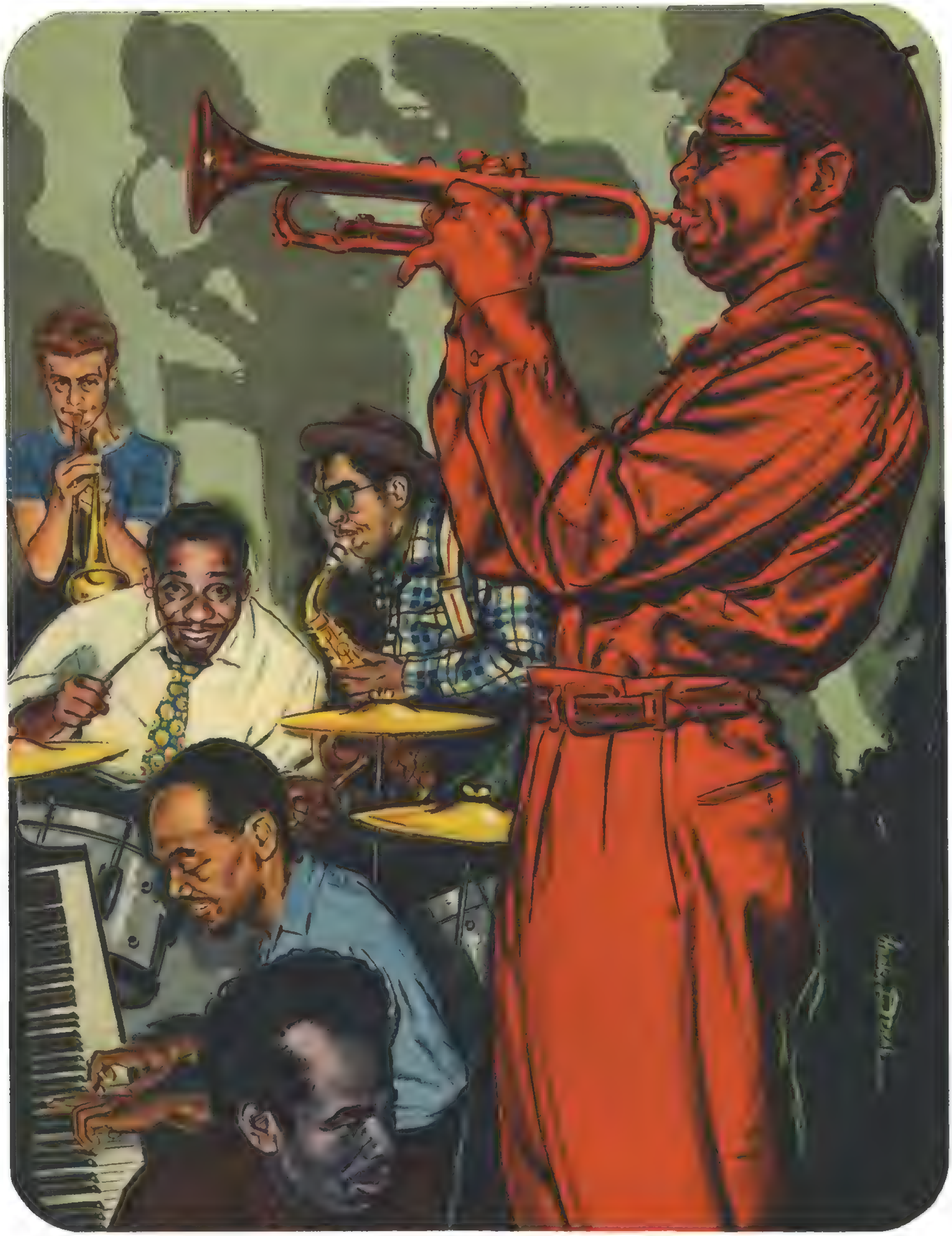
The lower-case outdoors will turn into a shill for the Great Outdoors, if you let it. A tree is not something that a lot of people can take or leave alone. One tree leads them to another. Two or three trees and they lose their heads. Next thing you know they are taking a subway to Van Cortlandt Park, or the ferry to Palisades State Park, where there are a lot of the damn things, and they are proposing to broil a steak in the open. That way lies Tunisia. You start with an excursion to Rockaway Beach and you wind up in Gafsa. One thing leads to another.

What did Hitler do when he was trying to build up a warrior spirit? Encouraged kids to go for picnics in the woods. A nation of nonpicnickers, noncamper-outers, and kids who won't go to the toilet outdoors is ipso facto a peaceful nation, which will refrain from expeditions beyond the Grand Central Terminal. The Mongols ravaged Europe because they were so crazy about the Great Outdoors that they wanted to turn everything else into it.

When I was very young I had not figured all these things out, so I made some potentially dangerous concessions to the lower-case outdoors. I used to sit on the splintery boat landings of a couple of summer hotels in New Jersey and Pennsylvania with a plain pole, no reel, and earthworms for bait, and angle for sunfish, perch and newts. The newts, I remember, would not take the hook; they would just suck onto the worm and stupidly allow themselves to be hauled in. Once I caught a rock bass, or strawberry bass—the older fellows at the landing called it both ways—that must have weighed half a pound. I was wildly excited. This kind of fishing had several advantages. You could read the works of G. A. Henty and drink cream soda while

(Continued on page 121)





PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY STANLEY DERSH

Tableau: Sextette in Bebop

A pictorial interpretation of some new hot stuff and a few questions concerning it

BEBOP is,
to begin with,
music, played by
Tad Dameron: piano
Kenny Clark: drummer
Charlie Parker: alto sax
Red Rodney: trumpet
at least according to
this painting, which was
done in a cyclone cellar
in that calm before
the storm
and the hell on the outer rim
fill the air with flying barns,
cows and hot licks.
We played over records by Babs Gonzales
(the singer in the picture)
entitled
Oop-pop-a-da
Lop-pow
Dob-bla-bli
and after only a small bicarbonate
figured that bebop
or for that matter Bach
listens better than it talks
so we perked up as Dizzie Gillespie—
note the beret—
oracle and hornplayer
blew into it
and we caught on a little
or thought we did.
You might try it yourself
just for the hell of it.

Scoop: How I Licked Japan

Destroying Tokyo and the Jap fleet was easy, but what the author can't figure out is how he came to be in the submarine

A Story by

ROBERT LEWIS

THERE is no such thing as an atomic bomb. It's time the truth were told. When I tell this to my friends, they look at me incredulously, and say, "How do you explain the explosion in the New Mexican desert?" I answer, "A fake, engineered by the Army." "And Bikini?" they ask. I answer, " A fake, engineered by the Navy." "Well, then," they say, "how do you explain the destruction of Hiroshima, and the surrender of Japan? Was that a fake?" "No," I say, "that was not a fake. However, it was not done by an atomic bomb, it was done by . . ." And here I pause, for dramatic effect. "By me. I did it myself." And I tell them the following narrative, which is true!

Have you ever heard of Housatonic, Massachusetts? Probably not. I want you to know, however, that Housatonic is my home town, and is very important to this narrative. You'll see later.

I need not tell you how I came to be supercargo on an American submarine during the recent war. We put out from San Francisco and headed into the Pacific on a mission which even the skipper did not know, as his orders were sealed. We never found out what they were, because they frightened the skipper so much when he read them that he burned them and made the men promise to say that they had got lost. Then we wandered aimlessly around the Pacific for several weeks.

We woke up one morning to find a Japanese destroyer riding the sea only a few hundred yards away. Before our captain could make up his mind what to do, a lucky shot of theirs put our rudder out of commission. The captain began to cry, while the men gathered on deck looked away in embarrassment.

"Stop whimpering," I said. "I'm taking over myself. My first command as new captain is to order you below. I don't want," I said, making my voice insulting, "to have any crybabies on deck."

He got red and started to protest, but I merely pointed my finger to the deck, and he went below.

The crew was standing openmouthed on deck, staring at me. I put my hand significantly to my hip, and said, "Any objections?" Fourteen of the fifteen said, "No, sir!" in a hurry, but one (Sullivan, a big Irishman with red hair) said slowly, "But that's mutiny." I shot him, reluctantly, because I like the Irish.

I said quietly to Lieutenant Riggs, "How are we fixed on torpedoes?" I gave him three seconds to answer, then put my hand on my pistol. In a choked-up voice Riggs said, "We're out of torpedoes."

"Sir," I said.

"Sir," he said.

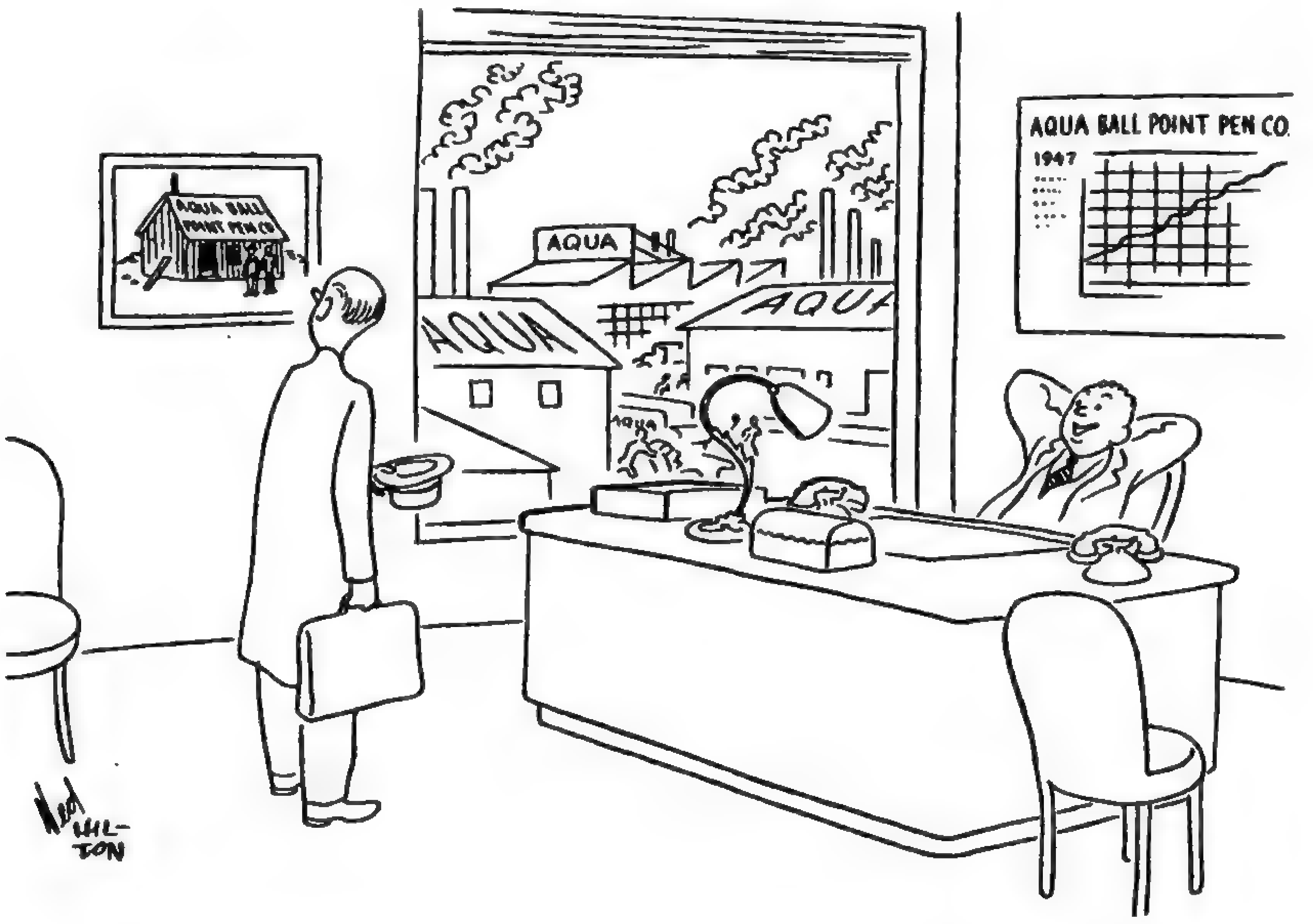
"How did that happen?" I asked casually.

"I really can't say, sir," he stammered, afraid to look at me. "We had enough when we left San Francisco."

"Go below," I said.

"Mister Talbot," I said, "prepare to submerge." This time I drew the pistol and, looking disinterestedly at the shells looping overhead from the Japanese destroyer, said, "I am sick and tired of not getting confirmations when I issue orders. One, two, th—."

"Mr. Jones, sir," said Talbot, all in a rush, "I'm afraid the submerger's broke. You see, sir, Captain Woodward broke it outside the Solomon Islands, and I didn't want to worry him right at that time, so I simply . . ."


AQUA BALL POINT PEN CO
AQUA
AQUA
AQUA
AQUA BALL POINT PEN CO.
1947
Ned Hilton

"That's where we made our humble beginnings—back in 1946"

"Go below," I said. I ordered the rest below too, so I was alone on the deck, face to face with a shooting Japanese destroyer. It was so close that I could see the little yellow men laughing as they slung shells into the guns, and could hear them cheering every time they came close. Things began to look serious. "Courage," I thought quietly.

I lifted the conning-tower lid and shouted, "Mister Riggs!"

"Yes, sir?" came the answer.

"Since we can't submerge, we'll have to dodge. When I pound the deck once, take her to starboard, and when I pound twice, to larboard. Have you got that?"

"But the rudder's out of commission," he said.

"Do as you're told, Riggs. And hand me a rifle."

With the rifle I was ready for the Japs. I sat down cross-legged on the deck and said calmly, "Come on, you yellow censored."

The destroyer was facing us broadside; evidently they understood that we had no torpedoes. As I watched, a 5-inch gun swung out, pointing right at me. I took aim, and just as the Jap officer in command started to drop his arm, I fired and exploded the shell right in the breech. It blew up with a terrific roar, and sent the gun crew and the whole turret flying in pieces over the water. It was easy.

A minute later I got another the same way.

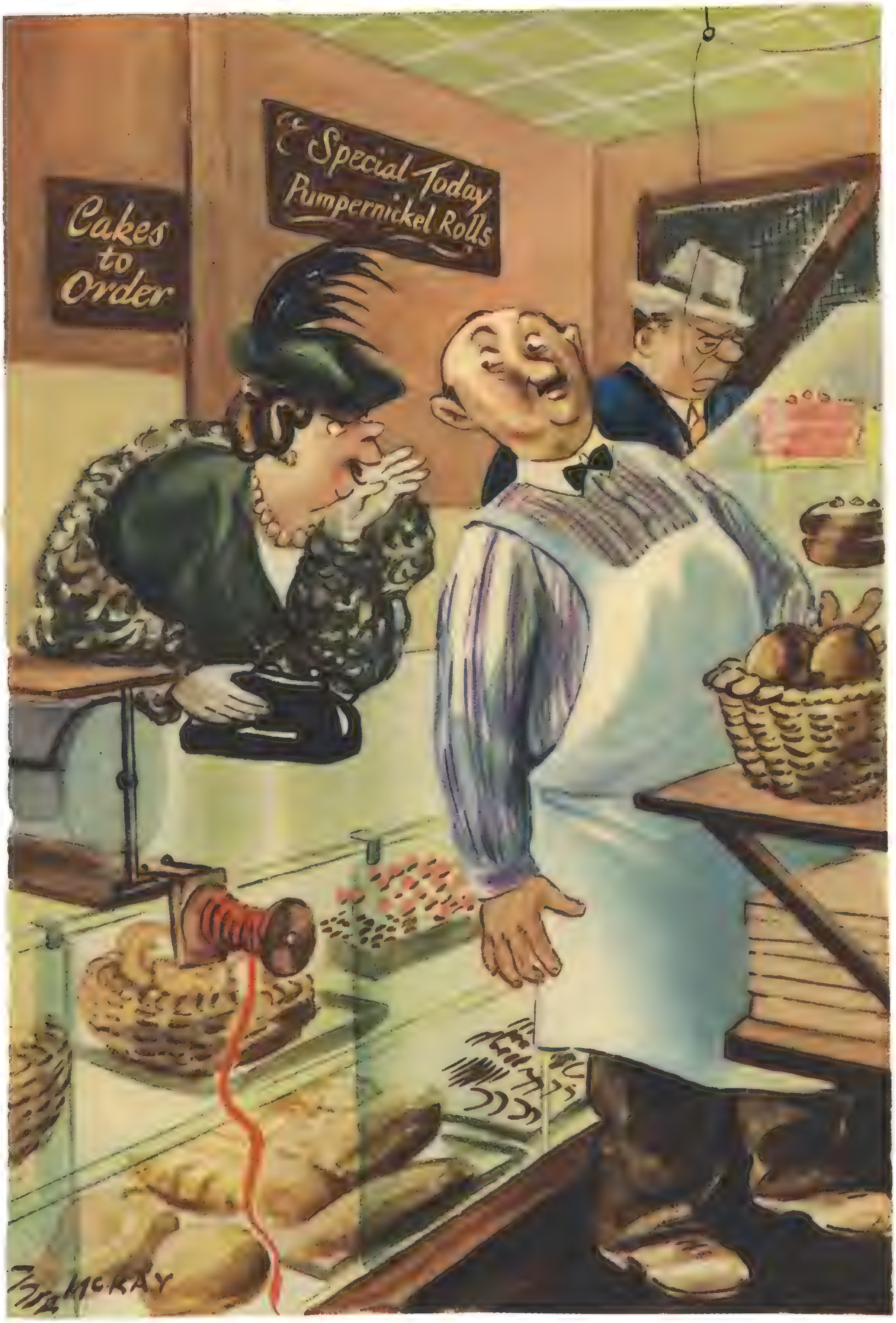
On the third one I varied it a little. Instead of firing down the barrel of the gun, I let the Jap officer have it. Another one jumped to his place, and I got him too. As the gun crew hesitated, I picked off the shell and blew the after-turret to Kingdom Come.

It must have been a very important destroyer, for an admiral came out on deck, a short fat man with a lot of gold braid. When he raised a pair of binoculars to look at me I thumbed my nose at him. He swung around short, and gave some commands to his staff.

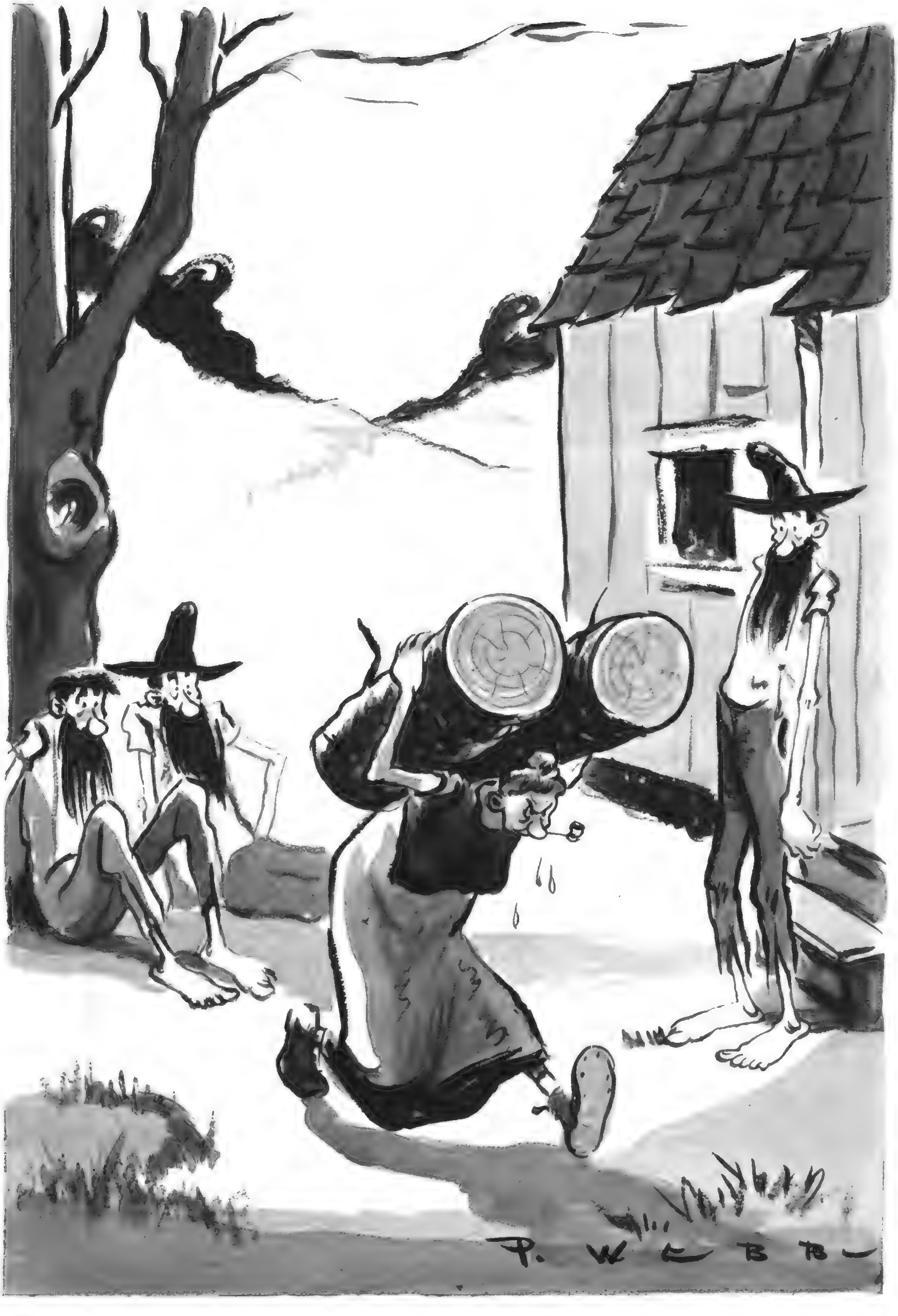
Thirty seconds later a streak of bubbles in the water shot out at me from the destroyer. I gave a sharp rap on the deck with my heel, and the submarine swung to starboard. Good old Riggs! He had managed it. The torpedo missed us by a hundred yards. When it was a good distance past, I lobbed a bullet after it, and blew it up.

Well, they tried with torpedoes until they got tired, then they swung around and tried with the guns on the other side. I got every one of them, and most of the gun crews that way. They finally set up a machine gun on deck. I stood up and yawned, and began to stroll up and down, looking up at the sky and pretending not to know the destroyer was there. The machine gun chattered away and sent a hail of bullets hissing into the water. I wasn't even scratched. Everything worked just like in a dream.

The admiral got so mad he sizzled at the temples. I don't know what he said, but right after he said (*Continued on page 135*)


Cakes to Order
Special Today Pumpernickel Rolls
McKAY

"Russian Rye"



*"Ah'd shore like to carry one o' them logs for pore ole Maw . . .
but ah'm afraid she'd lose her balance"*

Lucky Forward

The History of
Patton's Third U. S. Army

by COLONEL ROBERT S. ALLEN

Editor's Note: This is the first of two installments from Colonel Allen's vivid and controversial book on Gen. George S. Patton, Jr. Colonel Allen, who served under General Patton, tells from his own personal experience the words and incidents that made his chief the most discussed figure in the Allied armies and brings to life the personality that led the U.S. Third Army to its brilliant combat triumphs.

In reprinting portions of Colonel Allen's book, we are permitting the author to state his own opinions and beliefs with characteristic vigor and conviction. The result, as you will see, is fresh, exciting reading about a famous American worth knowing. (The book, *Lucky Forward*, by Col. Robert S. Allen, is published by the Vanguard Press, Inc., New York.)

Bred for Glory

Lt. General George S. Patton, Jr., taking command of the Third Army, in England, 1944, faced his men: It was a raw, gloomy, early spring day. Patton stood on the wide stone steps facing the Staff. On his left was his C/S, Brigadier General "Hap" Gay, and on the right, Willie, Patton's pugnacious-looking, white English bull terrier. On the portal over Patton's head was a weather-beaten stone shield bearing the date 1536.

But there was nothing medieval about *him*.

He was attired in a superbly tailored, form-fitting, brass-buttoned battle jacket, studded with four rows of campaign ribbons and decorations, pink whipcord riding breeches, and gleaming, high-topped cavalry boots with spurs. Around his waist was a hand-tooled, wide leather belt with a large, embossed, shiny brass buckle. In his hand was a long riding crop; on his shoulders, shirt collar, and helmet, fifteen large stars.

Characteristically, Patton didn't talk long. Also characteristically, what he said was pungent and to the point.

"I have been given command of Third Army," he said, "for reasons which will become clear later on. You made an outstanding record as an able and hard-working staff under my predecessor. I have no doubt you will do the same for me. We now have two staffs merging into one, each with its own procedures. By working harmoniously and intelligently together, a third staff will be developed with a third procedure, which should be better than either of the other two.

"I am here because of the confidence of two men: the President of the United States and the Theater commander. They have confidence in me because they don't believe a lot of goddamned lies that have been printed about me and also because they know I mean business when I fight. I don't fight for fun and I won't tolerate anyone on my Staff who does.

"You are here to fight. This is an active Theater of war. Ahead of you lies battle. That means just one thing. You can't afford to be a goddamned fool, because in battle fools mean dead men. It is inevitable for men to be killed and wounded in battle. But there is no reason why such losses should be increased because of the incompetence and carelessness of some stupid son-of-a-bitch. I don't tolerate such men on my Staff.

"There are three reasons why we are fighting this war. The first is because we are determined to preserve our traditional liberties. Some crazy German bastards decided they were supermen and that it was their holy mission to rule the world. They've been pushing people around all over the world, looting, killing, and abusing millions of innocent men, women, and children. They were getting set to do the same thing to us. We had to fight to prevent being subjugated.

"The second reason we are fighting is to defeat and wipe out the Nazis who started all this goddamned son-of-bitchery. They didn't think we could or would fight, and they weren't the only ones who thought that, either. There are certain people back home who had the same idea. Both were wrong.

"The third reason we are fighting is because men like to fight. They always have and they always will. Some sophists and other crackpots deny that. They don't know what they're talking about. They are either goddamned fools or cowards, or both. Men like to fight, and if they don't, they're not real men.

"If you don't like to fight, I don't want you around. You'd better get out before I kick you out. But there is one thing to remember. In war, it takes more than the desire to fight to win. You've got to have more than guts to lick the enemy. You must also have brains. It takes brains and guts to win wars. A man with guts but no brains is only half a soldier. We licked the Germans in Africa and Sicily because we had brains as well as guts. We're going to lick them in Europe for the same reason.

"That's all, and good luck."

Brains and Guts

HQ Third Army's first contact with Patton conclusively settled one thing.

It removed any doubt as to who was CG.

The Chief of Staff, Section chiefs, and other senior officers were important. But not all-important. Under Patton, only one man ruled the roost—Patton.

Literally, as well as theoretically, everyone worked for him.

That initial impression never changed. It remained as true the last day as the first.

This trait is a significant key to Patton's little known and less understood underlying character.

Throughout his life he completely dominated every unit he commanded. Yet in dominating, he did not domineer. Patton always led men. He did not rule them.

This vital distinction explains many things about him.

It explains why the troops called him "Georgie." Why his men and units always were the most soldierly, the most efficient, the most aggressive, and cockiest. Why he always got so much out of them. Why he had peerless Staffs, and developed four [Major General Hugh J. Gaffey, promoted to CG XXIII Corps; Major General Stafford L. Irwin, to CG XII Corps; Major General James A. Van Fleet, to CG III Corps; and Major General Raymond S. McLain, made CG XIX Corps] outstanding Corps and many division and lower-unit commanders. Why, although he was inherently aloof and reserved, and in combat violent and ruthless, hundreds of thousands of men served under him with boastful pride and truculent devotion.

As is often the case with men of Patton's type, there was a wide variance between popular conception and the real individual.

With Patton, much of the former was deliberate pictorialization: a conscious headlining of certain aspects for a specific purpose. In this he had the active assistance of the press, particularly its "Blood and Guts" tagline.

The phrase was extracted from a colorful training-camp speech. The war was only a few months old. Training is tough on trainees, but it doesn't make front-page copy. A picturesque United States military figure was urgently needed. Patton had color, to spare. Also, he was very willing to be portrayed as a fire-eating scourge. It was part of his battle paraphernalia. So the gory label was hung on him and it stuck—in the public mind.

But it was very significant that the troops never called him by that sobriquet.

Combat troops are stark realists, particularly regarding their leaders. The latter may affect a certain pose, but they rarely fool the soldier, who sizes them up quickly and searchingly and tags them accordingly. More than one brass hat, reverently apotheosized in the press, was more accurately known to his men as "Jughead," "Mush-Mouth," "Pouter Pigeon," or "Punk."

Patton was not "idolized" by his men. He wasn't that type.

Naturally reserved and combative, he was not a hail-fellow-well-met. He had social friends and professional admirers, some of the latter, notably other generals, reluctantly so. But outside of his immediate family, Patton had no intimates.

There was nothing stuffy or pompous about him. He had a salty sense of humor and mingled easily and freely. But at the same time, he always maintained a certain intangible but definite distance between himself and others. To his Staff which lived and worked with him, and to the troops who saw him constantly, he was "the General" formally, "Georgie" privately.

That Patton's men called him by this familiar and affectionate nickname tells volumes about him and his caliber as a battle commander, particularly in view of his underlying aloofness and truculence.

These attributes are essential to great combat leadership. Outstanding effectiveness in battle requires steel-hard ruthlessness and aggressiveness. Patton had these qualities in full measure.

He also had others: an original and imaginative mind; a lively wit; intense loyalty to his men; and great personal courage.

A West Point classmate once summed up Patton as "pure-bred gamecock with brains."

Combativeness was Patton's dominant characteristic. But he was more than merely an instinctive fighting man—he was a fighting man engaged in the profession of arms.

To Patton, war was a passionate pursuit, a pursuit as coherent and profoundly satisfying as music is to a composer and painting to an artist. War made sense to Patton, and he lived it, thought it, and worked at it, ardently and unceasingly, every day of his life from earliest youth to death.

He did not become a soldier by accident or to earn a livelihood. He was five years old when he informed his parents he intended to become "a great general." When he learned to read, the first book he bought was a history of decisive battles. In school he was always organizing sham battles. On his honeymoon in France, he took his young bride to historic battlefields and fortresses. Later, when stationed in Hawaii, he and his wife and young children would stage assault landings while on sailing trips. Even when playing his beloved polo, and fox hunting, he played at war.

Waging war was Patton's vocation and avocation. All his life he consciously and purposely molded and trained himself to fight. Nothing else really mattered to him.

To a friend who suggested he run for office, Patton replied: "I don't know anything about politics or business and never had any desire to learn. I have nothing against either, but they just are not my line. There is only one thing I am interested in—war. I live it and I breathe it. I always have and I always will. That's the whole story of George S. Patton, Jr."

He was right. That was the whole story of the man Patton.

Any evaluation of him must be ruled by that salient fact: his all-inclusive absorption in war coupled with his natural combativeness.

This controlling factor clarifies many things about him: his explosive impatience with those, above as well as under him, he considered guilty of timidity, vacillation, or incompetence; his constant undercover dueling with superiors over restraints that prevented him from attacking the enemy; his ebulliently blunt, and often trouble-making, public utterances.

"I don't admit the existence of battle fatigue," he once said, "because in war you can't admit the existence of things like that, any more than you can certain other things. Such as that the enemy is not a son-of-a-bitch. Once you admit that, there is no sense in trying to kill him. It's the same with battle fatigue. Once you concede its reality, you admit the reality of demoralization. You can't win battles with demoralized troops."

Very few of Patton's superiors liked him. All respected him professionally. But most of them feared him and were jealous of him. They had good reasons for that.

He was a far abler battle commander than they. They knew that, and Patton was not one to hide his light under a basket. Also, he was not above resorting to strategems to engage in operations that they, for political and other reasons, would not approve. Some of the greatest ETO victories literally were "sneak" offensives Patton put over on SHAEF.

It is not an exaggeration to state that Patton fought two wars in the ETO: one against the enemy and one against higher authorities for the opportunity to fight the enemy.

His brilliant victories in both fields did not endear him to most of his superiors.

Patton's picket-line candor in public was an integral part of his character. When he had something to say he said it, as directly and forcefully as he attacked the enemy in the field. That is why, although an original and profound thinker in military matters, he sometimes sounded out of control in public speech.

The "gamecock" in him, so peerless in battle, overran the "brains" in the forum, about which he knew little and cared less.

Like other passionate specialists, Patton made his specialty—war—his overshadowing interest, and no effort was too great to perfect himself in it. He steeped himself in it. Throughout his life he was an untiring student of war, reading widely and deeply.

When he landed in the Cotentin, a copy of Freeman's *The Norman Conquest* was in his trailer. He had carefully studied the volume to learn the roads used by William the Conqueror in his campaigns in Normandy and Brittany. Patton reasoned that in medieval times such roads had to be all-weather thoroughfares and therefore could be used by tanks to by-pass the enemy-mined modern highways.

Patton read many other volumes on wars in Europe and pored over countless maps. He collected maps the way some men do art treasures. He knew the entire road net of France and Germany by memory, and the details of every major battlefield. When he drove into Regensburg on the Danube, shortly before V-E Day, he told his Aide about the great victory Napoleon had won there.

"The French called the town Ratisbon," Patton related, "and Browning wrote a poem about the battle. It began,

"You know, we French stormed Ratisbon.
A mile or so away, on a little mound,
Napoleon stood."

This detailed knowledge and thoroughness in preparation characterized every aspect of Patton's operations.

Third Army's meteoric envelopments and breakthroughs broke on the enemy, the public in the United States, and at times SHAEF, like bolts out of the blue. In violence and smashing impact, they were just that. But their conception, planning, and organization were as deliberate and calculated as an aimed shot by an expert rifleman on a target range. Patton struck furiously, but never wildly.

He always was working on plans at least two operations in advance of the one he was executing. Third Army was still well west of the Seine when he directed his inner planning group to prepare a terrain analysis of Metz and its system of fortifications. While the Battle of the Bulge still was touch-and-go, he initiated preparations for a campaign in the Eifel and an assault of the Rhine.

From the day his first War Room was opened in the UK, a special Situation Map was constantly maintained on the war in the Pacific. Similar maps were maintained on other major Fronts, and he required frequent briefings on them.

In his ceaseless and meticulous planning, Patton always was open to suggestions and ideas. He welcomed views from anyone. He was the only Army commander in the ETO who was briefed by enlisted men. He listened to them as attentively and appreciatively as he did to officers.

Patton didn't coddle Corps and division commanders any more than he did anyone else. He talked to them as bluntly and pressured them as insistently as he did G.I.s. He relieved a number of division commanders and one Corps CG was invalided home a nervous wreck.

But Patton never launched a campaign without first thoroughly exploring it with his senior commanders. He never jammed an operation down their throats. It was his practice to assemble the Corps commanders in the War Room, have the planning group outline a proposed operation, and then invite the former to "work it over."

He encouraged free and frank discussion. But once a decision was reached, that was it. Once he had said, "All right, that's what we'll do," then that was what was done, with no ifs, ands, or buts. He brooked no temporizing, dallying, or faltering.

At the conclusion of a lengthy conference in Luxembourg, at which a co-ordinated attack was agreed upon, Patton asked a Corps commander how soon he could jump off.

"Wednesday night," was the reply.

"That's too late. The enemy will be able to reinforce by then and we'll lose the advantage of surprise. You had better jump off Monday night."

The Corps CG began to explain in detail why he couldn't attack by then. Patton sharply cut him short.

"Well, then, what are you wasting time here for?" he demanded. "If you wasted less time palavering here, you'd have plenty of time to get ready to jump off Monday night. Get the hell out of here and get going."

The Corps jumped off Monday night.

Patton also was never failing in giving unreserved credit and praise to others.

He was distinctive in this. He was the only senior ETO commander who always thanked and commended his troops upon the completion of a campaign. Not with a merely perfunctory "Well-done" statement, but a heartfelt personal message that he wrote himself. On Christmas Day every man in Third Army received a printed copy of a personal greeting from Patton.

Whenever he was decorated, he never failed to express gratitude to the Staff for its part in winning the honor.

The morning after receiving the Oak Leaf Cluster to the DSM, he rose at the conclusion of the daily briefing and said, "This decoration bestowed on me is a decoration to all of you. I am merely the formal recipient. It is your outstanding work and devotion to duty that is being honored."

Patton laid great stress on awarding decorations to troops. He considered this a major function of every commander.

"It is vital to good morale," he once said, "that decorations be awarded promptly and on an equitable basis. Every Army and Corps staff should have one member of the G-I Section whose duty it is to prod divisions and lower units to get out citations. He should also see to it that they are properly written."

Patton made a special point of decorating wounded in hospitals. He visited them frequently, awarding Purple Heart and other decorations and cheering up the men.

There was one class of casualties, however, that he strictly proscribed. He would never visit battle shock cases.

As an original and dynamic military leader, Patton was the greatest battle commander produced in this country since the Civil War. In the field, he was of the towering stature of Stonewall Jackson, Jeb Stuart, Nathan Forrest, and William T. Sherman.

It is significant that the Germans and Russians rated him as the foremost Allied combat commander.

A captured OKH [*Oberkommando Herres* —German High Command equivalent to our War Department Staff] analysis of Allied generals not only put Patton at the top of the list, but declared he was "the most modern, and the only, master of the offensive." "Patton," the document stated, "is the most dangerous general on all fronts. The tactics of other generals are well known and countermeasures can be effected against them. Patton's tactics are daring and unpredictable. He fights not only the troops opposing him, but the Reich."

A more personal evaluation was voiced by Major General Richard Schimpf, CG of 3 Para Division, an elite unit that fought many battles against Third Army. After his capture, Schimpf wrote this summation of Allied strategy and commanders:

"We always confidently relied on Allied hesitancy to exploit successes to give us the time to withdraw and regroup in order to slow up the next thrust. But with your General Patton it was different. He was very aggressive in exploiting a penetration. His breakthrough at Avranches was an outstanding example of this. So was his phenomenal campaign in the Palatinate.

"There is no question that if your Third Army had not been halted before Metz in September, it could have penetrated the Siegfried Line very quickly and been on the Rhine in a short time. At that time we were powerless to cope with the situation in that portion of the Front. But when your Third Army was halted, we obtained the time to regroup and we used that opportunity to the utmost."

Secretary of Commerce Averell Harriman, while Ambassador to Russia, related that Stalin once said to him, in the presence of the Soviet Chief of Staff, "The Red Army could not have executed Third Army's extraordinary sweep across France."

Patton's great skill, courage, and loyalty were the qualities that basically made him a hero to his men.

These three controlling attributes were the reason why the troops respected and admired him so profoundly, despite the fact that he always demanded more of them than any other Army commander. Why, although aloof and reserved, he nevertheless was a warmly human, personal leader to his men.

They felt they were part of his team: that he was not a remote Presence, issuing cold and emotionless life-and-death dictates, but one of them; that he shared and understood their life and dangers; that he did not ask them to do things he would not do; that, like them, he "got into jams" and wriggled out of them as they did.

That is why Third Army men always proudly proclaim the fact that they *are* Third Army men.

Secretary of War Robert Patterson was forcefully impressed by this when visiting Base Hospitals in the UK. He found it was always possible to identify immediately a Third Army man. In asking patients their units, those of other Armies invariably gave their division or regiment. Very few even knew what Army they had been in, or the name of its CG.

But a Third Army man always replied, "I was with Third Army." And he not only knew who commanded it, but usually had a personal anecdote about Patton.

Core of the troops' respect and admiration for him were three deep-seated beliefs:

That he was invincible in battle;

That he was loyal to his men and always looked out for their interests;

That he was as courageous as he demanded others should be.

Patton never lost a battle. He was a "winning guy." This carried tremendous weight with his men. They had complete confidence in his leadership, skill, and decisions. An attack might appear suicidal, but if "Georgie" ordered it, it was accepted as a sound and tenable mission. The record bore him out.

There was the instance in the Moselle Valley when a platoon was preparing to attack a strongpoint. Patton suddenly appeared and after studying the situation addressed the men.

"Forget about being cautious," he said, "because if you don't, you're licked before you start. There's nothing to be afraid of so long as you keep going and don't let those bastards have the time to take an aimed shot at you. And don't hit the ground when they shoot at you. Keep on going and you'll kill the sons-of-bitches."

The platoon followed these instructions. It attacked with such vigor that it captured the strongpoint and twenty-three Germans, plus nine killed. The platoon lost two men.

Another time, in the Ardennes, Patton came up as a unit was about to jump off. He watched it for a while and then said:

"Some of you probably think I am a son-of-a-bitch. Well, you are right. I am a son-of-a-bitch to the Germans. And you are sons-of-bitches to them and they're sons-of-bitches to you. Everyone is a son-of-a-bitch to someone. That doesn't mean a thing. What is important is what you do about it.

"You are about to attack a lot of dirty, low-down, Hun sons-of-bitches. The question is what you are going to do about it. There is only one thing to do about it. Be better sons-of-bitches than they are."

That unit, too, took its objective with few losses. And the incident, like the other, spread throughout Third Army.

Patton's concern about the care of his men was as insistent as his battle demands.

No "This Town Is Off Limits" sign ever appeared in a Third Army zone. The first thing Patton did when he took over in the Cotentin was to tear down the numerous "Off Limits" billboards with which First Army had festooned most of Normandy.

Nor were there ever any restraints on "liberating" in Third Army. When great stores of enemy supplies were captured, Patton saw to it not only that all units got a share, but that provision was made for the future. At Reims, where a number of large German liquor warehouses were seized, Patton ordered 50,000 cases of assorted spirits held under MP guard for Thanksgiving Day distribution.

Nothing stirred his ire faster or hotter than failure to get food and equipment to the troops.

More than one officer has painful memories of a scathing tongue-lashing on this score. On one occasion, he ordered his Chief of Staff to go personally to a supply dump to insure the immediate distribution of much-needed blankets.

"Go up there," he said, "and get those goddamned fools moving on those blankets. I don't care who gets whose blankets; whether the 80th gets the 90th's or vice versa. What I want is blankets to get to the doughboys in the lines at once. That's the whole story and I want it done right away. This memorandum is nuts and I don't want to see any more of it. I want blankets to get to the men and no more memos or any other goddamned papers on the matter."

The blankets were distributed by dark that day.

Another time, Patton spent most of a drenching day in the front lines checking on the number of men without galoshes and raincoats.

Where line troops were concerned, Patton had a fixed rule in meeting their demands. It was this:

"In battle, troops get temperamental and often ask for things which they really do not need. However, where humanly possible, their requests should be met no matter how unreasonable."

He had other fixed rules on how a commander should conduct himself. Foremost among these was maintaining constant contact with the fighting troops.

"Army and Corps commanders," he once said, "must make it a point to be seen physically by as many individuals of their command as possible, certainly by all combat soldiers. Also, a commander should be seen going to the front and not coming back from it. When going forward he should ride in an open vehicle, clearly marked with the insignia of his rank. When returning, whenever possible he should fly. That saves time and the troops don't see him going to the rear."

It was a rare day that Patton did not visit the lines, often at considerable physical discomfort. And always he traveled in an open jeep, equipped with a raucous klaxon and big, red, bestarred markers in front and rear, so he could see and be seen.

Patton not only personally went to the front every day, but required his Staff to do likewise.

It was SOP in Hq Third Army for every Staff Section to send an officer to the lines each day. One of the first rules he laid down was: "One officer from each Staff Section of Army and Corps will go to the front daily. Anything of vital moment obtained during the visit will be reported to the Chief of Staff immediately upon returning. The Commanding General or Chief of Staff must visit part of the front daily."

Another of his rules related to iron fortitude.

"Generals," he said, "must never exhibit fear, doubt, or fatigue."

Patton was scared, discouraged, and weary on many occasions, as he would frankly admit *afterward.* He never claimed to be devoid of fear. It was not unusual for him to return from the lines and relate that he had been frightened.

"If we take the generally accepted definition of bravery as a quality which knows no fear," he once said, "I have never seen a brave man. All men are frightened. The more intelligent they are, the more they are frightened. The courageous man is the man who forces himself, in spite of his fears, to carry on. Discipline, pride, self-respect, self-confidence, and the love of glory are attributes which will make a man courageous even if he is afraid."

When he catapulted two Corps through the narrow pass at Avranches, he had plenty of secret misgivings. A slight mishap or traffic jam might have precipitated a terrible disaster. But throughout the hazardous operation, he was the essence of complete confidence and optimism. It was only later that he told how he had buoyed himself up by frequent repetition of his favorite axiom, "Do not take counsel of your fears."

Another time, when Third Army was slugging through Siegfried positions in the Eifel, Patton followed close behind an attacking unit. Suddenly, about seventy-five yards distant, he came into view of a pillbox. He froze in position. The German machine gun remained pointed in his direction for a few minutes, then moved slowly to the left. Patton quietly backed to cover.

"I was so goddamned scared," he said later, "I could hear my feet rattling in my boots. I was directly in their line of fire. I knew if I moved they'd cut me down, so I made myself stand rigid and they didn't see me. But I sure was frightened."

Near Nancy, at a demonstration of a new type of flame-throwing tank, he gave several hundred officers a pointed lesson on how a commander should conduct himself.

The officer in charge, after explaining the operation of the weapon, said, "To insure complete safety in the demonstration we'll now put on, I suggest that you gentlemen move back fifty yards or so."

Patton instantly stopped this. "We'll do nothing of the kind," he barked. "You go right ahead with your demonstration, Lieutenant, and we'll stay here. War is not a safe business and if anyone here doesn't know that by now, then this is a damned good place to learn it.

"If it isn't safe for the tank crew, and they can take chances, then, goddamn it, so can we. The men who fight in these tanks take great risks when they go out to kill Germans. We certainly can take a small one watching them demonstrate. You go ahead with your demonstration, Lieutenant, and don't leave anything out."

The Lieutenant didn't, and no officer moved.

Patton not only prescribed rules for himself, but he worked assiduously at enforcing his doctrines. Highly literate and articulate, he frequently lectured commanders on their duties and personal conduct.

One of his first acts upon assuming command of Third Army was to write a "Letter of Instructions" to Corps and division commanders. High lights of this document were:

Each in his appropriate sphere will lead in person. Any commander who fails to obtain his objective and who is not dead or severely wounded, has not done his full duty.

Information is like eggs, the fresher the better. Keep troops informed. Use every means before and after combat to tell the troops what they are going to do and what they have done.

The desperate determination to succeed is just as vital to supply as it is to the firing line.

Visit the wounded personally and frequently. Men who have been wounded in battle deserve the personal attention of their commander.

Decorations are for the purpose of raising the fighting value of troops; therefore they must be awarded promptly and personally.

There is only one kind of discipline: perfect discipline. If you do not enforce and maintain discipline, you are a potential murderer.

There are more tired Corps and division commanders than there are tired Corps and divisions. Fatigue makes cowards of us all. Men in condition do not tire. High physical condition is vital to victory.

Do not take counsel of your fears.

Patton had other traits that were important factors in creating the "Georgie" nickname: his approachability, and capacity to rib himself. The latter was always cropping out, often on serious occasions.

During a planning conference on the fabulous Palatinate campaign, he concluded a grave discussion with the breezy observation, "Despite my well-known capacity for throwing the bull, I have complete confidence in the success of this operation."

Another time, during a discussion of Air support for an attack, he grinningly remarked, "Due to my intimate relations with God, I am in a position to give assurance that we will have the good weather we need for the jump-off."

After a widely read article criticizing his profanity appeared, Patton opened a brief talk to a new unit with the solemn-faced sally, "For reasons of security, all my cuss words are strictly off the record."

On another occasion, talking about the Battle of the Bulge, he credited Third Army with destroying 800 German tanks. It was pointed out that the Germans were estimated to have had only that many tanks in the entire West.

"Well, we knocked out 800 just the same," he said with a broad smile. "You see, in our sector those sons-of-bitches used reproducing tanks, the kind that produce more tanks. That's one of their secret weapons, but I'm keeping it a secret so as not to scare SHAEF to death."

At the front one day, Patton saw what he thought was an officer of his Staff without a necktie. He ordered the man brought before him at once. But when he appeared, Patton discovered he was a Noncom.

"The joke's on me, Sergeant," he said. "I thought you were one of my officers and I was warming up my tonsils to raise some hell."

Patton did not hobnob with his men. But his ready approachability was distinctive in the ETO. No other Army commander was asked for autographs or to pose for pictures by soldiers. Patton never refused such requests.

Also, he never talked down to the troops and was instantaneous in righting any personal injustice he committed.

A striking instance of this occurred on one spectacular occasion. He was putting on a review for a number of what he called VIPs. [Very Important Personages]. A stickler for meticulous detail in ceremonials, he had given explicit instructions on the placing of the visitors' automobiles.

When he reached the reviewing stand, he noticed a sedan quite a distance away. He immediately sent for the officer in charge of vehicles and caustically berated him for not putting the car behind the stand. The officer said nothing, saluted, and had the auto moved.

After the review, Patton again sent for the officer. Then, in the presence of the entire assembly of guests, Patton apologized as fulsomely as he had previously fulminated.

"My Chief of Staff tells me," he said, "that I was in error; that I did not order that car put behind the stand. That was my intention, but apparently I did not do it. I want to apologize and to ask your pardon for blowing off as I did. I am very sorry."

Then, with a grin, he added, "This should be a good lesson to both of us. Never sound off until you are sure of the facts. I hope I don't forget that."

Later a friend asked the officer why he had not explained the situation when Patton took him to task.

"For two reasons," was the reply. "First, 'Georgie' isn't the kind of a guy you argue with. Second, I knew that when he found out he was wrong, he would right it."

Another time, during Third Army's epic sweep through France, Patton intervened for an unintentionally offending G.I.

A lineman was laying wire for an OP under fire. Heavily encumbered with equipment and tools, he had discarded his bulky steel helmet. A near-by officer began to bawl him out. Thinking it was one of his Noncoms, the lineman yelled back, "Ah, shut up. If you're so goddamned anxious to wear that helmet, why don't you come up here and wear it yourself?"

The outraged officer started to threaten the soldier when suddenly, from behind a clump of trees, came the high-pitched voice of Patton.

"Captain," he yelled, "let that man alone. He's working. Don't bother him about that goddamned helmet."

Patton had many enlightening experiences in his talks with troops.

"All officers and particularly general officers," he once said, "must be vitally interested in everything that interests the soldier. Usually a great deal of knowledge can be gained that way. But even if that is not the case, just being interested has a very high morale influence on the soldier."

At a Normandy crossroads the effect was on Patton.

Speeding by the junction, he observed an antitank gun out in the open under a large stone crucifix. The unconcealed gun was in direct violation of one of Patton's sternest injunctions: that such weapons be positioned where they could see without being seen. He reprimanded the Noncom and ordered the gun moved.

"Yes, Sir," the NCO replied, "but we've had good shooting here, General. Yesterday we knocked out two Panzers right from this spot."

Another time, Patton came on a group of Engineers digging very gingerly.

"What the hell are you men doing?" he yelled. "That's no way to dig a slit trench."

"We're not digging a slit trench, Sir," a Corporal replied.

"Then what the hell are you doing?"

"There are a couple of hundred-pound German bombs buried here, and we're trying to get them out before they blow up."

Patton apologized and departed forthwith.

During the attack on Metz, he saw a doughboy slogging dolefully along a road. Patton stopped him and asked the trouble.

"It's this way, General," the soldier explained. "My Company has lost most of its Noncoms and the Captain hasn't had a chance to make new ones. So the Pfcs are running things."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Plenty," was the bitter reply. "Why, General, those sons-of-bitches are drunk with power."

Patton considered a commander's attire a very important factor in making himself a personal leader to his men. A natural showman, superbly built and wealthy, Patton always dressed handsomely. But he also consciously employed clothes as a psychological element.

"Generals," he said, "should always adhere to a striking type of uniform so their soldiers will recognize them. They must always be very neat and look like generals. When I was reading Caesar's *Commentaries*—not in the original, incidentally—I was struck by the fact that he wore a red robe in battle. That was a very sound idea. It encouraged his men and was good for him, too."

Patton didn't wear a red robe, but when he was around there was no mistaking him.

Six-foot-two and straight as a ramrod, he not only towered over everyone but glittered like a Christmas tree, with numerous stars, gleaming brass buttons, and high, polished boots.

Patton's personal life was the direct antithesis of the popular conception of him. Independently wealthy, he lived well but quietly.

He had only one love affair in his life. He met his wife when both were in their teens and married her after graduating from West Point. She was at his bedside when he died. Two daughters are married to Army officers, and a son George III, is a West Point graduate.

Patton drank socially. But he handled his liquor like his horses, with a firm hand. In his last year in the field he had to give up one drink entirely: chlorinated water. Three years' consumption of heavily impregnated chlorine water finally affected his digestion and the medics proscribed it. To provide him with drinking water, one of them each day dechlorinated enough to fill several canteens.

Also, because he had a tendency to colds, the medics constantly urged him to ease up on smoking. An inveterate cigar smoker, when going strong Patton smoked a score a day. Occasionally he would announce he had "sworn off" and divest himself of his cigar supply. Whereupon the Staff would bet among themselves on the duration of the abstinence.

The usual period was two-and-a-half days, although on one occasion, when Third Army was sat down on September, 1944, Patton didn't smoke for a week. It was a tough week, for him and the Staff. All concerned were greatly relieved when he finally strode into the Chief of Staff's office, reached into the bottom drawer of a desk where a box of his favorite cigars was kept for such occasions, picked up a fistful, and walked out, without saying a word. A few minutes later he was heard scuffling with Willie, and the word quickly got around that "Georgie" was feeling good again.

Willie was very not-smoking conscious. When his master was off cigars, Willie was off his master. During abstinence periods, Patton was apt to be abrupt with Willie, so Willie kept his distance. He was one Englishman about whom Patton had no reservations.

Willie had belonged to an RAF pilot killed on a bombing mission over Germany. A lover of dogs, Patton saw him in a London kennel and immediately bought him. Willie, as instantly, reciprocated Patton's affection. Although very forbidding in appearance, Willie actually was quite amiable. At first this troubled Patton. He decided Willie lacked aggressiveness and started training him. But after Willie tangled with an armored car, coming off very much second best in the encounter, Patton decided to let Willie find his own level of combativeness without outside help.

In the field, Patton lived in an Ordnance repair truck fitted as a house trailer. During the winter, and in Germany, he usually took over the villa of a Nazi bigwig. He had one personal orderly, Sergeant George Meeks, veteran Negro Cavalryman who had been with him since his Fort Riley days. Every time Patton was promoted, Meeks got another stripe.

Patton never packed any trick guns in the lines. Those were reserved for the photographers. At the front he carried a .45-caliber service automatic in an issue holster hung from a regulation web belt, and another smaller automatic, in a special clip holster, stuck in his waist under the battle jacket.

Patton was a hearty eater and very fond of good food, particularly pies and pastries. On the African beachhead he "captured" the cook to satisfy this taste.

It was his first night, very dark, and the situation very tense. Everyone had his "George," the reply "Patton." He was all finger on the trigger. The challenge was over the beachhead, prodding and directing when suddenly a near-by sentry yelled, "Halt, who's there!"

A long silence followed. Again the sentry barked, "Who's there! George!" Again, no reply for a moment. Then, in squeaky, broken English, a voice said, "Me no George. Me Sergeant Lee. Best damned cook in U.S. Army."

Before the sentry could reply, Patton shouted, "Sentry, grab that man. If he's the best damned cook in the Army, I want him. Bring him here."

That was the way Sergeant Thue P. Lee, American-born Chinese, precipitously transferred from an Engineer battalion to Patton's personal entourage, to cook appreciatively for him until he died.

Cocky

Patton and his Africa-Sicily veterans had the effect of a heady shot of bourbon on HQ Third Army. Overnight, it began flourishing like a green bay tree.

Hardened by long months of strenuous training, inspecting, and maneuvering, the Staff was tough and competent. Under Colonel Macdonald, in Louisiana, it had signally demonstrated what it could do under inspiring leadership. But the deadening hand of mediocre top brass had palled initiative and morale.

The surging infusion of Pattonism again restored the Staff's latent outstanding effectiveness.

It began to look, talk, and act like a dynamic Army Headquarters.

Boots and breeches, previously sternly frowned on, were exuberantly resurrected. Tailors and bootmakers in neighboring towns were deluged with rush orders for smart battle jackets and combat boots. Men and officers took on a swagger in their walk and a cocky tone in their talk.

The burgeoning aggressiveness was heartily encouraged. Paced by able, battlewise veterans, the Staff was given its head and allowed to show its stuff.

In a short time, high-geared action, hard-hitting competence, and breezy cockiness became Hq Third Army's fixed character and tempo. It moved, talked, and fought, fast, tough, and hard.

It had to, to keep up with Patton.

He always required the utmost from the Staff. "Georgie wants this 'as of yesterday,'" was a standing Third Army witticism. But it was no joke when it came to delivering. He demanded and invariably got it that way; whether it was moving a Corps from the Saar to the Ardennes overnight, preparing a complete operational plan in two hours, bridging the Rhine between dawn and dusk, or submitting a detailed report on the causes of enemy casualties (whether from small arms, automatic weapons, artillery, etc.) in thirty minutes.

No other Army commander asked as much of his Staff, and none got as much.

That is why Hq Third Army was in a class by itself. Why it had no competitor on its level, or above it. Why it was outstandingly the ablest, smoothest, fastest functioning, and most soldierly Staff in the ETO. Also, the cockiest.

It performed prodigies of brains and guts from the fabulous breakthrough at Avranches to the equally epic sweep through the heart of Germany, nine months later. It never faltered, retreated, or failed. It took on all comers, friend or foe, and always outdid and outshone them.

And like its CG, Hq Third Army knew it was good and was not reticent in proclaiming the fact.

Third Army men were proud of themselves and their ever-victorious battle prowess—and made no bones about it.

That is why the Staff listened in bug-eyed astonishment when Eisenhower, on a visit late in March, 1945, earnestly urged it to be cocky. These were amazing words coming from him after all that had transpired.

"If I have one criticism to make," he told the Staff at the conclusion of a briefing, "it is that you are too modest. You don't boast enough about your great achievements. You put it matter-of-factly: that you have advanced so many miles, captured so many prisoners; that enemy resistance is crumpling. But you say nothing about the brilliant operations that caused the enemy to collapse.

"I want you to talk more about yourselves and your great victories. Let the world know how good you are. Call in the reporters and see that they get the right kind of stories. They'll use them and the folks back home will eat them up. Don't be modest about yourselves. You've done great things and we need that kind of publicity right now."

This was indeed a new and startling tune from the Supreme Commander. At mess that noon the Staff discussed it amid gales of laughter. Visiting liaison officers listened to the story in dumfounded astonishment.

Finally one groaned, "Kee-rist! He must be nuts. Telling you guys not to be modest. Doesn't he know what the hell is going on in this Theater? You are already the most blowharding bastards over here. From now on, you'll be completely unbearable."

"You and the goddamned Krauts said it," gleefully whooped a brash young Captain. "Cocky bastards, that's us."

Lucky

Officially, Third Army had a more discreet code-pseudonym than "cocky bastards."

It was *Lucky*, Patton's own personal choice.

Other Headquarters had more sonorous designations: SHAEF—Liberty; Twelfth, Army Group—Eagle; First Army—Master. These were too high-flown for Patton.

He selected Lucky [Lucky Forward was the code designation for Patton's battle CP] as epitomizing both the victorious career and the ebullient character of his new and largest command. Time proved him correct on both scores.

Patton's victory march officially began with a phone call from Bradley on July 28, 1944. Bradley phoned him to assume command of VIII Corps' zone as Deputy Group Commander and to set his breakthrough plan into motion.

4th and 6th Armored Divisions were hurled against the retreating Germans in a slashing drive on Avranches, 25 miles due south. Close behind the tankers followed the motorized, battle-hardened veterans of the 8th and 79th Infantry Divisions.

The stage was set for the historic breakthrough.

On the morning of July 31, Lucky left the apple orchards near Néhou for a new CP close to the lines. Before the departure, the daily briefing was held, as usual, in the big War Tent. The Staff listened intently to each presentation.

At the conclusion Patton rose and stepped over to the Situation Map. He studied it a few moments, puffing leisurely on his cigar, and then turned to the Staff. He spoke quietly, but as he continued, excitement crept into his voice, his jaw squared, and his eyes narrowed.

"We become operational officially tomorrow," he said, "and doubtless from time to time there will be some complaints that we are pushing people too hard. I don't give a good goddamn about such complaints. I believe in the old and sound rule that an ounce of sweat is worth a gallon of blood. The harder we push, the more Germans we'll kill, and the more Germans we kill, the fewer of our men will be killed. Pushing means fewer casualties. I want you to remember that.

"There's another thing I want you to remember. Forget this goddamned business of worrying about our flanks. We must guard our flanks, but not to the extent that we don't do anything else. Some goddamned fool once said that flanks must be secured, and since then sons-of-bitches all over the world have been going crazy guarding their flanks. We don't want any of that goddamned crap in this Army. Flanks are something for the enemy to worry about. Not us.

"Also, I don't want to get any messages saying, 'I am holding my position.' We're not holding anything. Let the Hun do that. We are advancing constantly and are not interested in holding anything, except onto the enemy. We're going to hold onto him and kick the hell out of him all the time.

"Our basic plan of operation is to advance and to keep on advancing regardless of whether we have to go over, under, or through the enemy. We have one motto, 'Audacious, audacious, always audacious.' Remember that. From here on out, until we win or die in the attempt, we will always be audacious."

Patton stopped, and with lips tight surveyed the deathly still Staff before him. Then, relaxing, he concluded with a smile, "You've done outstanding work, gentlemen, and I want to thank you for it. I am very proud of you. But, after all, what you really have done has been to perform very well doing nothing. From now on, I want you to perform equally as well doing something."

That night, several German planes buzzed Lucky's new CP at treetop level.

Also that night, VIII Corps slashed through Avranches.

The gate was open out of the Cotentin.

Patton got the news at VIII Corps' CP, in the village of Bréhal, northwest of Avranches. Also, that the Corps had reached its objective, the Selune River, a few miles south of Avranches.

"What do we do now?" the Corps CG asked.

"Keep right on going across the river," said Patton tersely. "Get a bridgehead at once."

Then he gave the CG a short but graphic lesson on how to conduct aggressive war of movement.

"Never sit on a river when the enemy is on the run," he said. "Many campaigns have been lost because of the failure to seize a bridgehead promptly. Get some troops over the Selune tonight so we can keep up the pursuit tomorrow."

A few minutes later two additional reports came in: one, that a damaged, but usable, bridge had been captured at Pontaubault; the other, that 4th Armored Division had seized several dams east of the bridge and had a bag of 2000 PW.

Patton grinned broadly.

"Now that's my kind of fighting," he said. "Those troops know their business. We'll keep right on going, full speed ahead."

Standing before a map, he ordered an immediate two-pronged assault on Brittany: one, comprising 4th Armored and 8th Infantry Divisions, on Rennes, capital of Brittany, 40 miles to the south; the other, 6th Armored and 79th Infantry Divisions, on Brest, 155 miles west. He also set up Task Force A [Commanded by Brigadier (later major) General Herbert L. Earnest, TD expert and able combat leader, whom Patton promoted to command of the famous 90th Infantry Division when its CG was made a Corps Commander after the Battle of the Bulge] to mop up the north coast of Brittany. This special unit was composed of 1st TD Brigade, 2d and 15th Cavalry Groups, 6th TD Group, 705th TD Battalion, 159th Engineer Combat Battalion, and the 509th Engineer Light Pontoon Company.

Lucky's epic breakthrough was under way.

[*Col. Allen relates an incident revealing the fighting mettle of Patton's command:*]

Two hundred and fifty miles in rear of Lucky's line of contact, 64 German Corps had decided to call it quits. Several days before the formal capitulation, this portion of Third Army's farflung zone was suddenly transferred to Ninth Army. Without having raised a finger to force the surrender, Ninth Army collected some 20,000 Krauts—and their Lugers.

To Third Army men the loss of the latter was even more painful than the juicy PW bag. But there was one hilarious compensation.

The surrender formalities took place in the ancient little town of Beaugency, on the Loire, 30 miles southwest of Orléans. Lieutenant General William H. Simpson, CG Ninth Army, Major General Robert C. Macon, CG 83d Infantry Division, Brigadier General O. P. Weyland, CG XIX TAC, and other senior U.S. officers were present. As part of the ceremony Elster (the German commander) made a speech. When he concluded, an interpreter was asked what the Kraut had said. The interpreter fidgeted, hemmed and hawed.

"Well, what did he say?" was demanded. "Couldn't you understand him?"

"Yes, Sir," replied the interpreter. "I understood him all right. He said he wanted it clearly understood that he was surrendering to the Third U.S. Army."

Metz, Mud and Murder

Fortress Metz, which includes the city and a ring of 35 forts built into the surrounding hills, had not been taken by assault since A.D. 451. In that year it was stormed and devastated by the Huns. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, a French garrison surrendered after running out of food and ammunition in a long siege. Metz remained in German hands until the end of World War I, when the French again came into possession of it. The Germans reoccupied the stronghold in 1940 following the French surrender.

XX Corps broke the centuries-old record. It captured the "Bastion of the East" by assault in 14 days.

The plan of attack consisted of a three-pronged encirclement: 5th Infantry Division on the south attacking east; 90th Infantry Division on the north attacking southeast from the vicinity of Thionville, 20 miles north on the Moselle; and 95th Infantry Division attacking from the west. The 5th-95th boundary extended northeast approximately through the center of the Fortress area.

The three Divisions faced grim natural and organized obstacles. Not only were the Germans heavily fortified, but the exceptionally wet fall flooded every stream to record heights.

Initially, the advance was slow against extremely heavy resistance powerfully aided by the miserable weather. But by November 12, 5th and 95th Divisions had firm bridgeheads over the Moselle north and south of the Fortress area, and the main enemy forces had begun withdrawing into the city. Three days later, 5th Division had reduced several small forts in its zone and was moving up for a direct assault on Metz. At the same time, 95th Division was attacking forts in its sector, while elements of both Divisions were slashing eastward to seal the envelopment.

That day, Eisenhower arrived at Lucky for an overnight stay. He rolled into the bomb-battered *Kaserne*, from which Kraut corpses were still being exhumed, in a long, sleek limousine. At the wheel was Kay Summersby, beauteous henna-haired British driver, attired in chic slacks and battle jacket—the instantaneous popeyed focus of all Lucky gallants. By her side was the Supreme Commander's fuzzy little Scotty. Surrounding the car was a squad of hulking motorcycle MPs, flashily attired in Sam Browne belts, white leggings, and other trimmings.

Next morning, after the daily briefing, Eisenhower gave the Staff a pep talk.

"I want to express my appreciation," he said, "for the good work you are doing. Keep it up. That's what we need to defeat the enemy. The plan of battle is as follows: The enemy is stretched to the breaking point, straining every nerve to stave off defeat. We propose to keep on hitting him at every sensitive point until he cracks. He is bound to crack if we keep on hammering him without let-up.

"We will keep on hitting him at every sensitive point along the 600-mile Front all winter, if necessary. He can't stand winter fighting and we can, because our men will be better equipped and armed than his. Our men won't be comfortable, but they will be more comfortable than the enemy. That's all-important. If our men feel they are better clothed, fitted, armed, and cared for than the enemy, they will have a sense of superiority that is certain to lead to victory.

"Another thing we have that the other fellow hasn't, and which will tell the story, is the greatest Air-Ground team in the world. The Germans thought they had the best, and they did in 1940. But we have developed so far beyond them that they now are not in our class. I don't care who's running Germany—Hitler, Himmler, or some other guy—we can lick them if we keep on pounding them without let-up. That's what we intend to do all winter, and I'm counting on you fellows to contribute greatly in this decisive common effort."

The pincers on Metz were clamped shut November 18, when Task Force Bacon of the 95th made contact with 10th Regiment of 5th Division.

The gallant Regiment cut the last escape route from the city in an exceptionally heroic attack. The road was protected by a fire-covered mine field several kilometers in depth. The Regiment decided to attack at night to effect surprise and hold down losses. The steel-nerved plan was successful. The deadly area was over-run before the enemy could resist in strength. Forty-two men were lost, but the price would have been much greater had the attack been made in the daytime.

The daring attack quickly paid big dividends. It cut off a long column trying to escape from Metz. A company of 6th Armored tanks, maintaining contact with 5th Division on XII Corps' north flank, caught the Krauts on the road and massacred them at close range. Over 100 vehicles and 200 Krauts were destroyed.

Also, a Chemical Mortar outfit attached to 5th Division was able to bring its guns to bear on one of the main ammunition dumps in Metz. FFI agents had reported the location of the dump and the mortars blew it, and several heavy guns, sky-high.

After these haymakers, enemy resistance from within the city lessened. By November 20, both 5th and 95th had elements in the outskirts of Metz, and the next day 95th Captured Ile Chambière and began mopping up Ile Saulcy, both in the heart of the town.

All resistance ceased in Metz at 1435 November 22.

Over 4,000 PW were captured, plus a large number of guns, much ammunition, and other supplies. An unusual prize was a cache of thousands of small arms of every vintage and type, from ancient flintlocks to palm-sized automatics. The weapons were found in an old church where they had been piled in heaps by the Gestapo, which had taken them from the French.

The capture of Metz did not, however, end the fighting there. Some 3,000 Nazi fanatics, holed up in the four largest forts, refused to surrender. Frequently exhorted by Hitler and well provisioned and munitioned, the four strongholds, Forts Driant, Jeanne d'Arc, Plappeville, and St. Quentin, resisted for three more weeks. The last, Jeanne d'Arc, capitulated December 12.

The Nazis were given plenty of opportunity to sweat it out for the Fuehrer.

No effort was made to storm the forts. They were picked off leisurely with the Germans' own guns and ammunition. 5th Division units, comfortably and safely emplaced, shelled the forts with captured field pieces. It was very cheap, pleasant, and effective warfare.

It cost nothing, annoyed the hell out of the Nazis, and gave the troops excellent target practice.

They also gave the beleaguered Krauts a liberal dose of their own murderous mines. All the approaches to the forts were heavily mined with German mines. As enemy groups, under the cover of darkness, tried to escape through the lines, many were blown to bits or wounded.

The prize of the Metz PW was an SS general, the first captured by Third Army.

He was SS Brigade Fuehrer Anton Dunkern, SS ruler of Lorraine. Although he was in military uniform, of the finest quality and fit, including a magnificent field-green leather ulster, there was nothing of the soldier about him. Pudgy and shifty-eyed, he looked the goon he was.

Dunkern was captured in a manner in keeping with his rat character.

Several GIs, exploring a wine cellar in search of refreshments, suddenly encountered him cowering behind a vat. In the dim light they mistook him for a Wehrmacht officer. Later, when they learned his real identity, they disgustedly regretted they had not "liberated" him.

Patton personally interrogated Dunkern. Before he was brought in, Patton appeared in heavy field boots. "I always wear high boots," he said with a grin, "when I talk to SS bastards."

To complete the picture, Patton used a young Jewish lieutenant as the interpreter. Patton gave Dunkern the works. He was required to stand at attention and preface all his replies with "Sir."

"I have captured a number of German generals," Patton began, "but you are the most sordid son-of-a-bitch of them all. You aren't a soldier at all. You're a goddamned Party official. I ought to turn you over to the French."

Dunkern protested excitedly. "Under the Geneva Convention," he whined, "that is not permitted. I am an American prisoner."

"How come you surrendered? Why didn't you die for the Fuehrer as you forced your troops to swear they would do?"

"I had no chance. The door suddenly opened and one of your men stuck his gun into my stomach."

"I'm surprised he was able to pull it out again," said Patton, eyeing Dunkern's gooey paunch. "Our records show that you committed some very grave offenses in Lorraine."

"I did nothing I am ashamed of, I may have made some mistakes, but only those of human judgment."

"What do you mean, human judgment?" rasped Patton. "Are you talking about Nazi judgment, or the judgment of decent people? What about the hostages you shot?"

"There were times," replied Dunkern, "when that was necessary for the protection of the Reich."

"The War Crimes Commission will decide that," shot back Patton. "Take the dirty bastard away."

But before Dunkern was sent to a PW cage, Patton had him examined to check on a report that SS had the blood group to which they belong tattooed under the left armpit. A medical officer stripped Dunkern and went over him from head to foot. No tattoo mark was found.

However, the report later was substantiated by captured SS documents. They disclosed that the tattooing was confined to Waffen-SS (combat) personnel. This confirmed what Patton suspected: that Dunkern was a political, and not a military, officer.

While 5th and 95th Divisions were making history capturing Metz, 90th Division was emblazing one of the brightest stars on its glory-studded shield.

The Division's immediate objective was to secure bridgeheads over the Moselle, in the vicinity of Thionville, and to capture ancient Königsmacher and the fort that defends it. The city is an important road-rail center and the fort one of the major outer defenses of both Metz and the Saar-Moselle triangle. Its reduction was necessary for an advance on Saarburg.

90th slashed across the Moselle in a surprise night assault. The river was rising but that didn't stop the Division. Bridging flooded streams was an old story to it by now. The plan was to seize a bridgehead with Infantry crossing in assault boats, and then to expand this foothold with Artillery and tanks that would cross on a pontoon bridge to be constructed under cover of the doughboys.

It was a daring plan, in keeping with the Division's high *esprit* and great fighting tradition.

The plan worked.

The Germans were caught by surprise and eight of the Division's nine Infantry battalions crossed the swollen stream by dawn with few losses. Working furiously and without regard to enemy fire, the Engineers erected a 300-foot heavy pontoon bridge. The Artillery and tanks moved up to nearby assembly points in preparation to cross that night.

But before they could do so, the river, which had been rising slowly, suddenly was hit by a flash flood and rose many feet in a few hours.

The pontoon bridge floated with the crest of the tremendous flood but the approaches disappeared. By midnight they were under fifty-four inches of water.

90th was in an extremely precarious position. Its Infantry was on the enemy side of the Moselle, and the supporting Artillery, tanks, and TDs were several miles behind on the west bank.

Had the Germans counterattacked with Armor that day, the doughboys would have had a very rough time. But the enemy had withdrawn so precipitously in the face of 90th's spirited crossing that he was unable to recover quickly. Also, he, too, was hampered by the great flood.

But the following day the Germans struck in strength. It was too late: 90th was ready for them.

Supplied by liaison planes, the doughboys had plenty of ammunition. Also, some mortars had been ferried across during the night, and on the west bank most of the Corps' Artillery had been rushed into position for such an attack.

The battle raged violently most of the day, with the enemy charging repeatedly through the murderous Artillery fire. At one point, a Panzer spearhead made a three-kilometer penetration. But by nightfall, the broken line had been reclosed and the marauding tanks were being hunted down and destroyed.

The next day the Germans again attacked. But by this time 90th had a portion of its supporting heavy weapons across the river.

The never-failing Engineers had improvised a number of heavy rafts and during the night had ferried over fieldpieces, tanks, and TDs. The Krauts took another costly beating. Then, although much of the area still was under water, the doughboys attacked. By the following day they had captured Königsmacher, and on November 12, after a brief but vicious fight in the grim old bastion, they cleared Fort Königsmacher.

At a press conference a few days later, Patton acclaimed the Division's exploit as one of the greatest in the war. A reporter asked if it had been known beforehand that the Moselle would flood as it did.

"Well," grinned Patton, "I could tell you that I was a great strategist and knew it was going to happen. The real truth is that both we and the Germans were caught by surprise. The difference between us was that after the flood struck we did something about it right away, and the Germans didn't. As a result, when they did counterattack, we were ready for them. Then, before they could hit us hard again, 90th attacked and caught them off balance."

By the middle of December, Third Army had reduced the Saar and was strongly disposed to assault the Siegfried positions barring the way to the Rhine.

XII and XX Corps were abreast, on a general north-south line, with a number of bridgeheads over the Saar and two deep salients, at Dillingen-Saarlautern and Saarbrücken-Sarreguemines, in Germany. III Corps, which had been getting battle experience directing the reduction of the Metz forts, was moving to a position in the center of the Lucky line between XII and XX Corps.

The Saar campaign had been a grueling test of skill, courage, and endurance. Tremendous natural and organized obstacles had been overcome, great feats of daring and fortitude had been performed, and historic victories won.

But they had exacted a heavy cost. The 1,820 square miles of liberated and captured territory, practically all fortified terrain, added up on the casualty chart to 4,428 killed, 20,303 wounded, 3,334 missing.

The enemy's losses were many times greater. His PW toll alone exceeded Lucky's total casualties. Enemy losses were 36,489 PW, estimated 20,900 killed and 61,600 wounded.

Elaborate planning had been in progress for weeks for the momentous Siegfried assault.

Two grave problems encumbered these preparations:

Lack of replacements for the seriously depleted combat units;

Mounting concern over the Germans' capability to launch a counteroffensive.

Despite an average loss of more than 500 casualties a day, Third Army had received practically no replacements.

Battalions were whittled down to company size, and scores of tanks were immobilized because of lack of crews. Week after week of consuming combat went by and still no replacements.

Third Army was short over 9,000 combat troops. If the War Department could not produce replacements, Lucky would make its own.

A call was issued for volunteers from Headquarters units and Army and Corps troops. More than 5,000 responded. They were equipped as riflemen and sent to a training camp, near Metz, before being distributed among the line units.

Two weeks later, with the replacement situation increasingly urgent, a flat levy was imposed. Lucky's seven Infantry and three Armored divisions now were short over 11,000 men. The order drafted 5 per cent of enlisted men and officers up to the grade of Captain.

Patton solemnly announced the step at the close of a daily briefing.

"This Army," he said, "is faced with the unhappy task of making its own grease. There are no replacements and it is clear now there won't be any for some time. We have licked shortages of gas and ammunition and other handicaps in the past. We are not going to be stopped now by lack of replacements. We will lick that as we have other obstacles, by our own efforts.

"We had a call for volunteers. That was very productive. But it still is not enough. To be fair to everyone, this time we will have a draft. And if that is not enough, we will have another. I am fully aware that your Sections have sustained losses and are shorthanded. But if the Infantry can attack day after day with 50 per cent of T/O strength, then staffs can function with 80 or 85 per cent of their strength. There will be no complaints and no arguments. We are all soldiers and this is war. Third Army will not be stopped."

The second levy produced enough riflemen to bring most of the Infantry divisions up to strength, plus several thousand in a reserve pool.

Meanwhile, as the date drew near for the Siegfried Line-Rhine jump-off, the constantly growing German reserve in the north became an increasing concern to Lucky.

It was clear the enemy had the capability to raise unshirted hell. The big question was where and when.

There was every reason for Lucky's uneasiness.

A great mass of trustworthy information had produced a detailed Order of Battle of German reserves. The identification of units, their location, strength, and composition were definitely known. Also, the tactical situation and Allied dispositions were an open book, easily read by examination of a Situation Map of the Western Front.

In the north, the Second British Army had cleared the west bank of the Meuse. Ninth Army was on the Roer River ten miles into Germany. First Army had captured Aachen, cleared the Hürtgen Forest after savage fighting, and was on the threshold of Düren, 20 miles east of Cologne. Third Army had strong salients in Germany from Dillingen to Sarreguemines. And Seventh Army was in Strasbourg, on the west bank of the Rhine in the south.

The Germans had to strike soon if they were to forestall a major Allied offensive in Germany. It was Hitler's last chance to keep the Reich from being made the battleground. It was an obvious race for time as to who attacked first.

Further, the thinly held Ardennes sector stood out on the map like a red danger beacon. It was a glaringly weak link between the main forces of First and Third Armies.

Lucky G-2 pointed out all this as early as December 4.

In a special Estimate of the Situation, G-2 reported these significant facts:

That eight Panzer, three Para, and three Infantry divisions were out of contact in the north;

That the enemy's continued failure to commit 5 and 6 SS Panzer Armies, despite the threatening advances into Germany, strongly indicated determination to employ this powerful mobile reserve in a co-ordinated effort;

That a G-2 analysis of enemy rail movements revealed extremely heavy traffic toward the Eifel, opposite the Ardennes. On November 26, TAC/R planes reported 300 trains in movement and in marshaling yards. On other days, the number ran from 33 to 84 trains;

That on the basis of this analysis a large build-up of troops and supplies clearly was in progress opposite the southern (Ardennes) flank of First Army.

At Patton's direction, this Estimate was published in the G-2 Daily Periodic Report, received by all Third Army commanders. It was his way of alerting them to the ominous enemy situation in the north.

Third Army's target date was set for December 19, with a prayer for good weather.

That was a vital factor. A vast Air blitz was the key feature of the plan to rupture the great Siegfried positions.

The full weight of Allied bomber forces had been assigned to spearhead the ground assault. For three successive days, 4,200 bombers and fighters would pound enemy emplacements in front of the attacking troops. It would be the biggest Air "show" up to that time.

The great Air blitz was "laid on," however, only after XIX TAC's young CG, Brigadier General Otto P. Weyland, had bluntly laid on some topside brass.

Weyland participated in a conference at SHAEF, attended by Eisenhower, Bradley, Spaatz, Doolittle, and Vandenberg. It developed that Group had formulated a plan under which most of the bomber force was allocated to First and Ninth Armies. Weyland was the only one-star general present. But, while weightily outranked, he protested vigorously.

"Third Army," he said, "has fought for months with very little bomber support. Under this plan, it would continue to get only what First and Ninth Armies can't use. That is not only unfair, but unsound tactically."

For a few moments the silence was so thick it could have been sliced. Then Eisenhower spoke up.

"Weyland is absolutely right," he said. "This plan needs revision to insure that our Air Power is used in a manner to obtain maximum results."

The other Air generals also rallied to Weyland. Spaatz said, "Opie, I'll give you a thousand heavies." Doolittle made a similar promise and added, "I'll get the RAF to do a night job for you." In a few minutes, Group's plan was junked and Weyland had obtained full-scale bomber support for Lucky's initial assaults.

The details of the blitz were completed several days later, when Spaatz, Doolittle, and Vandenberg flew to Patton's CP and worked them out with him and Weyland.

The plan for the smash to the Rhine consisted of a co-ordinated two-Corps assault.

On the south, XII Corps would attack in the Saarbrucken-Sarreguemines area with Kaiserslautern as the intermediate objective. Simultaneously, on the north, XX Corps would attack in the Saarlautern salient with Bad Kreuznach, 25 miles southwest of Mainz, as the intermediate objective; III Corps, in reserve in the center, would exploit the first penetration to implement a breakthrough.

This double envelopment, along the two main corridors through the rugged Palatinate, was designed to destroy all enemy forces west of the Rhine and thus eliminate them as a factor in the assault across the river.

In close conjunction with Lucky, VI Corps of Seventh Army also would assail the Siegfried Line on Seventh's south flank. The Corps was strongly disposed for a jump-off in the Wissembourg-Lauterbourg area. With both Armies attacking, the Germans would not be able to concentrate their full strength against either.

Crux of Lucky's plan was penetration of the dense Siegfried defenses.

Once driven out of them, the enemy would be forced to fight in the open. He had no other organized position west of the Rhine. Also, the few main roads in the Palatinate would canalize his movements. Further, east of Kaiserslautern and Bad Kreuznach the terrain would greatly favor Third Army. The Rhine plain tables out flat and unobstructed from these two points and the tanks would have easy rolling.

Preparations for the assault were detailed and elaborate.

Every defensive position and obstacle was meticulously pin-pointed. Thousands of 1/25,000-scale multi-colored collated maps were compiled and distributed. Every unit, down to squads and sections, had its own set of maps presenting not only every feature of the terrain in its zone of advance, but the location and details of every hostile position and obstruction.

This great mass of data was secured from a number of sources, chief of them aerial photography. XIX TAC's Photo Reconnaissance flew hundreds of sorties for this purpose. Photo/R was vital not only in locating enemy defenses but in checking information from other quarters. Some of these were very unusual—particularly one PW.

He was a German Major General. He had commanded a division in France until captured late in the summer. During the long hours in captivity, he reached two conclusions: that Germany had lost the war and was continuing it only because of maniacal Nazi terrorism; that it was his duty to the German people to do everything possible to bring the war to a speedy end.

He therefore volunteered to assist in breaching the Siegfried defenses, about which he knew a great deal. He had supervised the construction of a key section that Third Army was to assault.

He was brought to Nancy and installed in a villa staffed with German-speaking guards and G-2 officers. He was supplied with maps and went industriously to work. The PW proved not only absolutely reliable, but possessor of an extraordinary memory.

He pin-pointed hundreds of emplacements. Also, the details of their construction, armament, strong points, and weak spots. In every instance his information, all carefully checked, was found to be accurate.

The PW was most co-operative—also, very appreciative of the American food, sweets, and cigarettes with which he was abundantly supplied and the GI uniform issued to him for security reasons.

The PW's favorite recreation was to entertain G-2 officers in the evening with apple pie and coffee, both of which he rapturously acclaimed as *wunderbar*.

The PW concluded his work as an unofficial member of the G-2 Section with a remarkable briefing.

Attired in his own uniform, repaired and cleaned for the occasion, he briefed Corps and division commanders and their G-2s on where and how to attack the Line. He delivered the lengthy dissertation in English, which he had taught himself during captivity. Afterwards a U. S. General lauded the presentation as one of the ablest he had ever heard.

On December 14, Patton went to Group, in Luxembourg, for a final conference with Bradley on the offensive.

December 16 dawned with Lucky poised and ready for the attack.

Regrouped in their hard-won positions, the line units were resting and completing final preparations. They still were 12,000 short of T/0 strength, but were hard, seasoned, and confident. They had tough, cocky assurance in themselves and in their commander.

Once again, everyone was weather conscious. The outlook was not too promising, but there was a chance for fair flying weather by the 19th. That was all Lucky asked. Just a "Lucky" break.

Then, suddenly, out of the blue, murder broke loose in the north.

Reports of an enemy attack in VIII Corps' zone filtered in during the day. But they were indefinite and gave no indication of the extent of the blow. The first intimation that the situation was serious came that night from Bradley's Chief of Staff.

He telephoned Patton to rush 10th Armored Division to the vicinity of the city of Luxembourg.

Patton protested. He pointed out that the loss of the Division would make it impossible to carry out the assault in XX Corps' zone, and that, in turn, would disrupt the whole offensive plan.

Bradley came on the phone, and Patton repeated his arguments. "It cost us thousands of casualties," he said, "to reduce the Saar and to get into position for this drive. If you take 10th Armored now, that's just playing into the Germans' hands."

Bradley agreed that Third Army's plans would be upset. But he said 10th Armored was urgently required and must be moved to VIII Corps' area at once.

10th was deployed about ten miles south of the Luxembourg border. The Division got under way within an hour after receiving orders, and by daybreak some of its advanced elements were fighting northeast of Luxembourg city.

By morning of December 17, Hq Third Army had a clear idea of what had happened in the Ardennes.

The information was startling, but not unexpected. It was exactly in line with the warning in the G-2 Estimates several weeks previous.

All that day, the Staff waited tense and expectant. The big question was: What will happen to our offensive? At a council with the planning group, Patton was not optimistic.

"It's a perfect set-up for us," an officer said. "The Germans will have to commit all their reserves to maintain this drive. That means they can't reinforce very much against us or Seventh Army. If they will roll with the punch up North, we can pin-wheel the enemy before he gets very far. In a week we could expose the whole German rear and trap their main forces west of the Rhine."

Patton studied the War Map intently for a few minutes; then shook his head.

"You're right," he said, "that would be the way to do it. But my guess is that our offensive will be called off."

Next morning, Patton was summoned to Luxembourg.

Bradley explained the gravity of the situation. He said Third Army's offensive would have to be abandoned and asked how soon its main forces could be shifted to the Ardennes.

Patton replied he could have one Armored and two Infantry divisions (equivalent of a Corps) in the area within twenty-four hours.

Upon his return that evening, three of Lucky's greatest fighting divisions were ordered to move north at once. They were 4th Armored and 26th and 80th Infantry Divisions.

For 4th and 80th this meant a prodigious feat. Not only would they have to halt attacks and disengage from the enemy, but they would have to withdraw across the Saar and Moselle and move 125 miles over snow-covered roads. Both divisions were holding advanced positions in the Saarbrücken-Sarreguemines sector. Elements of the 4th had cleared a village 15 miles in Germany that day. 26th Division, training replacements at Metz, was better situated. But it had 4,000 untried men.

However, the three divisions were in Luxembourg within the time promised by Patton.

On December 19, he was summoned to Verdun for a conference with Eisenhower. Before departing, Patton and the planning group worked out a tentative plan of operations in the Ardennes.

It consisted of a three-Corps counterattack: VIII Corps on the West against the nose of the German assault; III Corps in the center, in the Arlon-Bastogne area; and XII Corps on the East, in the Diekirch sector, due north against the enemy's flank.

XX Corps would hold all of Lucky's zone south of Luxembourg with one Armored and two Infantry divisions.

Patton also attended the daily briefing and then addressed the Staff.

"What has occurred up north is no occasion for excitement," he said. "As you know, alarm spreads very quickly in a military command. You must be extremely careful in a critical situation such as this not to give rise to any undue concern among the troops.

"Our plans have been changed. We're going to fight, but in a different place. Also, we are going to have to move very fast. We pride ourselves on our ability to move quickly. But we're going to have to do it faster now than we've ever done before. I have no doubt that we will meet all demands made on us. You always have and I know you will do so again this time. And whatever happens, we will keep right on doing as we have always done, killing Germans wherever we find the sons-of-bitches."

At Verdun, in addition to Eisenhower, were Bradley, Devers, and a number of high British officers, among them Air Marshal Tedder. After an extended discussion, Eisenhower told Patton that he wanted him to take command of the Ardennes battle and asked how soon he could do so.

"As soon as you are through with me here," was the reply.

Eisenhower then asked when Third Army could attack the Germans' flank.

"The day after tomorrow," Patton said.

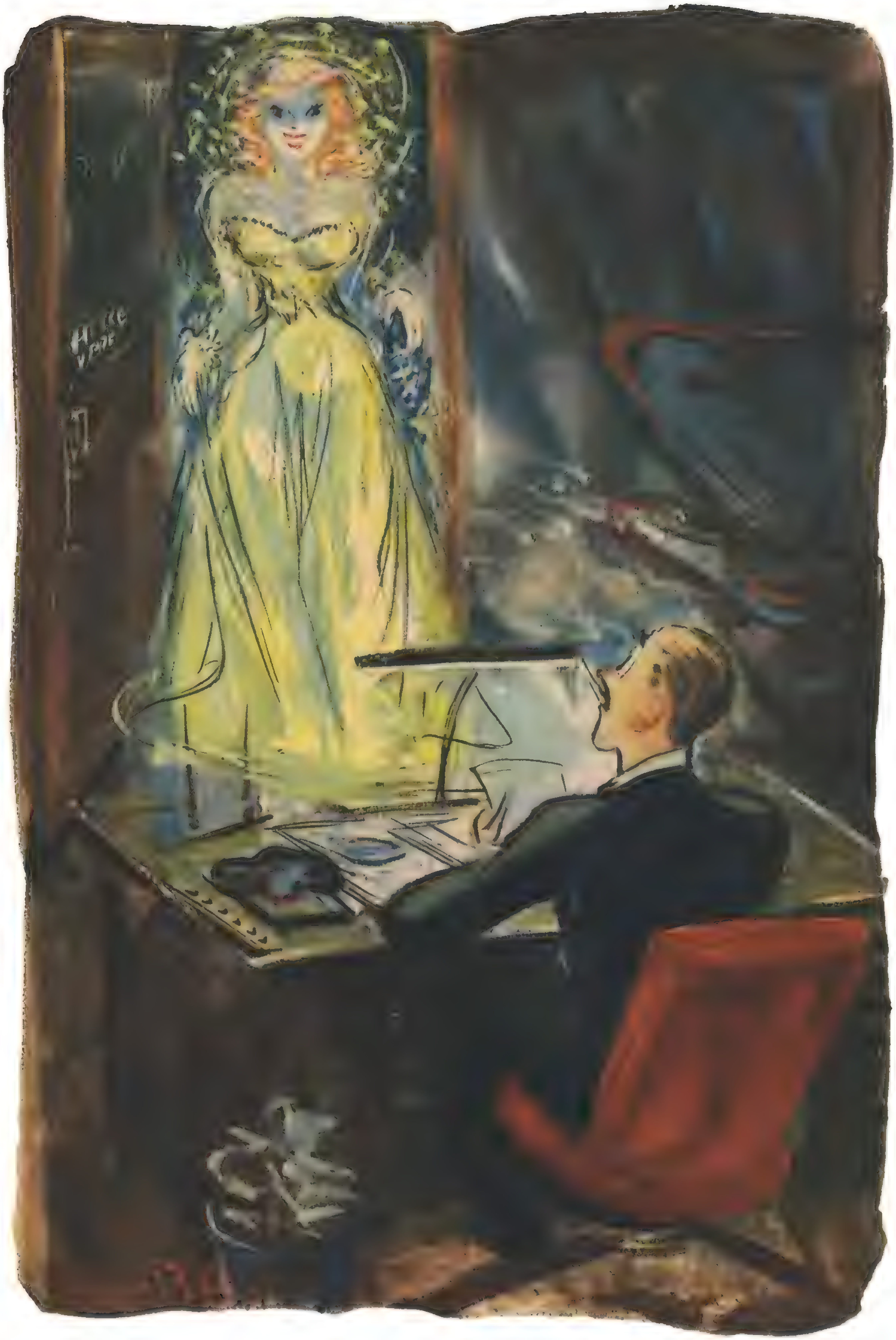
Before Patton left, Tedder asked him if he wasn't making a mistake in holding on to the Saar. Tedder pointed out that by giving up the sector, Patton would gain another Corps. He shook his head.

"Another Corps undoubtedly would be useful," Patton said, "but we paid a big price for that ground down there. When we get through licking the Hun up here, we are going back and finish the job down there."

And that is exactly what happened. Two and a half months later, Third Army destroyed an entire German Army Group in the Palatinate in ten days. (*The final installment of* Lucky Forward *by Colonel Robert S. Allen will appear in the March issue of* Esquire.)

Aurora

by Claude Jacoby



"I just thought I'd drop back to see if you had any dictation"

The Cows Jumped Over the Moon

There could no longer be any doubt that big changes were imminent when a towering blonde ran a mile in under four minutes

A Story by

ROBERT M. COATES

STATISTICIANS were first to become aware of what was happening. Through their charts and graphs they had discovered that while the race was growing taller, women were growing at an increasingly faster rate than men. Thus in 1910 the average height of the adult female had been five-feet-two-and-one-half inches, as against the man's five-feet-seven; in 1930 it had gone up to five-feet-four-and-a-half, and in 1950 to five-feet-seven-and-one-quarter, while in that period man had only struggled up to five-feet-eight.

Even then statisticians had not guessed how far the development was to continue, and the lay public had no real inkling of what was happening until the midnineteen-fifties. To be sure, people had been vaguely conscious that there were changes in women's stature. "How tall these young college girls are getting!" people would remark as they walked down Fifth Avenue during the holidays.

But the fact was still somehow obliterated by the traditional conception of women as frail creatures, shrinking under the shelter of the towering male. To be sure, there were sporadic attempts to exploit the situation. "Be Gloriously Tall!" said a headline in *Vogue* in 1949, and *Harper's Bazaar* countered with a series of articles on *Tall Women of History*, beginning with Diane of Poitiers, mistress of Henri II of France and "taller by a head than the King, himself," and ending with Ingrid Bergman.

Still it was not until the year 1967 that people really grasped what was going on. In that year, at Madison Square Garden, the Mississippi Women's College basketball team, of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, beat the Texas Aggies (an all-male team) by the astounding score of 48-12. Since the Aggies averaged six-feet-four and the girls had towered at least three inches over them, the disparity could hardly escape attention.

Soon afterward Miss Erithrea Sparks, a wing-assembly worker in an airplane factory in Oklahoma City, was named Miss Stratosphere of 1968. Her height was seven-feet-one-and-one-quarter, and she was beautiful besides, yet as soon as she was selected, many girls in all parts of the country, claiming even greater altitude and a prettier figure, contested the title.

Things were still in a period of transition, and there were some comparative pygmies of five-feet-nine or -ten inches, eager to make the most of their devastating frailty and helplessness, *vis à vis* the only slightly smaller males around them. In the end, though, the sheer awesomeness of height began to have its effect.

As far back as the nineteen-forties, there had been some branches of athletics, such as archery, diving, and so on, in which women had been able to compete on almost equal terms with men. But their added height and increased strength soon changed the balance, and soon it was the men who had to scramble to keep up with the women in some sports, while in others—the high jump, the hurdles, pole vault, and distance racing—the latter were immeasurably superior. The long-sought-for four-minute mile was achieved, and surpassed, in the 1972 Olympics by Miss Bernice Tompkins of Eastchester, Pennsylvania, with a time of 3:57.02. Miss Tompkins was six-feet-eight-and-a-half inches in height. Her stride was a thing to marvel at, and the sight of her sturdy yet graceful figure coming down the track, blonde hair flying—and the burst of lithe power with which she flung herself into the lead—were things that, once seen, were not soon forgotten.

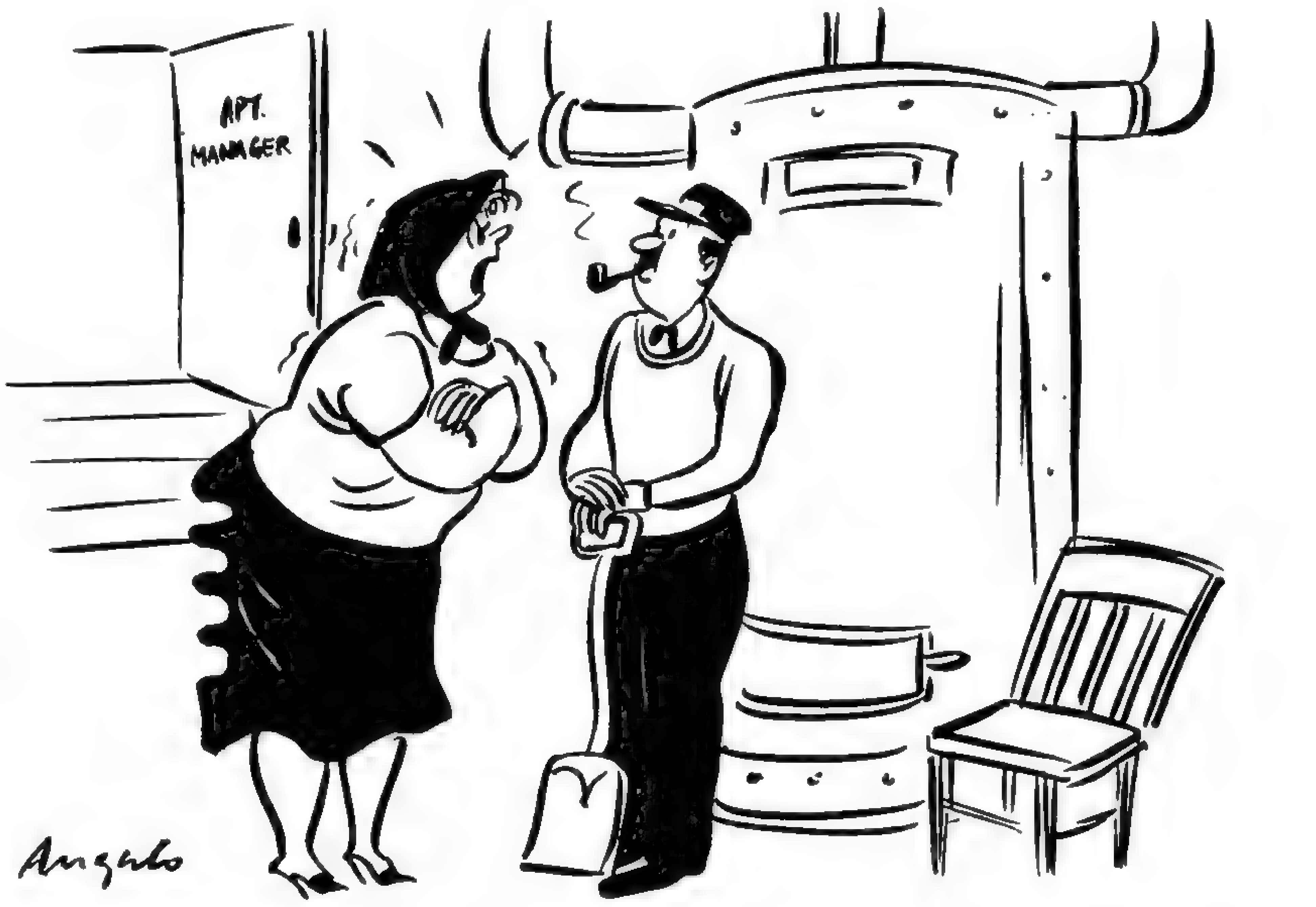
The over-all result in the field of human relations was that women took the lead in many activities in which they had formerly been docile followers. For years it had been the man who "led" and the woman who "followed" in the ballroom, but the unwieldiness of this, when the man could neither see over nor around his partner, soon forced itself on everyone's attention; only awkward collisions and tumbles resulted, and after a short-lived reversion to an ancient dance called the "Lambeth Walk," in which the partners moved side by side, women became guiding partners and men passive ones.

Under the impact of changing conditions the modes and customs of courtship changed too. It was obviously ludicrous for men to attempt to shepherd young giantesses up curbs or into buildings and they soon gave up such gestures. Although it was still physically possible for a seven-footer to perch herself on a six-foot-or-under suitor's lap, the precariousness of such an arrangement became apparent. Positions were reversed, and it was an easy step for the woman to propose marriage and, eventually, to carry her diminutive husband over the threshold of their new home.

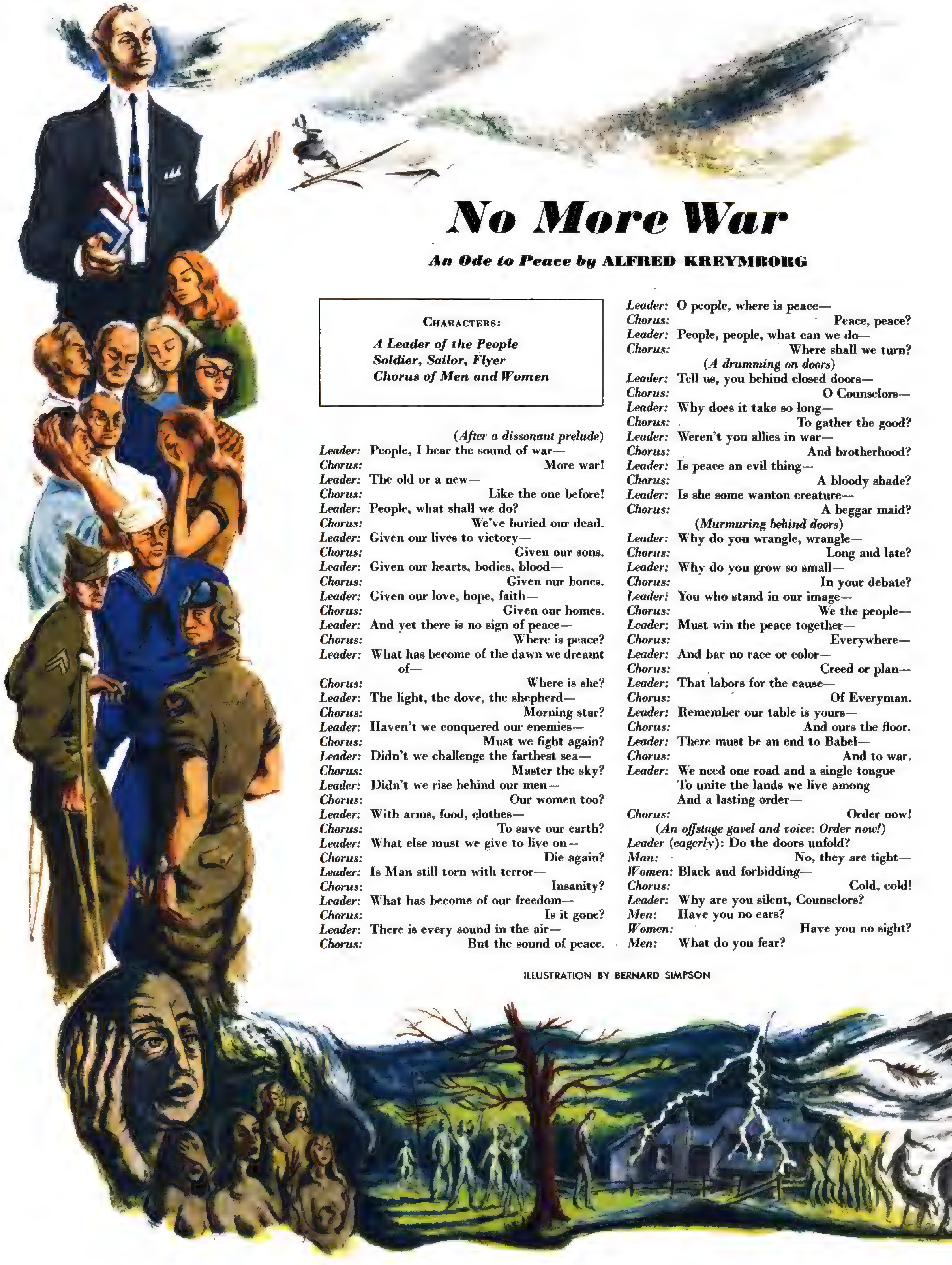
By then, too, the women were pretty largely the breadwinners. To be sure, close, delicate work was beyond them; their large hands were by now unsuited to such things as threading a needle or running a sewing machine or, for that matter, manipulating the keys of a typewriter. Besides, such jobs bored them, since their aptitudes ran towards heavy handling in the case of manual workers and large decisions in the case of white-blouse ones; and it was but natural that it was usually the woman who went off to the office in the morning and the man who stayed home to busy himself with the minutiae of housekeeping.

By 1990 one would have said that the adjustment was complete. No longer back-seat drivers, it was the women who sat at the wheels of the cars and guided them. They were at the wheel figuratively, in large affairs as well: when the 1994 Congress convened, it was found that of the 483 Representatives, 405 were women, as were seventy-nine of the 102 Senators. In the evenings it was a pretty sight to see hordes of homecoming women coming down the shaded streets of the suburbs—tall, healthy, firm-footed and exquisitely proportioned—truly goddesses as they strode towards that neat home where a man, *the* man, waited anxiously at the door.

And yet "happy" is perhaps not quite the right word, either. For how then shall one explain frequent occasions when the woman, quite unexpectedly, would seize the frightened man in a crushing embrace and burst, desperately, into a fit of torrential weeping? It may be that, even then, the women weren't quite satisfied. ⌗



"Don't get smart—I have been sitting on the radiator and I'm still cold!"



No More War

An Ode to Peace by ALFRED KREYMBORG

CHARACTERS:

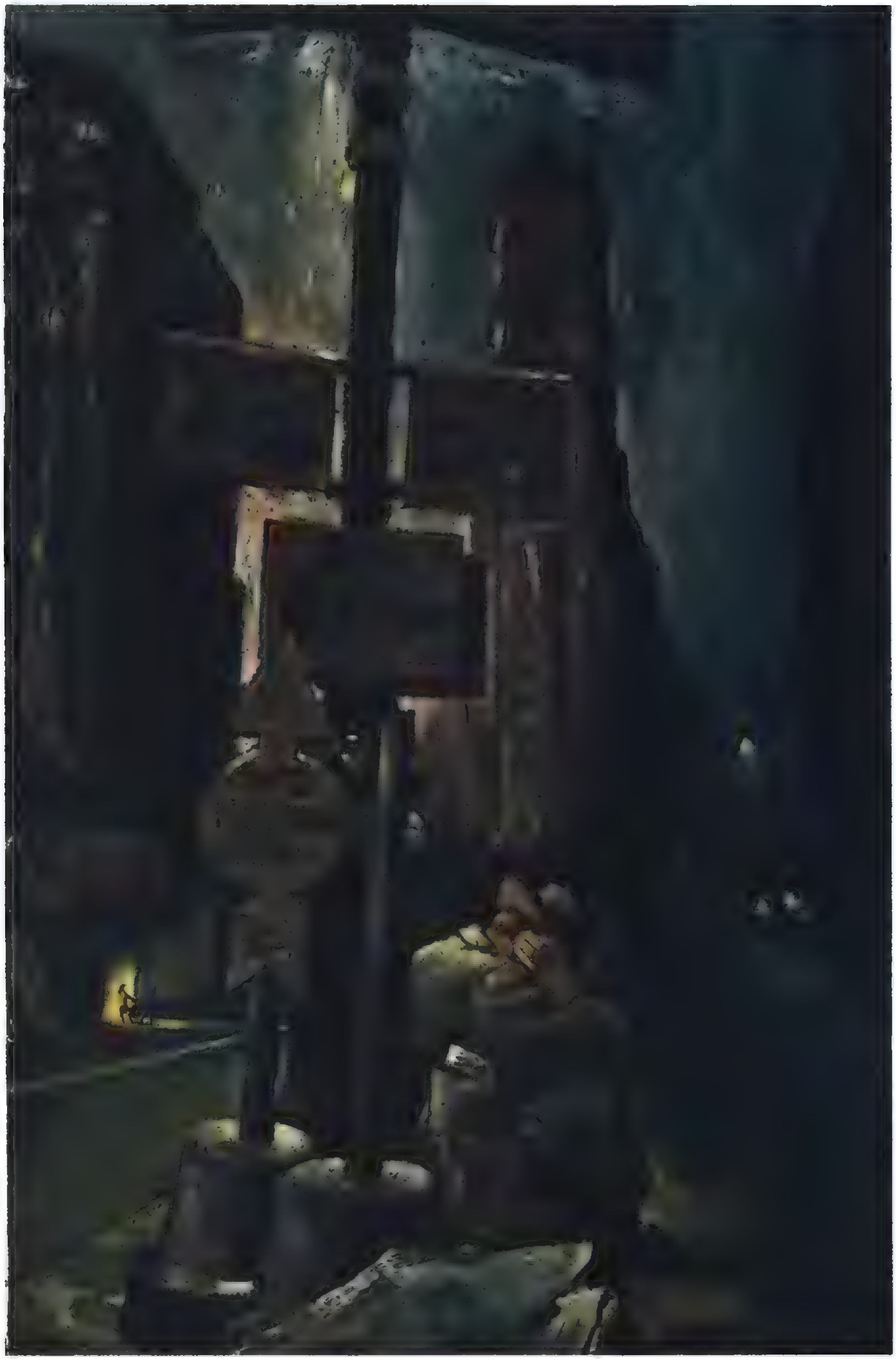
A Leader of the People
Soldier, Sailor, Flyer
Chorus of Men and Women

(*After a dissonant prelude*)
Leader: People, I hear the sound of war—
Chorus: More war!
Leader: The old or a new—
Chorus: Like the one before!
Leader: People, what shall we do?
Chorus: We've buried our dead.
Leader: Given our lives to victory—
Chorus: Given our sons.
Leader: Given our hearts, bodies, blood—
Chorus: Given our bones.
Leader: Given our love, hope, faith—
Chorus: Given our homes.
Leader: And yet there is no sign of peace—
Chorus: Where is peace?
Leader: What has become of the dawn we dreamt of—
Chorus: Where is she?
Leader: The light, the dove, the shepherd—
Chorus: Morning star?
Leader: Haven't we conquered our enemies—
Chorus: Must we fight again?
Leader: Didn't we challenge the farthest sea—
Chorus: Master the sky?
Leader: Didn't we rise behind our men—
Chorus: Our women too?
Leader: With arms, food, clothes—
Chorus: To save our earth?
Leader: What else must we give to live on—
Chorus: Die again?
Leader: Is Man still torn with terror—
Chorus: Insanity?
Leader: What has become of our freedom—
Chorus: Is it gone?
Leader: There is every sound in the air—
Chorus: But the sound of peace.
Leader: O people, where is peace—
Chorus: Peace, peace?
Leader: People, people, what can we do—
Chorus: Where shall we turn?
(*A drumming on doors*)
Leader: Tell us, you behind closed doors—
Chorus: O Counselors—
Leader: Why does it take so long—
Chorus: To gather the good?
Leader: Weren't you allies in war—
Chorus: And brotherhood?
Leader: Is peace an evil thing—
Chorus: A bloody shade?
Leader: Is she some wanton creature—
Chorus: A beggar maid?
(*Murmuring behind doors*)
Leader: Why do you wrangle, wrangle—
Chorus: Long and late?
Leader: Why do you grow so small—
Chorus: In your debate?
Leader: You who stand in our image—
Chorus: We the people—
Leader: Must win the peace together—
Chorus: Everywhere—
Leader: And bar no race or color—
Chorus: Creed or plan—
Leader: That labors for the cause—
Chorus: Of Everyman.
Leader: Remember our table is yours—
Chorus: And ours the floor.
Leader: There must be an end to Babel—
Chorus: And to war.
Leader: We need one road and a single tongue
To unite the lands we live among
And a lasting order—
Chorus: Order now!
(*An offstage gavel and voice: Order now!*)
Leader (*eagerly*): Do the doors unfold?
Man: No, they are tight—
Women: Black and forbidding—
Chorus: Cold, cold!
Leader: Why are you silent, Counselors?
Men: Have you no ears?
Women: Have you no sight?
Men: What do you fear?

ILLUSTRATION BY BERNARD SIMPSON

Women: Have you no light?
Leader: Friction, discord, silence—
Chorus: Silence again!
Leader: Not even an echo of what men cry for—
Women: Women as well.
Leader: Women, women, why do you weep?
Women: We cannot sleep, there is no sleep.
Woman: The son I lost is in the deep.
Another: There is no child of mine to creep
From the womb to the breast—
Women: There is no rest.
Men: And Life has no security.
Women: Leader, Leader, what shall we do?
Men: Where can we turn?
Leader (deliberately):
After each war confusion and chaos rise.
Nations divided in painful isolation.
Nobody trusting his former comrades now.
Suspicion garbed in robes of diplomacy.
And memory torn by rumors of Mars again.
Man: Armies return with a disillusioned air.
Woman: Heads bowed low as if they were with the dead.
Women: Leader, here are three men in uniform!
Men: Turn to them now—
Chorus: Ask them what to do!
Leader: Soldier, step forward, speak for us—
Chorus: Speak!
Soldier: I have nothing to say,
For all the things I saved or destroyed
You'll find me among the unemployed.
Chorus: This cannot be!
Soldier: Indeed it can if you look like me
Hobbling around from door to door
In search of a roof and a loaf of bread
I must have served the wrong war.
Chorus: No—no—
Leader: Sailor, step forward, speak for us—
Chorus: Speak!
Sailor: I have nothing to say.
Green as the grass, I hopped from a farm
Into a diving submarine.
And there I learned so much that I
Got out of touch with humanity.
Leader: What do you mean?
Sailor: When I came home
I found I had fought the war alone.
Whatever I'd done has been forgotten.
I might as well rot—
Chorus: No, no!
Sailor: And I'd almost welcome another war
To get back the job I had before.
Chorus: This cannot be!
Leader: Flyer, step forward, speak to us—
Chorus: Speak!
Flyer: I have little to add.
I used to sail the stratosphere
Through the most peaceful atmosphere
Known to mankind anywhere.
But I had orders to drop a bomb
In time with Death and held my breath
Watching it drop straight down below
And strike at the earth with one clean blow.
Leader: The earth, you say?
Flyer: There were people too,
Or shadows who ran for shelter there.
Leader: But you were performing your duty, sir?
Flyer: Yes, at the time, yet now I don't know
Where I belong; I'm in the dark.
The sky I beheld is no longer blue.
And from what I see of humankind
It is now our turn to run with the blind.
Leader: How can that be?
Flyer: My bomb is surpassed
By an atom so small and power so vast
It will sail through hell at a frightful pace
Unless men control such a barbarous race.
Leader: And whoever drops the seed of Death
On earth again with military greed
Will find himself echoed and brought as low
As the ancient walls of Jericho!
Women: No, no, no—
Men: That cannot be—
Chorus: It'll mark the end of humanity!
Leader: Quiet, friends, there is still some time
For us to prevent an inhuman crime
We have heard what these young heroes said
Out of the mouth of purgatory.
Their youth is ours from this day on
And the truth in their eyes must never cease,
But guide our lives toward a lasting peace.
Soldier: But until that time—
Sailor: Do we bow our heads?
Men: Do we wait for the old to make our beds?
Leader: No, we halt for no man here
Who is out of step with eternity.
Flyer: Nor can we rely on little men
Who turn an old clock back again.
Leader: We must go forward—
Women: The women too—
Another: Our children as well—
Women: And youth full grown
Man: No man on earth must feel alone.
Men: We the people who understand
Just how to rise can take command.
Leader: Not yet, my friends, the old are on high.
They gather in state and represent
The march of our common destiny.
Flyer: But if they go wrong or separate
And come to blows, what happens then?
Leader: The fall of every nation, Man—
Chorus: The end of civilization too!
Man: Knock on the doors again—
Men: Tear them down!
Leader: No, let them be for even they
Are young in the hands of History.
And those who remember the human stars
Who led us in war and dreamt of peace
And planned a new world for Everyman
Will save the earth under any sky,
While those who deny the dream and turn
To labor for themselves alone
Will all betray their fellow men.
Flyer: Suppose the traitors outnumber the true
Or succeed in splitting the human race
Into good and evil—
Soldier: And evil wins?
Sailor: We'll all be paying for their sins!
Leader: Yes, my friends, but don't forget
The world of men has lost more blood
Than it can ever bleed again.
Sheer exhaustion and devastation
Speak at our Council for every nation
That rose on our side and gave its blood
Not to the grave but to brotherhood.
Men: Their people are spent with poverty—
Women: And have lost their former liberty!
Leader (after a pause):
Long before this war was won
Our leading stars were overcast
By clouds resembling a wretched past
Through which the victors failed to see
What to do with their victory.
Over and over they met again
In desert places, distant snows,
And even among dangerous seas
That might be stormed by our enemies
In order to spell the word of Peace
In every language, every home.
Flyer: But suppose they are only dreaming still?
Leader (quietly): What is a dream? A dream is good
Even after the dreamer dies
If men in a constantly human stream
Labor on lasting realities—
Women: And harmonies—
Men: Harmony!
Leader: And even though we are thwarted now
By petty schemers and erring fools,
All too feeble to drive a plow
Into an earth that grows anew,
We can do more than we used to do.
Soldier: But that may take years—
Sailor: And we'll be dead—
Flyer: And Peace may only raise her head
To see the end of creation, sir!
Leader: Peace and creation move hand in hand.
And without these two there is no more land,
No more grain, no more bread.
And Time will doom humanity.
Soldier: Then what do we do?
Men: Do we fight for Peace?
Leader: Yes, my people, fight for Peace—
Chorus: And everlasting victory!
Women: Raise up your hearts—
Men: Give Death a tomb—
Women: And open your doors—
Men: Give Peace more room!
Leader: Room for a grander love and life—
Men: Room for a greater man and wife—
Women: Security—simplicity—
Chorus: And happiness our family!
Leader: In this battle, people are one—
Men: Freedom in hand with every dawn—
Women: Equality—fraternity—
Chorus: And we the people in full command!
Leader: Every circle round and true—
Chorus: A mighty band around our earth!
Leader: And in the night a single star
That speaks for all to the farthest shore.
Chorus: No more war in the birth of spring.
Life full-bloom in the summer rose.
No more dying with autumn leaves.
And a winter sun where no man grieves.
Leader: No more war—Fight for peace—
Chorus: Forever now and Evermore!

Stage or radio performances of this poem subject to permission of Maxim Lieber, 489 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



GUSTAV REHBERGER

The Big Drag

Here they are, the big shots, the wise guys, the hand-painted tie guys, from breakfast at noon to bedtime at dawn

A Story by MEL HEIMER

It is a slow, somehow macabre series of events that begins each morning at a certain unearthly hour in many parts of this land.

Roosters waddle obscenely out of the hen house and scream their ugly, marrow-chilling reveille. Alarm clocks cut out sleepers' hearts with hot knives. Cold showers, the rainstorms of the devil, beat men's souls into jelly. Eyes are opened, shoelaces are tied, coffee is drunk and busses are caught. Financial pages are read, small talk dribbles across the landscape like the retchings of a drunk, and men who have grappled through the night with the problem of whether to murder their brothers now behave to each other as if they were genuinely glad the sky was blue and the sun bright.

In one form or another, this unholy ritual takes place in downtown Chicago, with the damp lake air blowing in like a wet kiss, in Boston's Beacon Hill with the milk horses clattering and skidding on the dewy cobblestones, along Route I winding its grey way through Maryland, and in a thousand other cities, villages and allegedly civilized places where men and women live. If you get right down to it, it even takes place in New York. In the far reaches of the Bronx an accountant inspects his tongue gloomily by the bathroom mirror. Somewhere in Greenwich Village a nurse stares at a strange ceiling, wonders how in God's name she got there and tries to figure swiftly how long it will take her to taxi up to Bellevue for the early trick. Over by Sutton Place a willowy blonde struggles into her jodhpurs, and out in the wilderness of Queens an office boy listens sleepily to his old man giving him hell for having the car out so late.

All these things occur everywhere—except in Broadway.

Notice I say "in" Broadway, rather than "along" or "on." I say it this way because Broadway no longer is just a street, although there is still a winding path full of shooting galleries, movie houses, shirt shops, pineapple-juice stands and cafeterias; Broadway now is a section—the whole rococo, garish, hoopla midtown Manhattan area is Broadway, and to say you are "of" Broadway could mean that you live in the Waldorf, or write songs in the Brill Building or peddle reefers along Fifty-second Street. More than that, Broadway is a state of mind—a rarefied, refined attitude that may seem simple and harsh to the outlander, but which actually is a complex and involved thing that could and will take a book to explain.

But morning for Broadway? No roosters, no alarm clocks, no cold showers and, especially, no pleasant morning chitchat. Is it five o'clock that the first rooster crows in the outlands? At five o'clock most of Broadway is in that first hour of deep sleep that the wise men tell us is the best. The effects of the last midnight benzedrine tablet have worn off and the effects of the first sleeping tablet are beginning. Paper and cardboard and trash lie sprinkled for blocks on end on sidewalks and in gutters, like the trail of a gigantic hare-and-hounds chase. The movie-house marquees have blinked out, and the dawn is cold—oh, so cold . . . even in hot August—and grey. Maybe a sailor beats his lonely way up the street, uncertainly, waveringly. A cop yawns. A taxi bumps slowly over the trolley tracks. A drunk shivers and draws his legs closer to his chest in a doorway. This is Broadway asleep—fitful, frowning, grinding its teeth in a bad dream; waiting for the next day, the hundred-dollar parlay, the break at Loew's State, the blonde who's going to come around the corner of Lindy's: waiting for the big, wonderful surprise of tomorrow.

By nine the outlanders are on hand. The street is as dead and flat as old champagne, and so are all its side-street tributaries—out, cold, from the one drink too many. But the drones are beginning to spill out of the subways and bus terminals and trolleys and train stations. They walk through the streets of Broadway like the shapeless figures that float, red and misty, through a bad dream. Past the Paramount movie house they shuffle, past the cheap little dance halls with the 30-GIRLS-30 signs, past the pigeons spread out like a dirty deck of cards before the statue of Father Duffy, past the big gin mills like the Latin Quarter and the Zanzibar, which are tighter than a drum, through the long, hard streets of crosstown . . . all headed for a desk and a typewriter, or a cage and an adding machine. The Broadwayite sleeps.

But by eleven life along the Big Drag has begun to quicken, like an unborn babe kicking at his mother's stomach. The bartenders and the waiters wander into their cool, beery places of employment, the very earliest of Broadway birds appear on the sidewalks in

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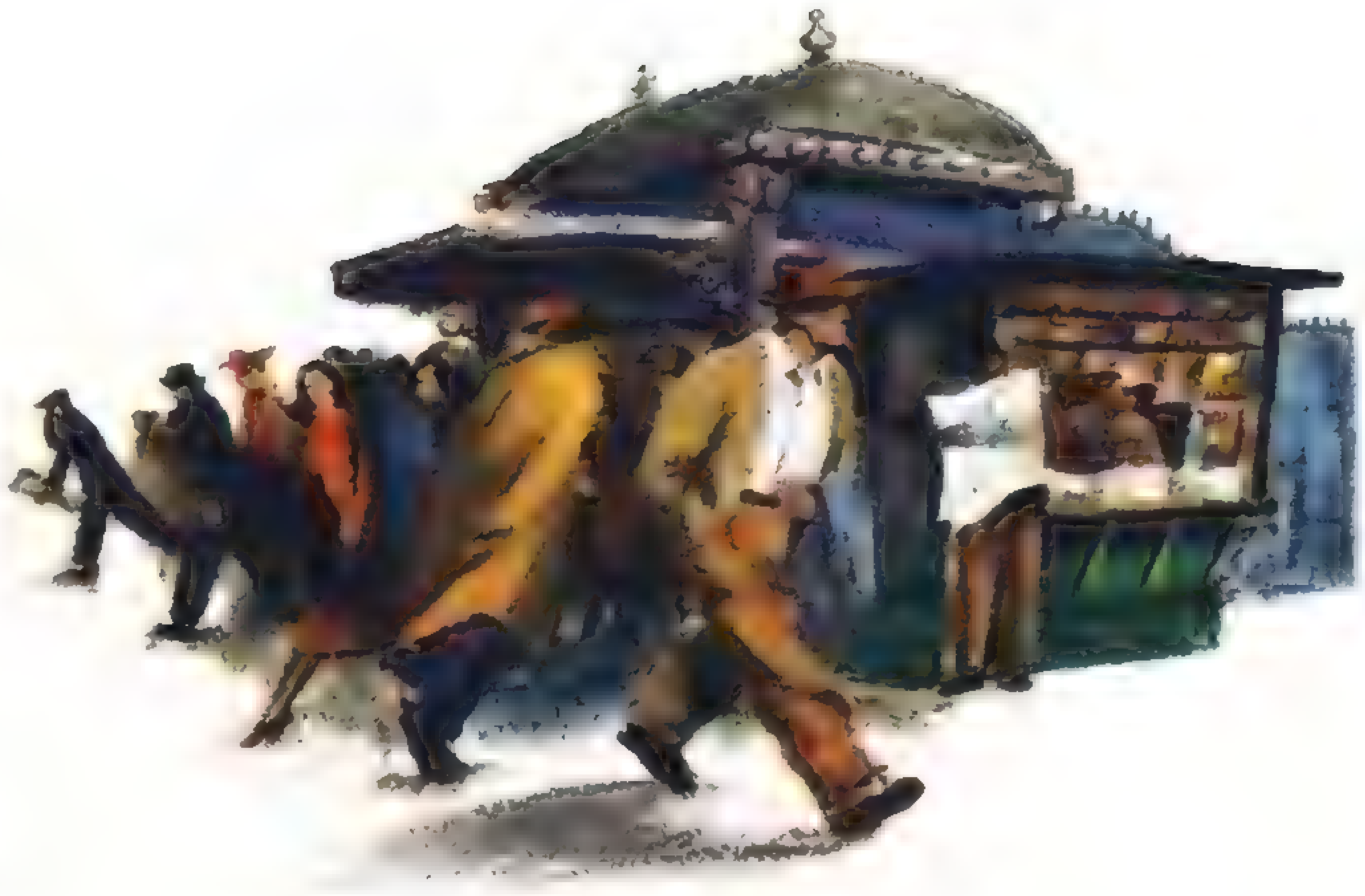
From the book, The Big Drag, *by Mel Heimer, published by Whittlesey House, division of McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc. Copyright 1947 by the author.*



front of the raffish little hotels in the Forties, and maybe from an upstairs *academie de musique* we hear the first tortured scales of the Manhattan morning lark—a trumpet stumbling over the latest broken-hearted ballad. The streets have emptied themselves of the alien element of commuters, and only in front of the movie houses do we see the Jackson Heights and Brooklyn wanderers, eying the latest Hollywood masterpieces.

Now the real Broadwayite begins to pop up along the main stem, as if up through the sidewalks. The dark shirt and light tie appears. The pegged trousers and the draped jacket. No hat, natch. The long hair and the thick Actors' Equity sideburns and, since it is the beginning of the day, the "rogue" sport shirt with no tie. The open-toed sandal, if it is summer; the brown suede brogue, if it is winter. The deep tan right out of the barbershop, and the cigarette—ever-present, smoldering, sinister—the final touch that makes our man another Humphrey Bogart, as he wishes.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of 12:30 p.m., Broadway makes its first move. Existence in Broadway is a series of moves; the idea of a day just falling into place according to the laws of God and nature just never is considered by the Broadwayite. You always think, swiftly, smoothly, thoroughly, before you make your move. The lengths to which this elementary philosophy is carried are remarkable; it extends to the tying of neckties, the buying of newspapers, the decision of whether to take the taxicab to Columbus Circle or ride the bus . . . as well as to the more solemn problems involving ethics, morals, character.

Each move, big or little, gets an equal amount of thought; to the Broadwayite the question of whether to invest a quarter to spend a quick morning hour in a newsreel movie house is studied as carefully as the plan to sink $30,000 in a new club along Fifty-second Street. There is no thought about which is more important; it is just that the citizen of Broadway has come up the hard, rough, tough way and must forever be circling around in the tall grass and trampling it down lest there be snakes hidden there.

But the first move—the first move is lunch. It is breakfast, of course, and there is no question of its being just a pleasant meal. Lunch is eaten in two ways, in Broadway. If the day is dull and the calendar empty, lunch is a chocolate malted in Walgreen's, or a fried egg on rye and a glass of tea in one of the delicatessens that dot Sixth Avenue—now Avenue of the Americas—like kosher oases. But that is an unusual state of affairs. Ordinarily, the Broadwayite lunches in a showcase—Dinty Moore's or Lindy's or Toots Shor's, or wherever midtown fashion decrees lunch shall be eaten. Lunch is the first move, then, but it is also a series of moves within a move. Our boy drifts into the bar, first, where most of the stools already are full of other bull moose coming down to the watering hole. Here and there bromo-seltzer dots the bar, but chiefly, of course, the glasses hold Scotch. Even during the war years, you got Scotch in Broadway —if you were of Broadway.

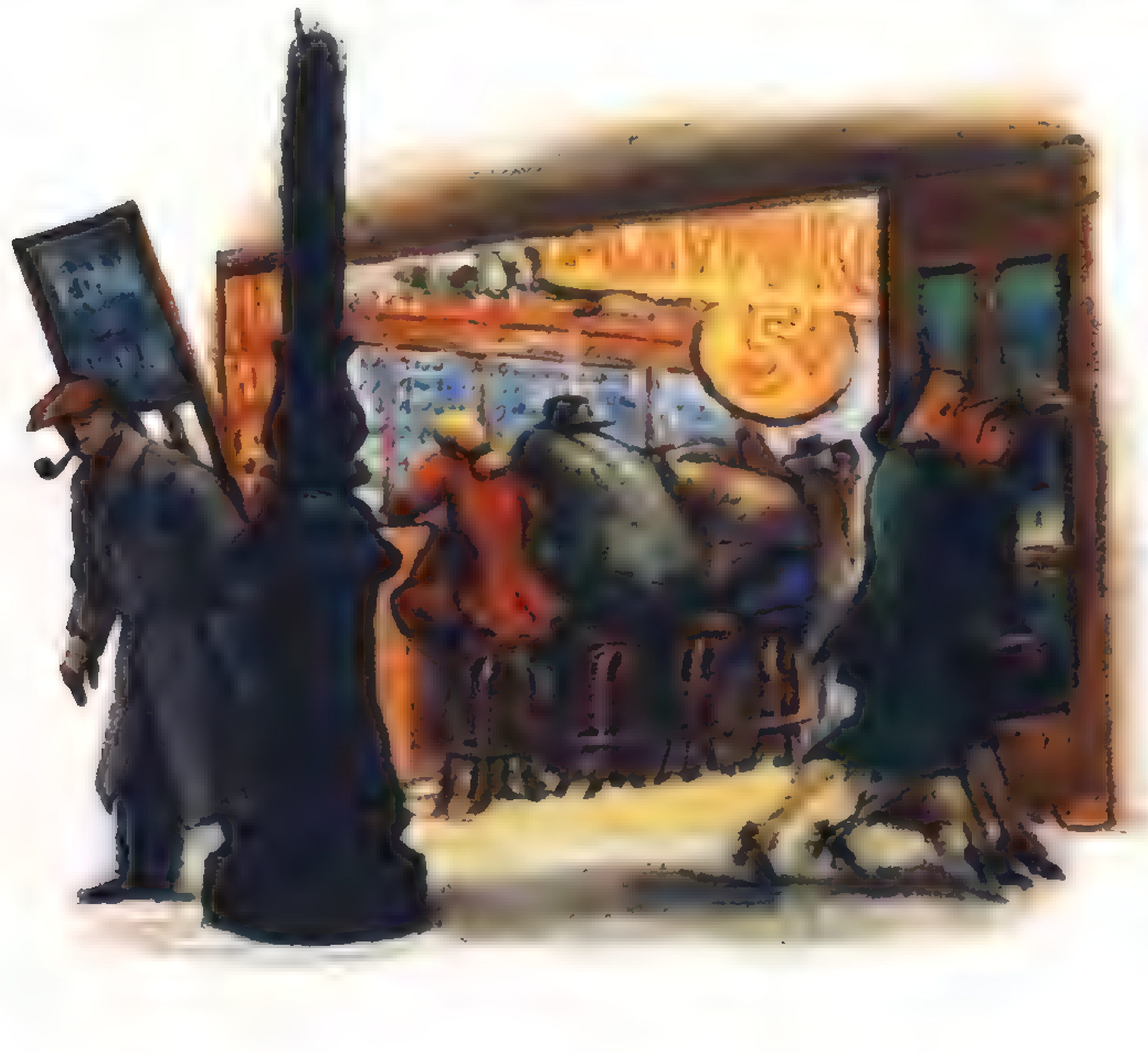
"Joe," our Broadwayite says, slapping one drinker easily on the back. The slapped one nods. "Max," he replies. There is a pause, while Max studies the room in search of a more important character than Joe. Momentarily, he finds none, so he turns back to Joe and begins to ask him what's on the fire, or what looks good in the first at Jamaica. Joe has been wishing to God that Max wouldn't stop and bother him, because Harry is at his left and he has been trying to get Harry to plug one of his songs on his next broadcast—but Max is here, heaven forfend, so Joe sighs and is reasonably cordial. "A goat named Five Pennies is going in the third up at Suffix Downs," (that would be the New England racecourse, Suffolk Downs), he says patiently, "and I have heard that—" but he gets no further. Now Max *has* spotted someone more important than Joe. "Par'n me just a minute, Joe," he says . . . and is off across the room to slap Frank on the back. Joe doesn't even take time to breathe heavily with relief; he has swung back to Harry without breaking stride and is talking about my God, but that Max is a wearisome bastard.

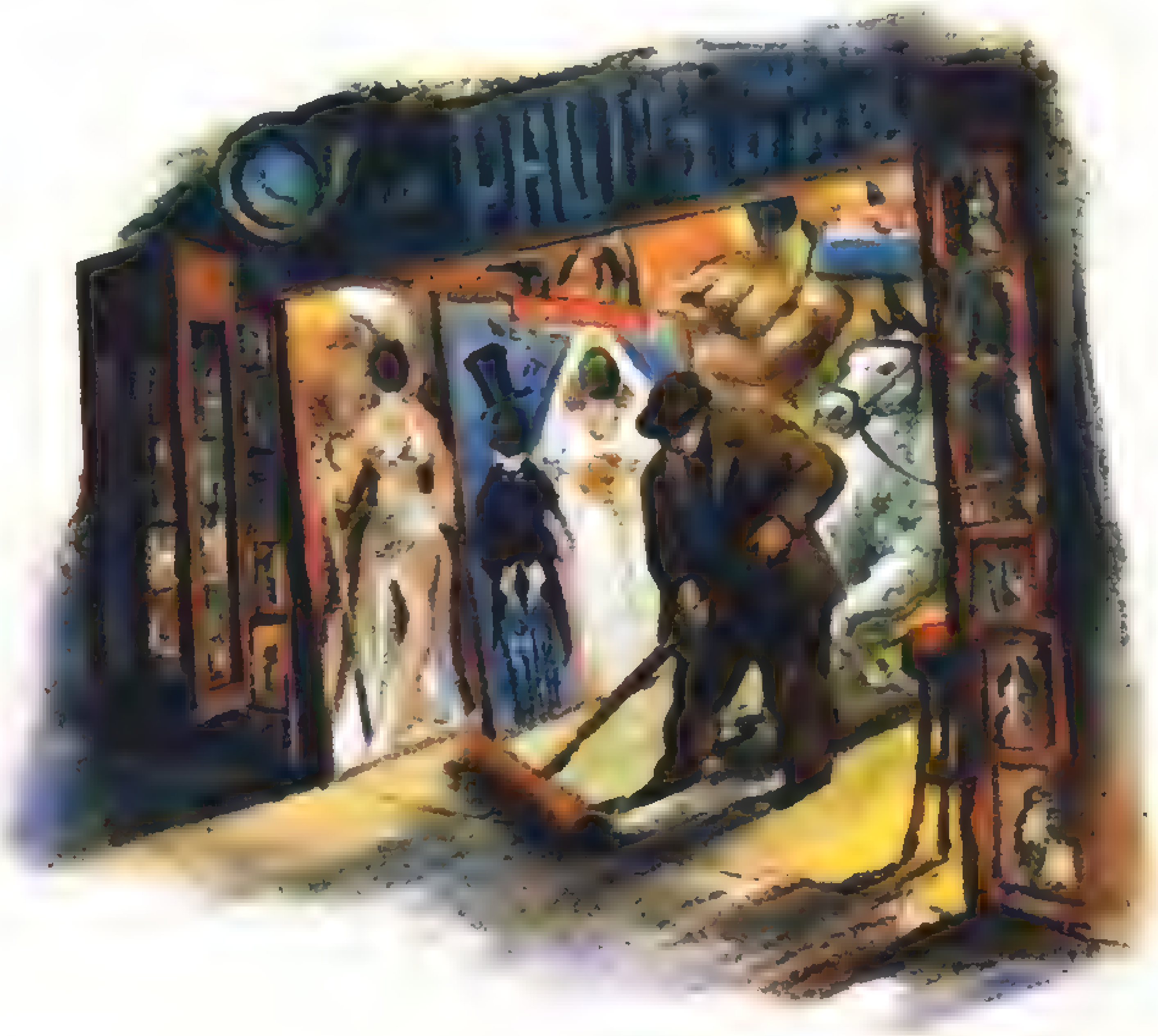
Max goes through the routine time and time again; finally, he meets "my appointment" and goes in to dine. Not too soon, not too late. A couple of stray celebrities dot the dining room, but mostly they arrive late. Ah, now they trickle in—maybe Frank Fay, the star sapphire glittering on one finger, the immaculate white shirt, the rusty tie . . . or Tallulah Bankhead, pleasantly exchanging insults with one and all . . . Ray Bolger, thin as a stalk of corn and much more sober than any judge . . . a visiting Hollywood actor, expecting the moon and the stars on his first visit to Broadway and finding just an eating joint with too many celebrities for him to overshadow . . . and over all, the clatter of dishes and silverware, the constant popping up and down and straining of necks to see just who is where, the table-hopping, the cries of "For Chrissake, Bill!" . . . the swift, hurried sips of coffee and mercurial stabs at food so as not to miss anything. Broadway is eating. Quiet, please. You both can't talk at once.

Around three, roughly, lunch has come and gone and Broadway has scattered again into a million jig-saw pieces. Some of the pieces have taxied up to the Polo Grounds or the Yankee Stadium, and there they sit behind third or first base watching the men of muscle. Here a pleasant afternoon is spent betting on whether Johnny Mize will break his bat on the next pitch, or whether Joe DiMaggio will strike out, the only rules of behavior being the cardinal one never to show any emotion. The Broadwayite may smoke or chew gum or swig down cokes, but when a ballplayer belts a 440-foot home run out of the park or strikes out three men on nine pitched balls, he must not rise from his seat or applaud or scream and yell, like the *moujiks* in the bleachers. A deed of derring-do is merely his signal to fish for his billfold, slowly, and extract a couple of bills to pass to his more fortunate companion.

Some of the other pieces of the fabulous jig-saw puzzle are out on Long Island improving the breed; here you find them wandering around the clubhouse, hunting the Hot Tip, or impassively watching the parade to the post, or taking the field glasses slowly away from their eyes and muttering, "For God's

(*Continued on page 139*)





Making Yourself Fit to Ski

How to get through the winter without breaking your neck

A Sports Article by OTTO R. HOLLAUS

Crouch low, finger tips on floor, heels raised; ignore rude comments; get yourself in shape to schuss, snowplow, kick-turn, stemturn and small jump — and punch wise guys in the nose. It may look silly in the living room, but this is how the top ski experts keep fit

The skier's foot is set in a firm boot; the boot in a very tight harness; and the toe of the boot is held down by a strap. Now, bound though it is, this foot is supposed to bend up and down, to stand on its edges and to transfer turns to the skis. Needless to say, the beginner who has not had any preparation will experience discomfort and perhaps pain in his feet. Even the intermediate skier will be forced to rest. Ski exercises anticipate these difficulties by making the feet do work similar to actual skiing, thus strengthening and making supple their muscles.

The knee, probably the most delicate part of our skiing body, is a so-called hinge joint, which means that it can move in only one plane. (The shoulder and hip are ball-and-socket joints permitting movement in many planes.) The knees have a tremendous amount of work to perform. In the *schuss* (the position for straight downhill running) every bump in the terrain must be absorbed by the springlike action of the bent knees. In other words, the knees act like shock absorbers on an automobile, so the position and equilibrium of the body are maintained. In *stemming*, one knee, while in an unnatural and strained position, carries the weight of the whole body. The *christies* subject the knees to a sudden, momentary shock which must not be permitted to rob them of their flexibility. And the strains resulting from falls can easily be imagined.

The reason most people have difficulty in learning to ski is not that they lack courage or are incapable of mastering the proper technique. It is almost always that their knees lack that quality of suppleness, of flexibility, without which skiing cannot be mastered. This suppleness, which permits that continual *down-up-down* of the knees, is one of skiing's great secrets.

Fatigue is caused in many cases by excess tension in the muscles, a fault characteristic of beginners. It is this improper use of muscles, such as we see in the cramped positions of so many skiers, that is responsible for a great number of accidents in skiing.

For example, let us assume that the knees are held stiff by unnecessarily tense leg muscles at the time of a fall. Ordinarily our reflexes would get to work and relax the muscles in time to prevent damage. However, overtired muscles do not respond readily to reflex action and cannot relax tension quickly enough. This frequently results in pulled or torn ligaments or tendons, bad sprains, or injured cartilages.

Thus we see that excess tension and its product, fatigue, are two of the muscles' worst enemies. Two weeks of daily preparatory exercises faithfully done will make the muscles strong and supple enough to fight off these enemies. However, since it is easier to keep muscles in good condition than it is to get them into good condition originally, only two or three exercise periods a week are necessary after skiing has begun.

Many skiers are not aware of the extent to which muscular action is dependent upon the brain. Every movement of our muscles is directed and controlled by the central nervous system or brain. No muscle moves without first having received a signal from the central nervous system. Some actions, such as walking or writing, have become so much a matter of habit that we perform them without being conscious of the control exerted by the nervous system. But when new skills are to be learned we must consciously direct every simple muscular act.

Everybody knows how laborious are the efforts of the beginner at the piano. He concentrates his whole attention on the placing of his fingers. But the fingers of the accomplished pianist seem to jump to their places without conscious effort the moment the notes strike his eye. Despite the fact that every movement is still directed by the brain, the action has become automatic.

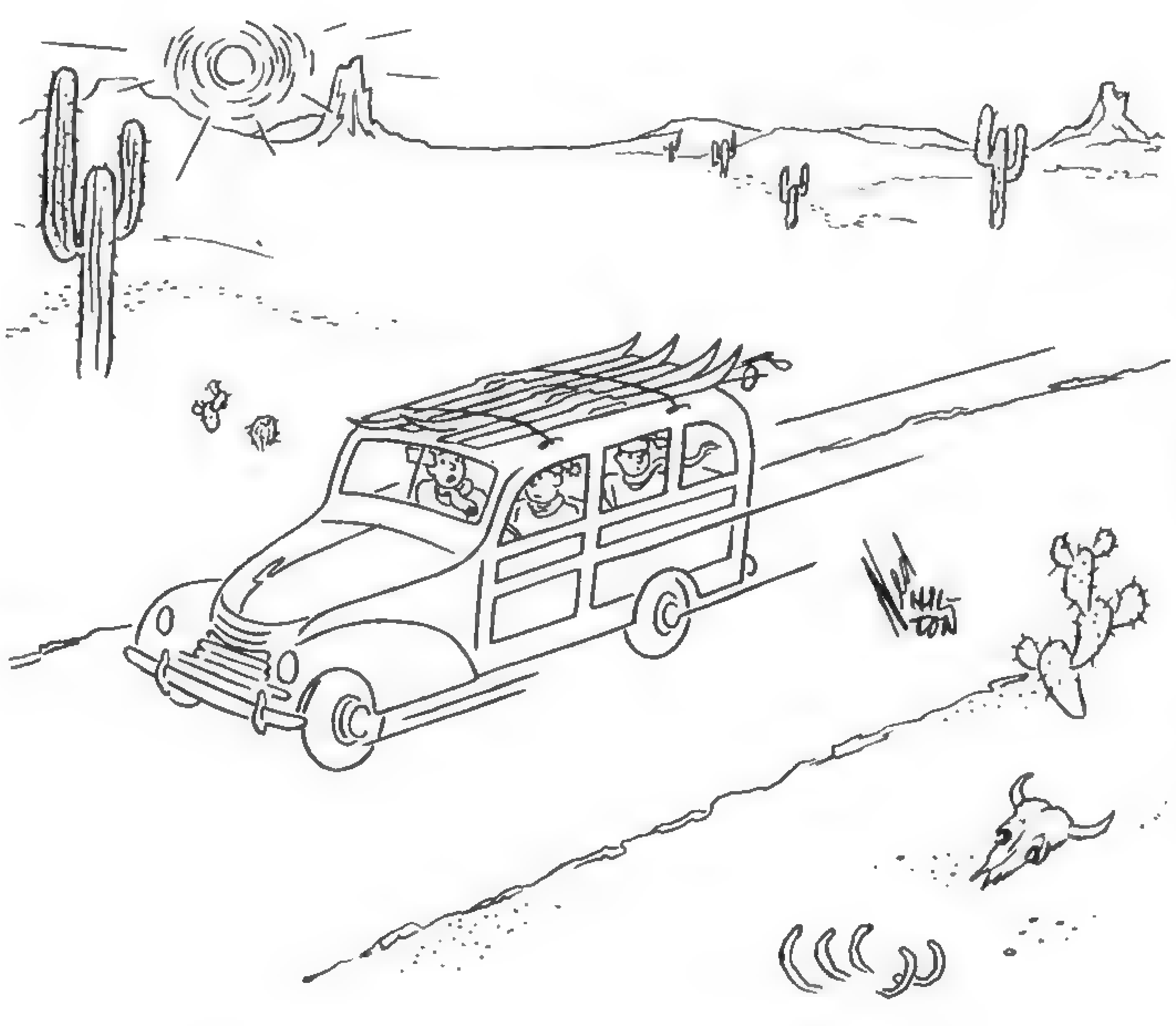
It's just the same with skiing. If the knees are trained and made supple by preparatory exercises, one can afford to forget about them in skiing. Like the fingers of the pianist, the knees will act automatically. They will do their job and the skier will be able to concentrate on other details which demand attention at the same time.

Another advantage resulting from well-conditioned limbs and a well-conditioned body is quicker and smoother reflex action. To the skier fast reflexes are essential. Every run he makes presents constantly changing terrain through which he must pick his course. Obstacles have to be avoided, turns have to be made, speeds have to be regulated and often his body has but a split second in which to react.

Even to champion athletes regular exercise is indispensable. Think of the boxer's rigorous training, and of the calisthenics of the prefootball season. Remember that every performance at the Olympic Games is only a climax to months of long, hard conditioning. Then you will realize how necessary preparatory exercises are in skiing, a sport which calls upon muscles to an extent not demanded by any other sport. And the amateur needs preparation just as well as the champion.

The following suggestions will enable you to derive from these ski exercises the greatest benefit in the least time and with the least effort. They should be studied carefully before attempting the exercises.

1. Make certain that the body is in the proper position before beginning an exercise. Position of the toes is particularly important.
2. After each exercise each leg should be loosely shaken, with the motion one uses to shake a slipper off the foot.
3. Each exercise should be so performed that the body is continually in movement. No halts or stops should be made between the separate movements that make up one whole exercise.
4. It is unnecessary to go through the movements of any single exercise more than five or six times a day. During the first few days three times is quite sufficient.
5. Inhale with every upward movement of the body, exhale with every downward movement. ///

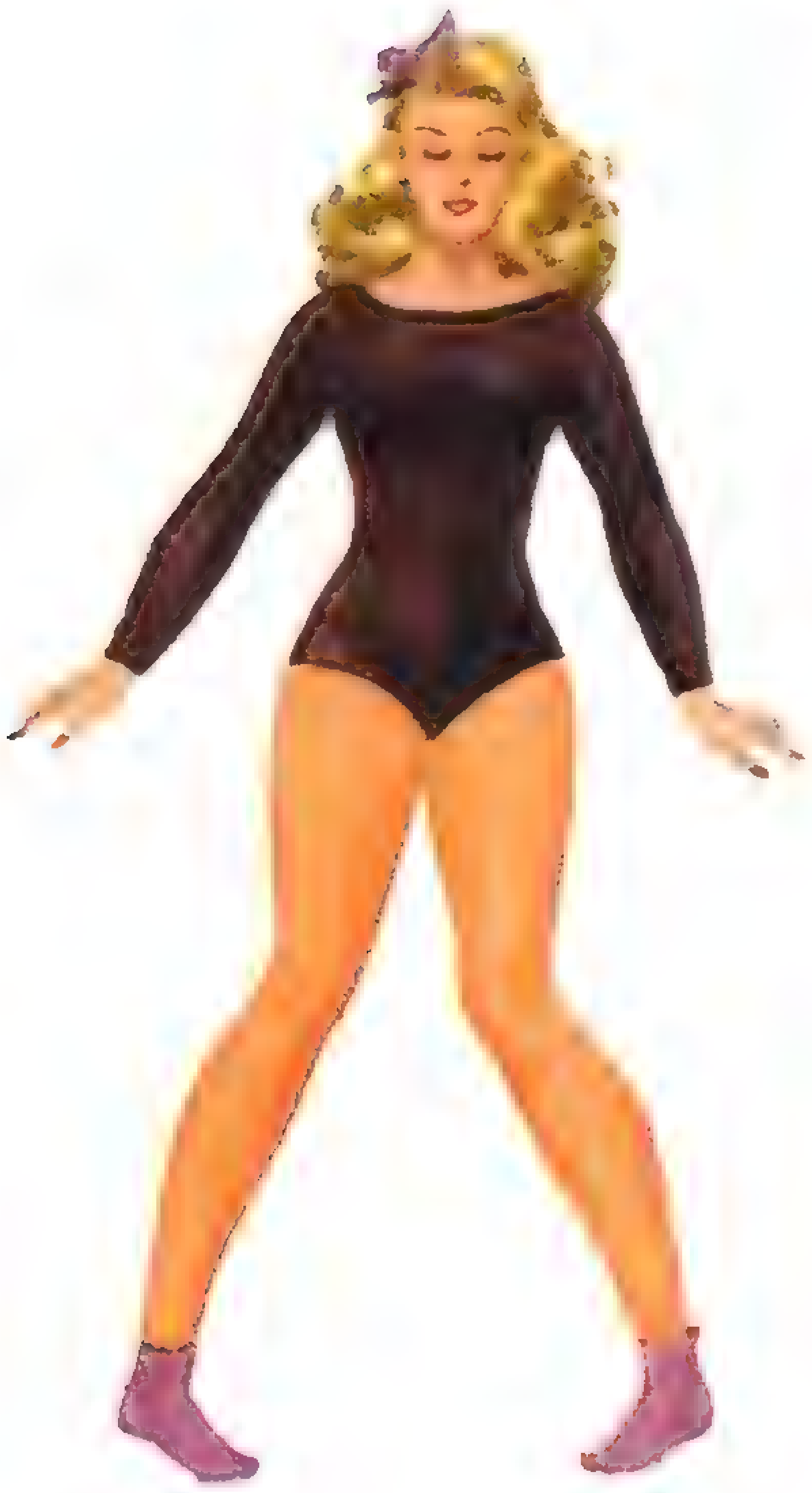


"Are you sure this is the way?"

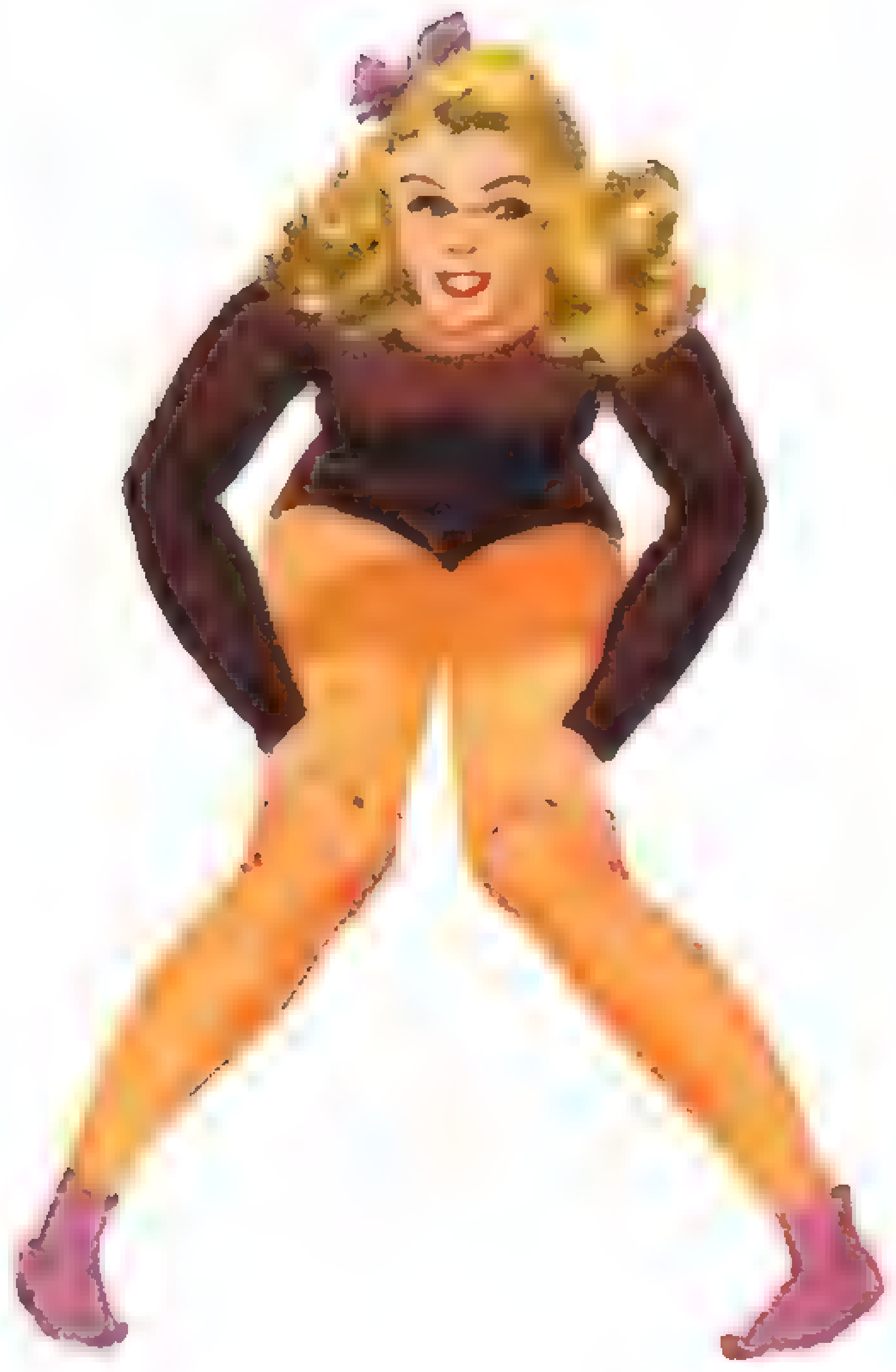
Copyright 1941 by William Morrow & Co., Inc. The sketches opposite are from photographs in Making Yourself Fit to Ski.

Basic Exercises

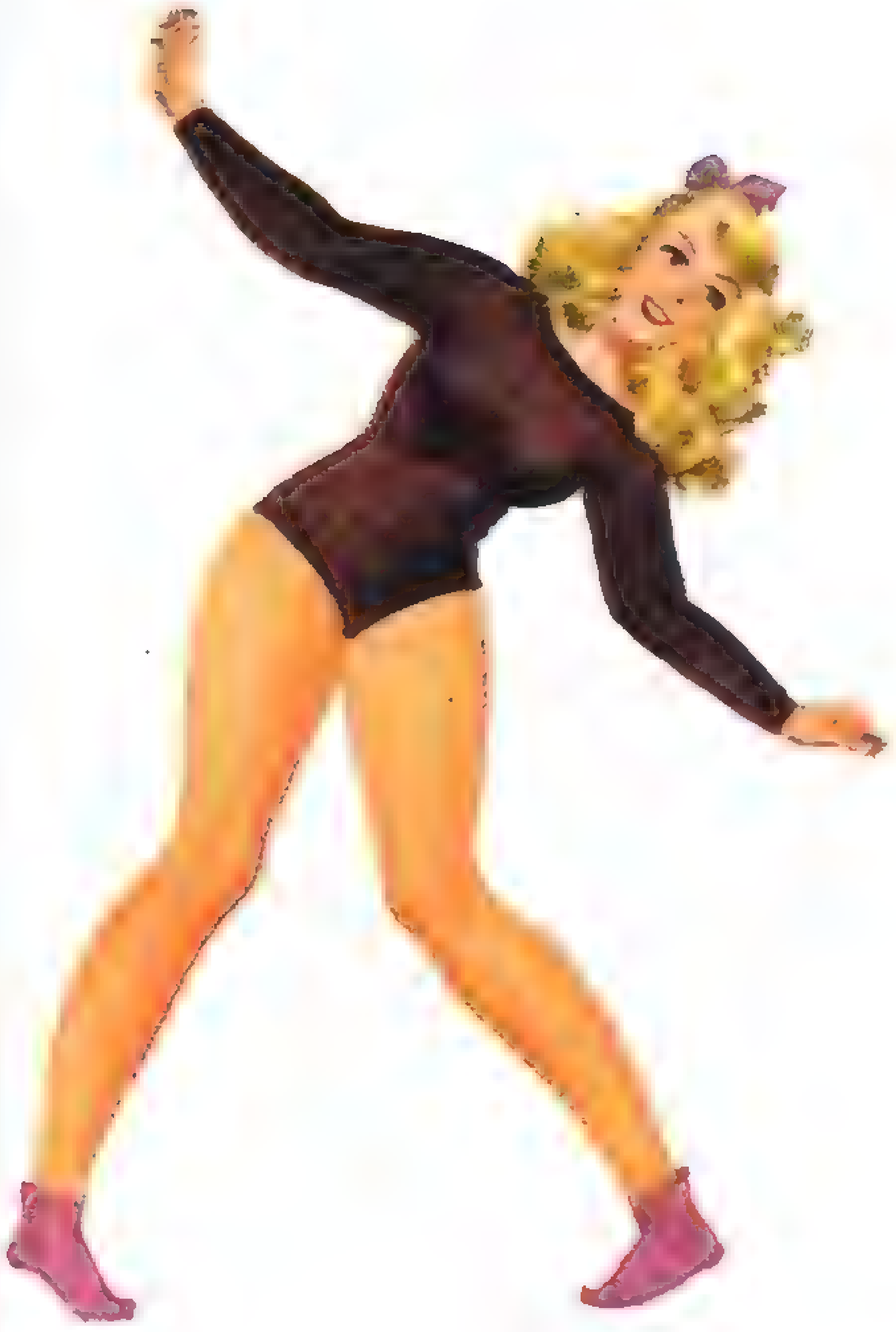
DRAWINGS BY E. SIMMS CAMPBELL



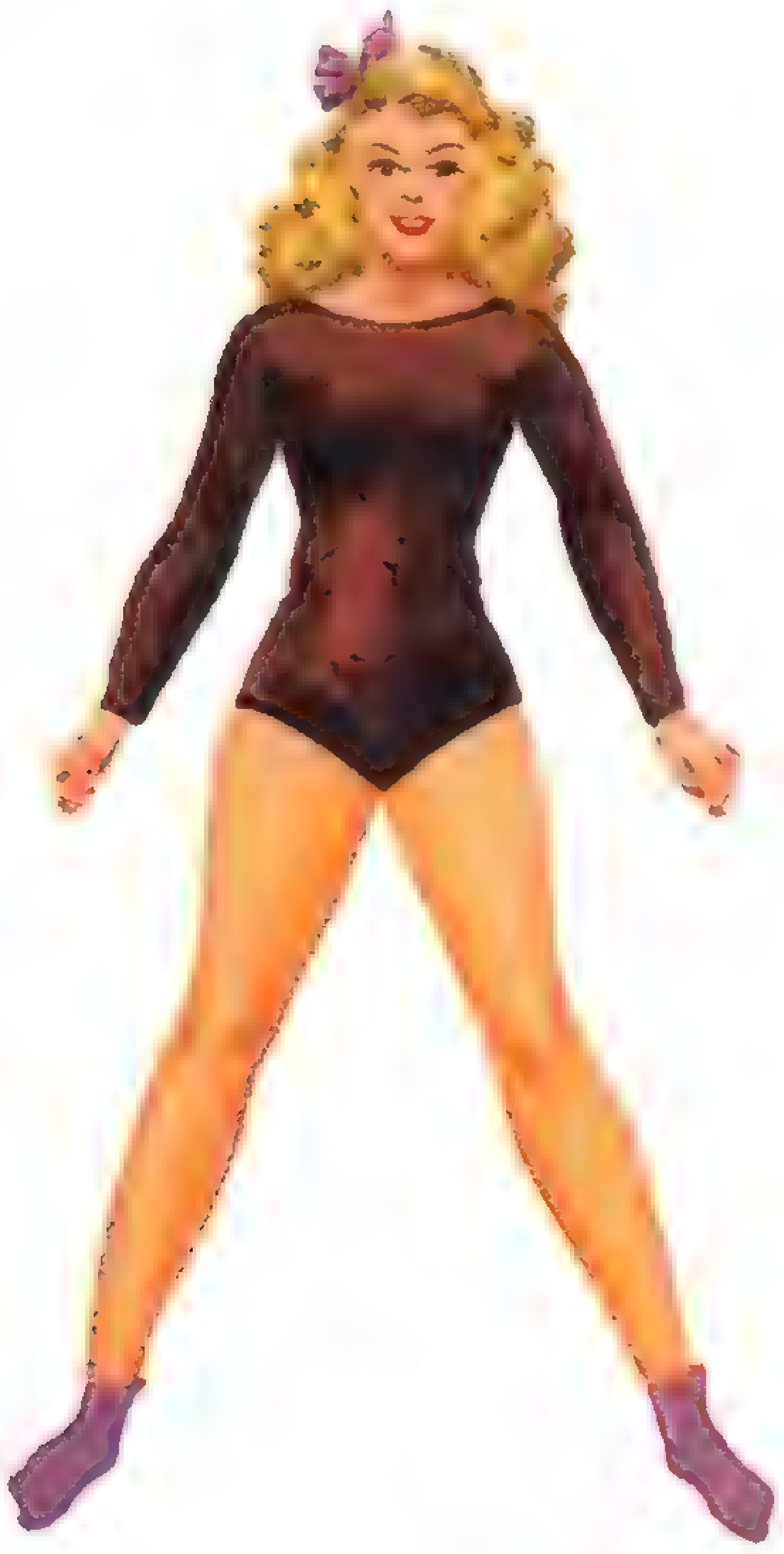
Snowplow is ski talk for putting on the brakes. Exercise begins with the feet apart, toes in, heels flat, knees bent.



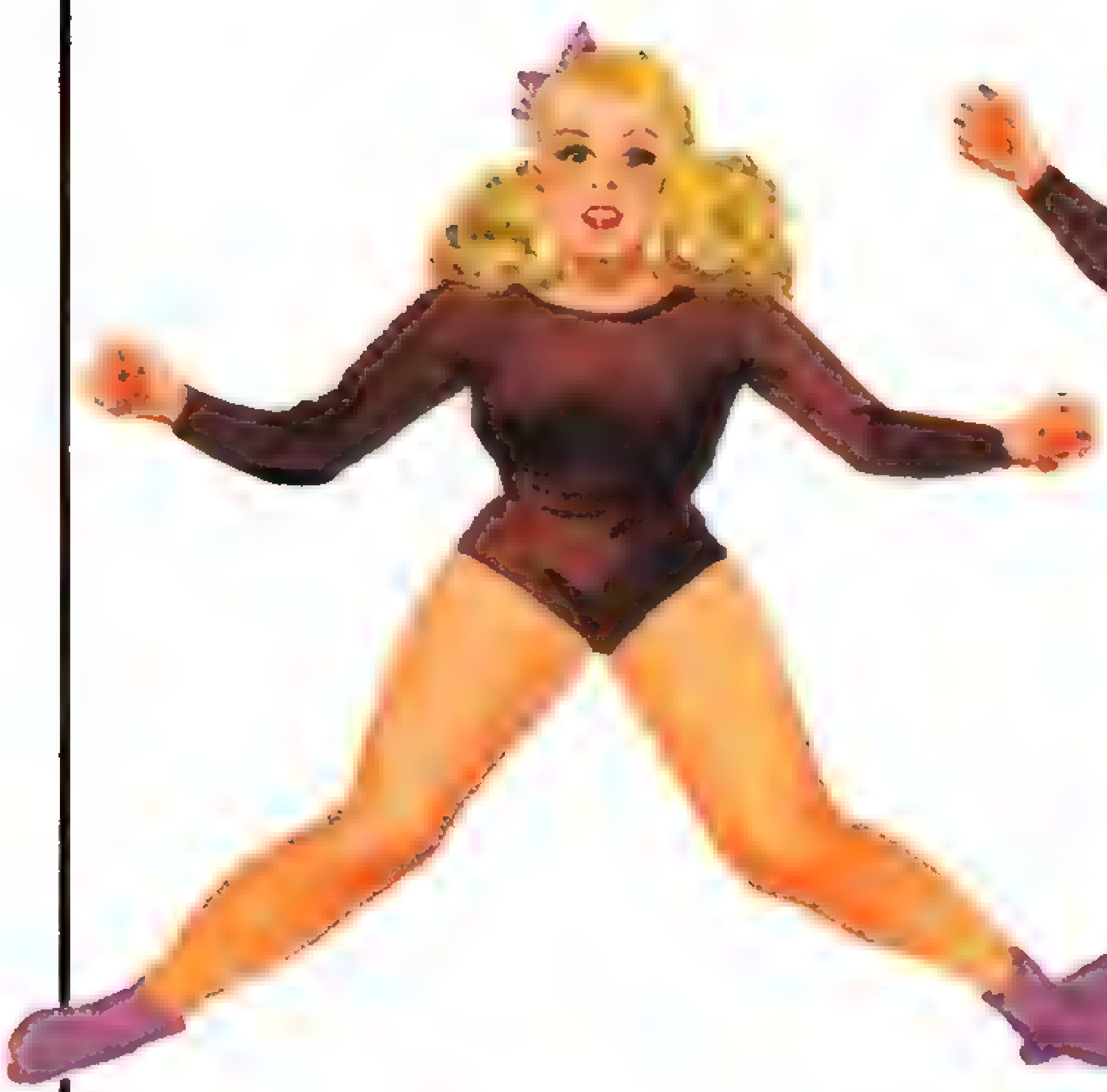
Now you're slowing down. Press knees together and forward with hands, toes still in. Note hand position on knees.



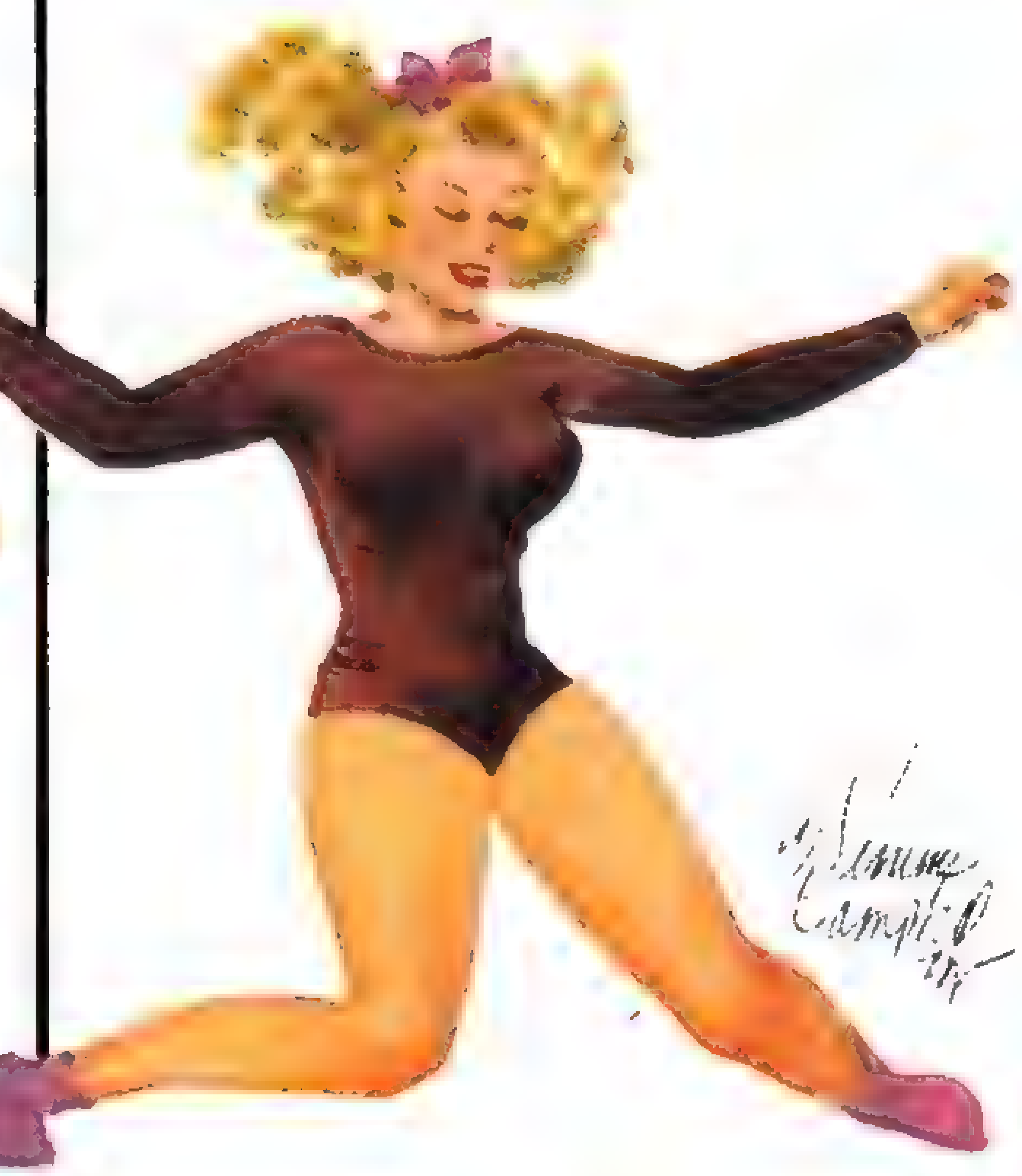
Bending sideways from hips toughens body muscles. Right knee forward as far as possible on left bend and vice versa.



Stopping and turning, called stemturn, are ski fundamentals. Rest is trimming. Feet wide apart, toes straight at start.



Now it gets nasty. Make like sitting, press knees forward and together and then try moving the knees up and down.



This is an extreme version of above unpleasantness. Don't overdo it. Five or six times up and down is plenty.

Wanna Go to Europe?

Editor of *Variety*, bible of show biz, is back from Europe with hard-boiled low-down on traveling in England and on the Continent

An Article by

ABEL GREEN

Anybody who traveled abroad this past summer will tell you about British austerity, the French black market, and, in general, how tough things are all over Europe. There's every reason to feel it won't be much improved in '48, but Americans being the nomads we are, and the Europeans having a time-honored corner on the tourist market, it's a cinch many will make the trek regardless in 1948. So all amount of counsel about "don't go any further east than El Morocco, if you can help it," or "Don't leave Lindy's for Le Tour d'Argent," is a safe bet to become so much small talk.

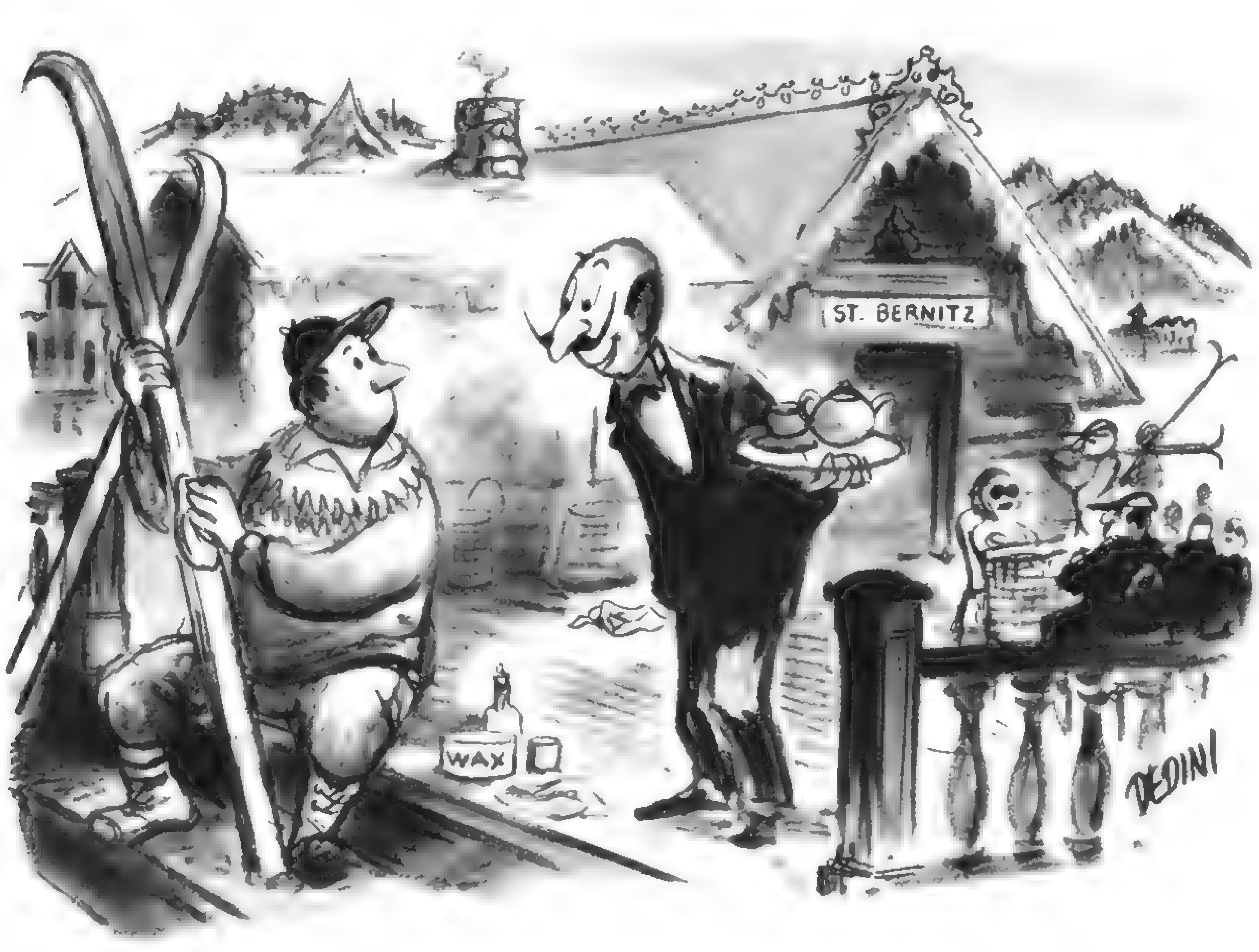
However, don't say we didn't warn you that it's gonna be rugged in more ways than one. The most realistic is the embarrassment over the basic premise that we Americans are the haves and they're the have-nots. Not only do we come loaded with travelers' checks and unrationed money expenditures, whereas the Englishman can't take over £5 ($20) out of his country and the Frenchman is limited to 4000 francs (about $34) per person, but we are portable A&Ps. The know-how tourist to England and the Continent travels with at least one trunkful of canned goods, as many cigarettes and cigars as are legal (and ofttimes not so), and as Yank tourist dispenses the largesse to his starving, severely under-rationed English cousins, or to the more bountifully supplied French, the reaction is universal. It's embarrassing to the American to hand out and degrading to the European to accept what the hep Yank brings over.

This includes such mundane things as face cloths, tissues (face and toilet), nylons, smokes, soap, milk, rice, flour, butter in cans, canned bacon and canned franks, soap flakes, candy and even eggs. (Incidentally, at any of the de luxe hotels in London you'll find you're charged the same 8/—$1.60—to prepare two eggs you brought over as if the hotel had supplied them.)

The top Parisian and other key city and/or resort hostelries have eggs all right, and lots of other things, because that country is a natural breadbasket, but what they won't do for soap, cigarettes, cigars, matches, playing cards, candy, sugar or milk! Customs are tough on these, but anything edible, especially if via an American citizen, is conveniently overlooked.

The congeniality of the French is traditional, but so is their niggardly attitude towards the franc. There are placards all over France that *baisse* 10 per cent is the national order, as a means to curb inflation, but likewise there exists the national law about a legal 10, 12 and 15 per cent surcharge on hotel rooms, room service, restaurant tabs and the like. But try and get away without paying a "supplement"—pronounced "souplement," with accent on the "soup" in more ways than one.

To begin with, every toll has been basically doubled above the already inflated cost, in anticipation that every tourist deals with the illegal money-changers. The Continental editions of the London *Daily Mail* give daily quotations as to whether the French franc is 250 or 260 to the dollar. Worse hit, therefore, are those benighted folk who come over with letters of credit, which compel legal exchange at the Banque de France, the Crédit Lyonnais or any of the other *caisses* at the de luxe hostelries, and this is the problem with which The French National Tourist Office is trying to cope at the moment.



"May I borrow a teeny bit of your wax, M'sieu?"

Theoretically the amount of your money is recorded in your passport, and the receipts for legal exchange are given and likewise must be preserved with your passport. But there is no law against your British or French friends "lending" you pounds or francs, you repaying them in dollars when they, in turn, come to the States.

A natural question is food. You won't starve. There's nothing wrong with French cuisine. London is loaded with eating clubs where for a £2 ($8) "membership" fee, and under proper auspices, the sophisticated tourist knows where to go for food that is not too finely rationed, and if it costs above the legal ceilings, well that's part of the game. In France, where bread is supposed to be rationed, and where other theoretical restrictions exist, the same applies. Every menu reads *"pain avec tickets: 100 gr. par personne au maximum,"* but nobody seems ever to bring coupons and the bread certainly seems more than 100 grams.

If you want a double whisky in London (Scotch) it's up to $2.20 a drink because the management figures at the rate of $20 to $22 per bottle. In France a bottle of good Scotch fetches 2200 francs (about $20 at legal exchange).

If the White Russian bistros in Paris didn't discount the *petit* larceny in most customers they wouldn't dare charge 2500 francs a bottle for champagne of dubious vintage. Don't try and get a *marque*; they just don't seem to have it, vending whatever shipment they have on hand.

Tourism is the same the world over—if you're a moujik you'll be taken in Peoria as well as in Paris; on Broadway as well as in the West End.

But you can legally go to Zurich today and exchange your American dollar for 4.30 Swiss francs, turn to the very next window in the same bank and buy back that same American dollar for 3.60 to 3.80 Swiss francs or an immediate 20-25 per cent profit. The limit has since been reduced to $200 per week per passport—it was considerably more. Thus one could come to Switzerland with a letter of credit for $1000, have some nice fun and find it costs you little or nothing since you could go home with the same amount of dollars, repurchased in Zurich banks where the Swiss franc is held in highest esteem. (The Swedish crown enjoys a similar high parity.)

As a side light on Britain, the BBC radio programs, like those over the *Radio Diffusion Française*, are apparently more favored by visiting Americans than the natives. The Yanks seem to like the absence of commercials, but the Britons and the Continentals haven't forgotten the top programs the Armed Forces Network fed them—with the commercials cut out, of course.

The "spivs" are the most direct contact with the masses—"spiv" is cockney slang for the "barrow boys" (pushcart peddlers) who sell you combs and fruit, produce and cloths, and bare necessities like that, a bit over ceiling prices, sans any ration coupons. The spivs are tol-

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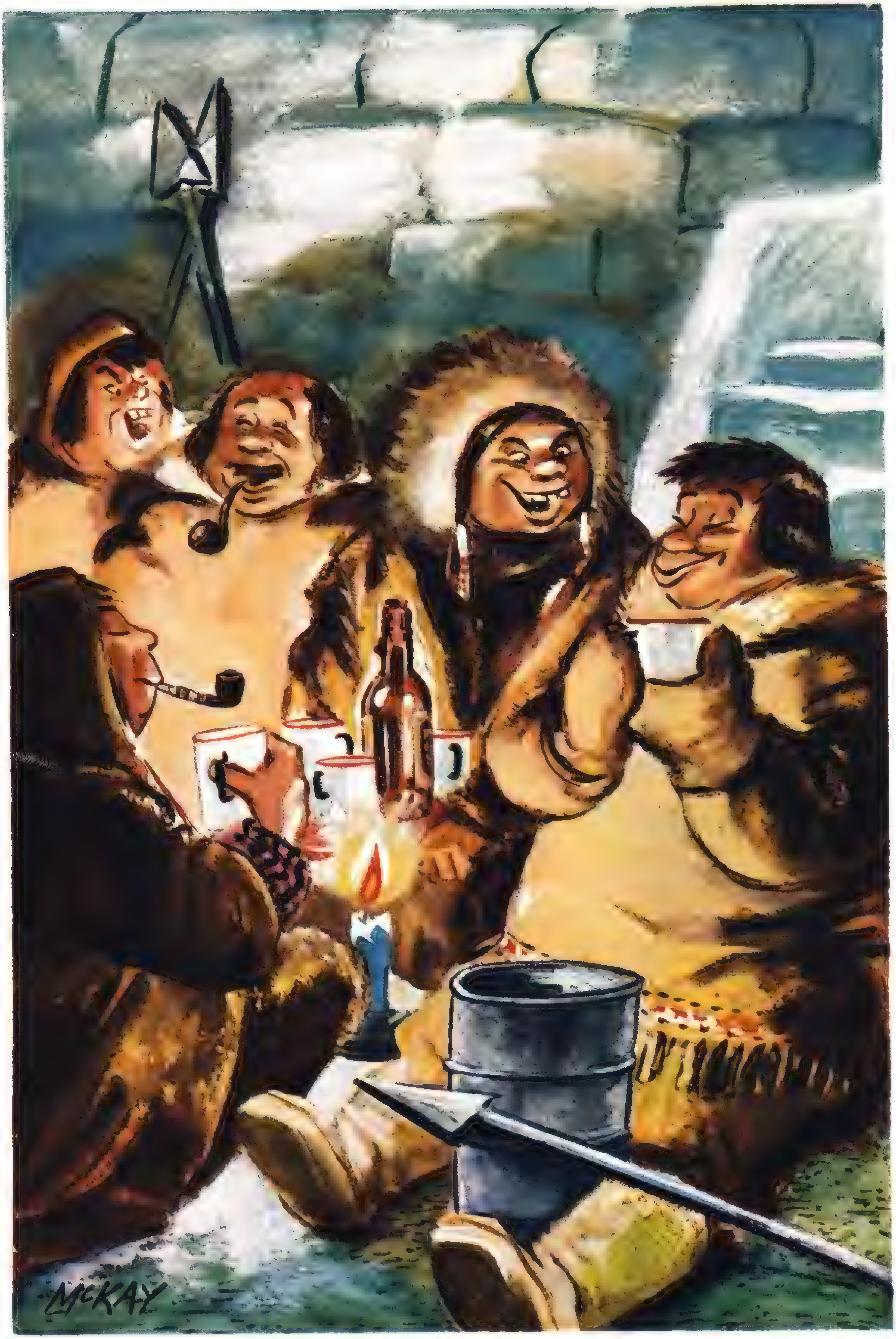


"Glu-Glu, go out and get some more ice"

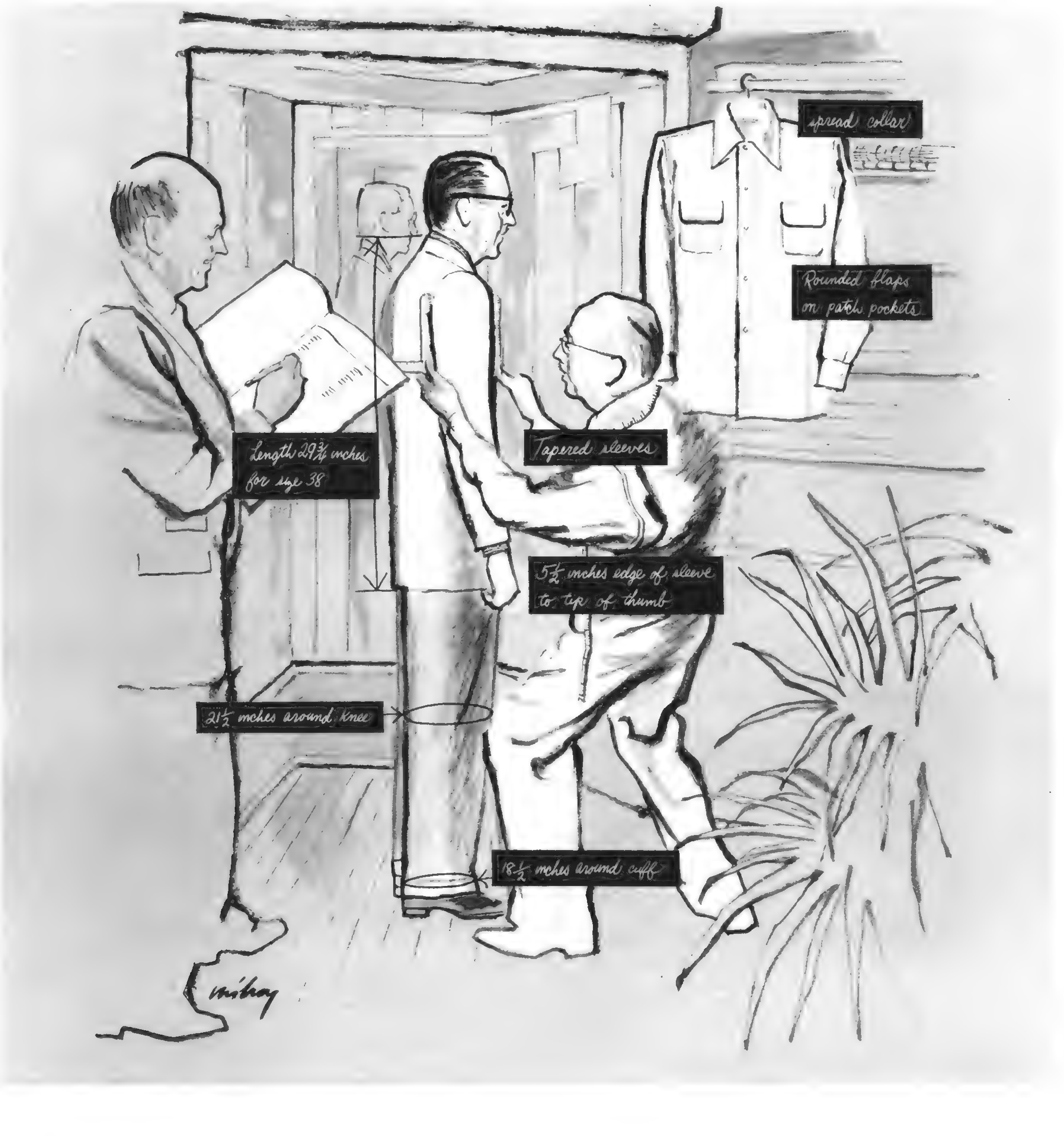
It's the Fashion to Travel

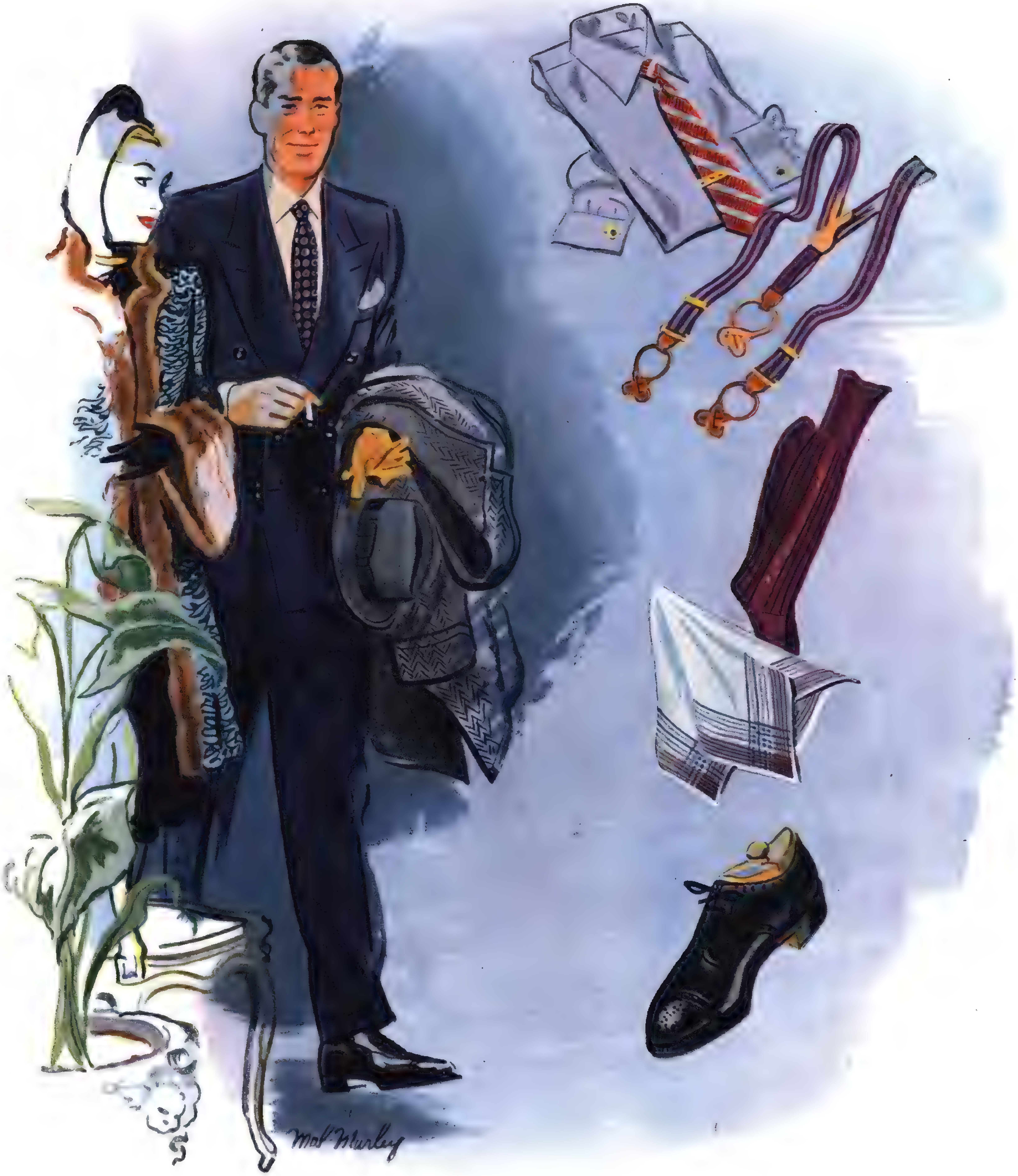
Esky's midwinter travelogue shows you what they're wearing at vacation spots from Sun Valley to the Caribbean to Valley of the Sun

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

It's the quarter-inch here and there in your vacation outerwear that identifies you as one who knows the mathematics that make for well-cut wardrobes. Check the lengths of your jackets, and if you're a size 38 see to it that there are 29¾ inches from the cross seam under the collar to the jacket bottom. And for every size over 38 simply add another quarter-inch for proper length. Insist also on a fairly high arm scye, which is an indication that you know the jacket sleeve should be attached closely to the body. You are apt to have less jacket distortion when you raise your arms if that underarm seam is carefully placed. You know that the jacket sleeves should be tapered and that they should permit at least one-half inch of exposed shirt cuff. If you happen to be finicky about sleeve lengths, five-and-a-half inches from thumb tip to sleeve should satisfy you.

Of course these details are subordinate to the main event: the trip itself. As for that, give heed to hints on the following pages. ##

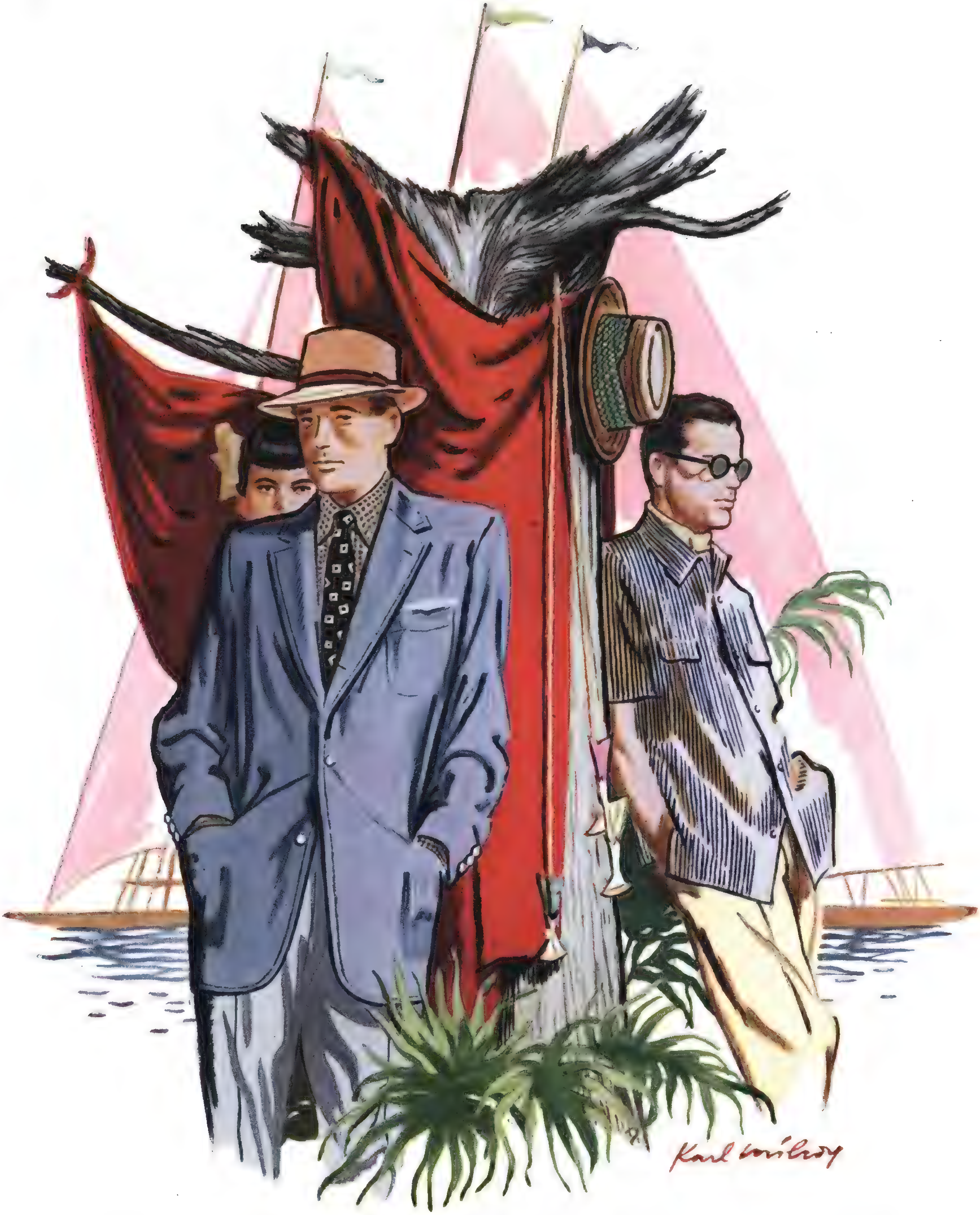

spread collar
Rounded flaps on patch pockets
Length 29¾ inches for size 38
Tapered sleeves
5½ inches edge of sleeve to tip of thumb
21½ inches around knee
18½ inches around cuff



TRUE TO BLUE

Drawing by Mal Murley

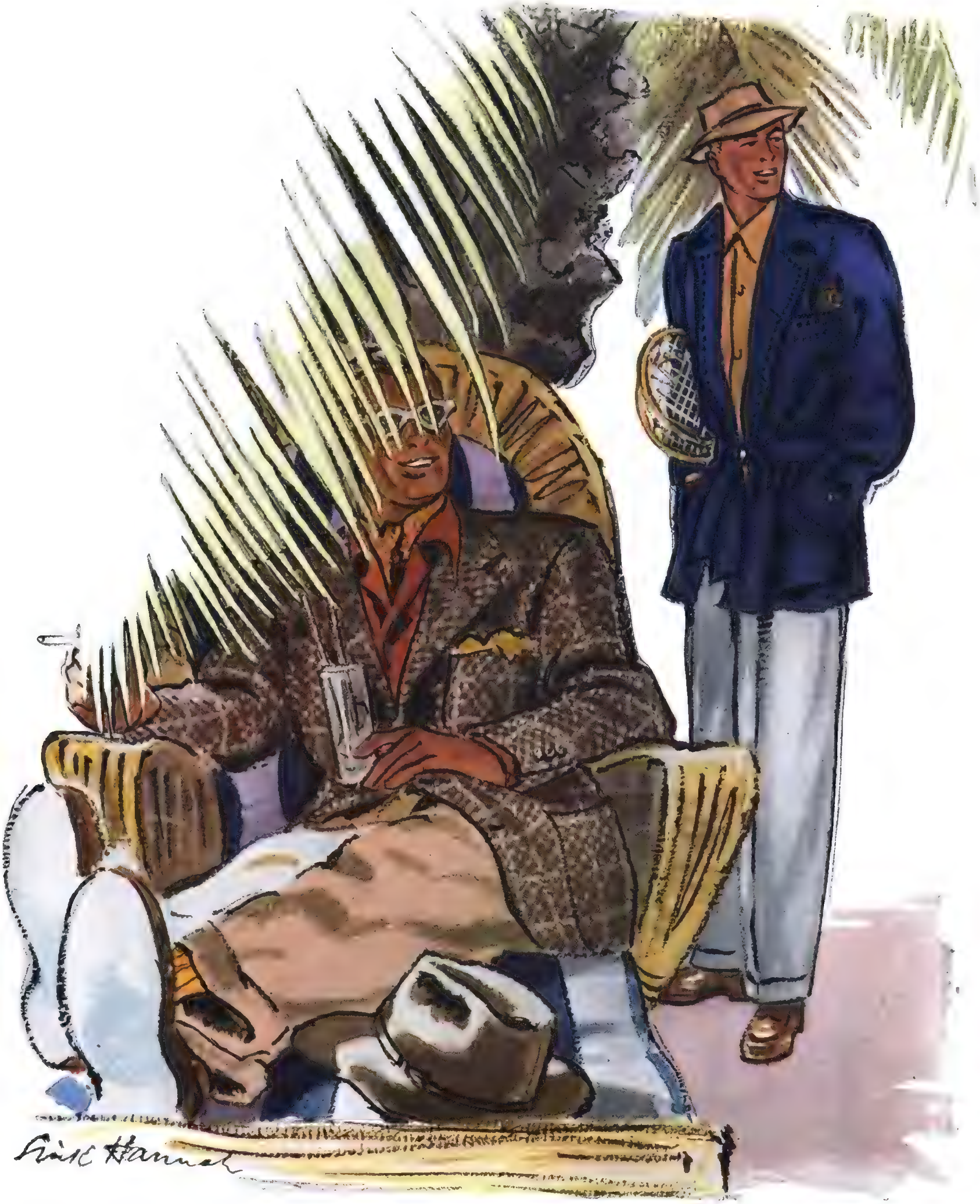
No reason why you should resemble Johnny-one-note just because you prefer blue. This fellow has ideas on the subject worth looking into. His suit, for instance, is dark blue, but a bit livelier than conventional navy. An ivory (off-white) broadcloth shirt makes a pleasant background for a figured foulard tie and he carries a grey snap-brim hat, dark grey outercoat and chamois gloves. All look good, too. For a change, he'll wear the accessories shown alongside and they consist of the plain blue shirt, blue-stone cuff links and a red-and-grey-striped rep tie, maroon ribbed-wool socks (right now he wears dark blue socks), a white handkerchief, bordered with red and blue, matching braces and black blucher shoes. Knows how to choose, he does.



TROPICAL TRIANGLE

Drawing by Karl Milroy

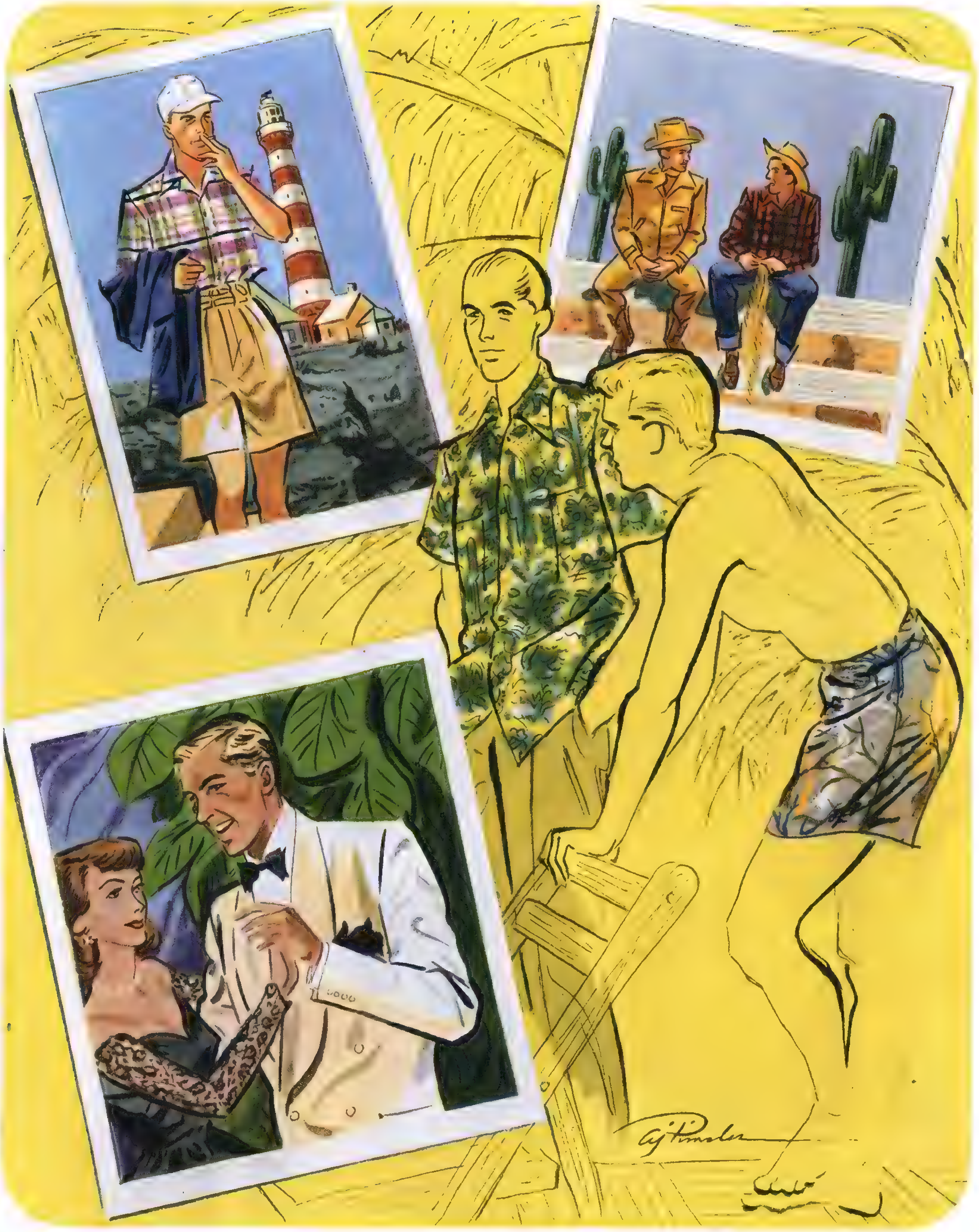
There seems to be melodrama in the making here, but we'll reluctantly forego the scenario and instead dwell a bit on the wardrobes of the performers. Character à la Ladd on the left sports a blue flannel blazer, lighter and brighter than most, finished off with metal buttons and welt edges. It's quite neat, too. There's a new note in his grey-and-white-checked gingham shirt, and the yellow-figure-on-black tie side-steps convention nicely. His petulant pal wears a corded-stripe cotton and rayon-blend sport shirt, which is a distinct departure from the figured patterns prevalent for a while now. Yellow scarf and yellow linen slacks were well-chosen. Don't know her role in this harlequinade, but five will get you ten she's behind it all.



CALIFORNIA RACKETEERS

Drawing by Link Hannah

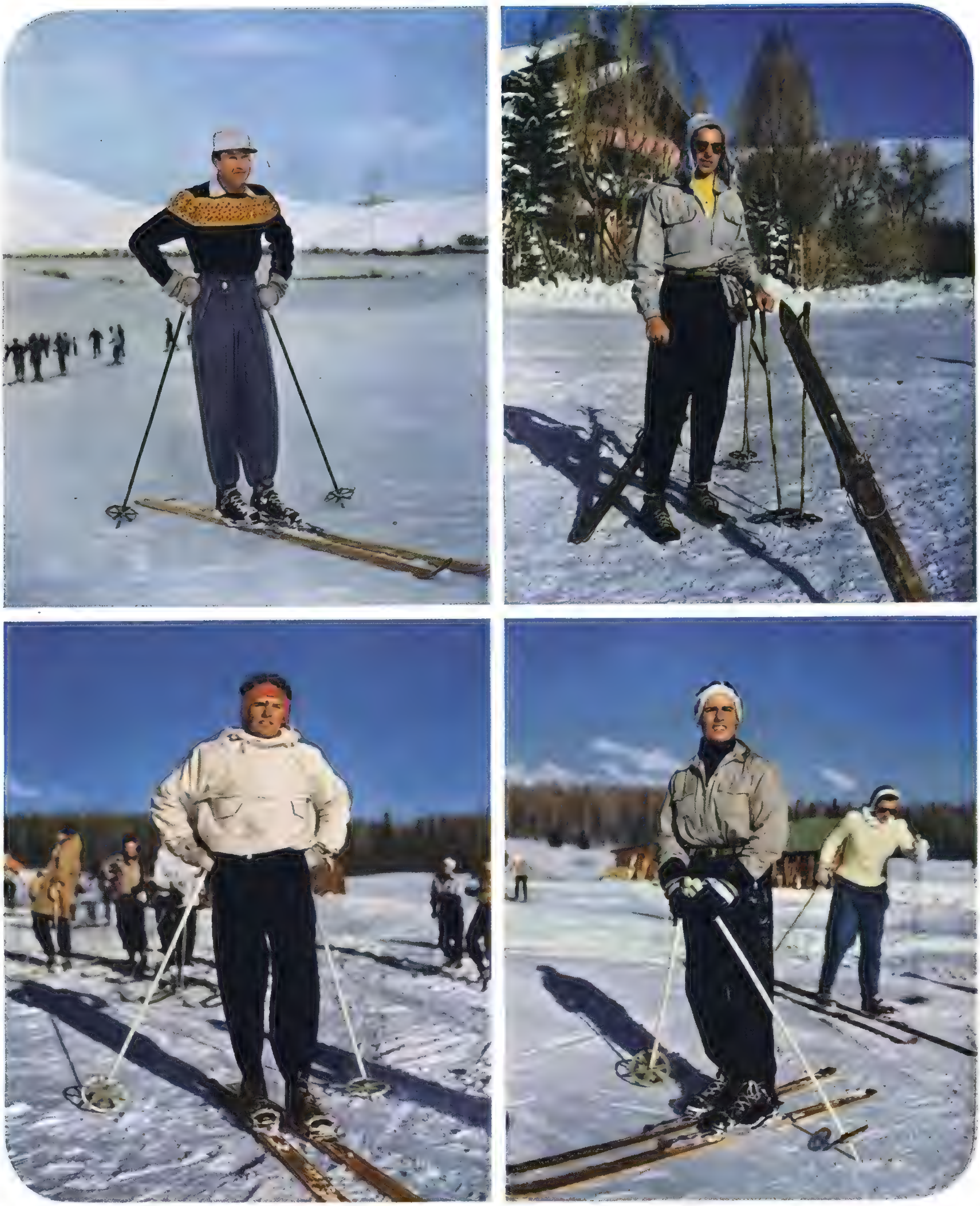
Got to hand it to those Westerners; they'll always find the easier way to do things. Rather than sit jampacked in concrete stadia to watch tennis, they pick the nearest palm, the softest chair and the tallest drink. We're as much for the idea as we are for their nonchalance in dress. Fellow fully at ease wears the new straight-hanging jacket, made of brown tweed, and it tops a pair of biscuit-shade gabardine slacks. He has a yellow-figured scarf ascoted beneath a gabardine shirt of copper shade. The more energetic type is in one of those new shirt-style jackets, finished with hand-picked edges and all-around belt. Lightweight rayon porkpie, moccasins, and gabardine shirt and slacks serve him nicely. Both are sporting California sun tans.



WINTER IS GETTING WARM

Drawing by Al Pimsler

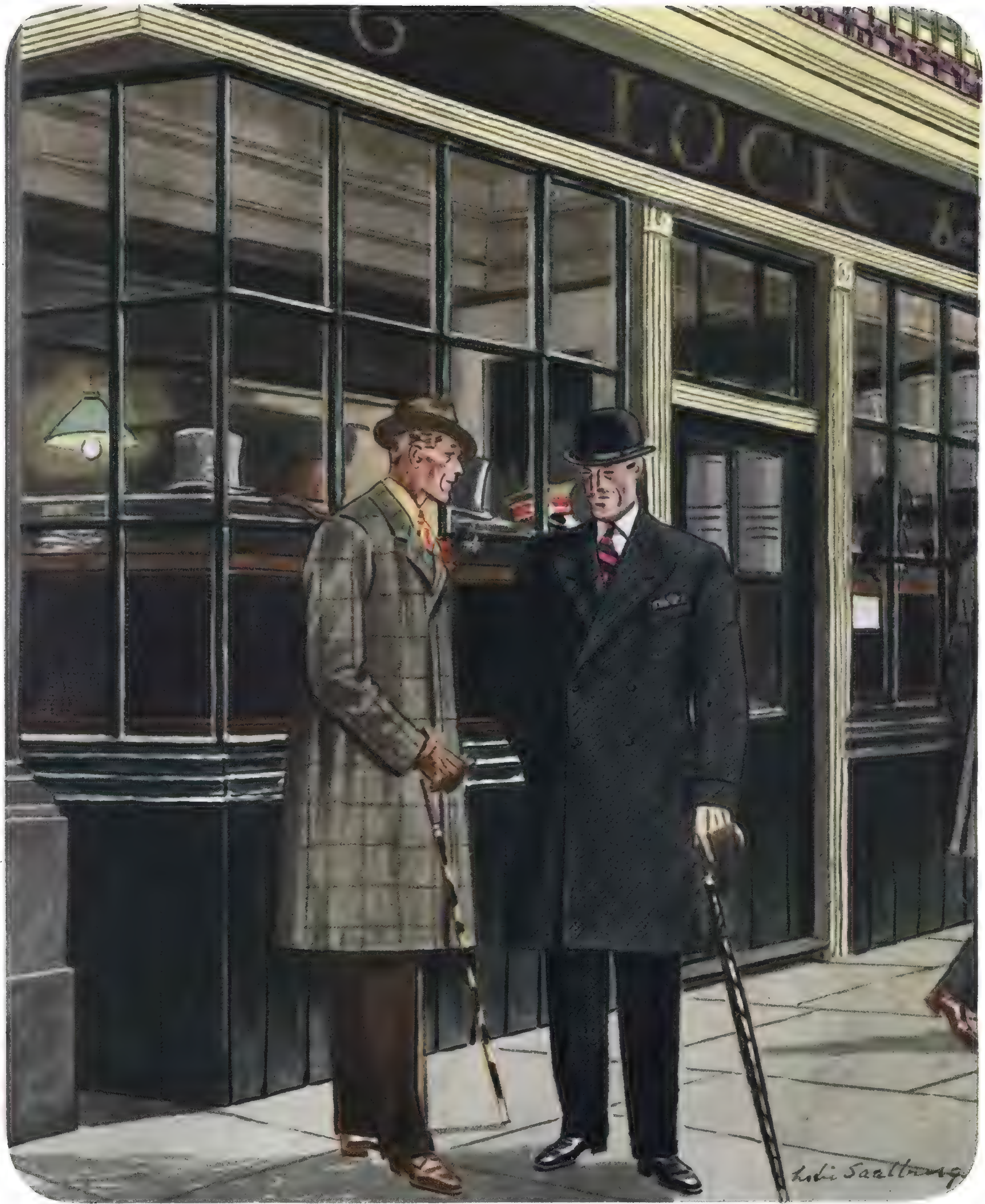
Those first heralding icy blasts are enough to send the undecided scurrying to their travel agent. Aided by their favorite shops, abetted by the air lines, these winter vacationists lost little time in getting started. Chap posing in front of the Great Isaac in Nassau carries a dark blue blazer, and wears a giant plaid cotton shirt, tan twill walking shorts and the popular white cotton cap. Dudes settin' on a corral fence near Phoenix, Arizona, are outfitted in cavalry twill jacket, bright shirts, cowboy hats. Palm Beach, Florida, dance floors see many white double-breasted dinner jackets. Here the shawl-collar model is worn with butterfly tie. Those idlers wearing prints are sunning on Montego Bay, along the north shore of Jamaica, B. W. I.



DESIGN FOR SKIING

Photographs by
Philip Palmer
Arnold Glantz

The ski-wax gang is hard-boiled. Their main question is—how goes it on the trail? After that, let's worry about looks. But, happily, East or West, styling is blended with function in ski wear. Gary Cooper, upper left (and *not* posing, since he's okay on ski), swears by a black hand-knit pull-over with a red-and-yellow chest stripe and slate blue trousers. Another Sun Valley downhill man wears a yellow turtle-neck sweater and processed-cotton hooded jacket. In the Adirondacks—knitted headbands, with the stocky lad on the left topping his dark blue trousers with a white processed-cotton parka. Leather-trimmed cotton mittens worn by his chum are sensible accessories and the only off-key note is the gal about to perform a zitzmark.



PAINTED IN LONDON, ENGLAND, ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

DIFFERENT OPINIONS IN BRITISH FASHION

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

The attraction that brings these opposites together is a world-famed hatter in an out-of-Dickens setting in London's St. James Street. Although these men seem to agree on hat quality, there's little else compatible in their choice of clothes. The younger man likes semisports versions in town and his Harris tweed overcoat of lovat shade with a rust overplaid has a city touch by virtue of fly front and notched lapels. Casual brown snap brim, brown flannel suit, brown bluchers and cane indicate a less formal spirit in British town clothes. His companion is strictly old school and doesn't believe in mixing town and country. But there's a jaunty touch to his shorter-than-usual overcoat and many younger men would like to look as well in bowlers.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

Always the Sentimentalist

She felt terribly humble and unworthy in the face of such devotion, and he had enough sense to keep his mouth shut

A Story by

ARTHUR STRAWN

As time passed Shari often found herself thinking of Remus Caldwell and what might have been if she hadn't decided to marry Sheldon. She had known Remus only five weeks, but she realized more and more that they had been the happiest five weeks of her life.

She often recalled the afternoon she first met him at a week-end party at Ann Gifford's Newport cottage, a tall Southerner with merry blue eyes in a serious, suntanned face. Unlike most men, he hadn't been the least intimidated by her social position or personal wealth, nor had he shown any inclination to retire when he learned that she was all but engaged to another man. But what had attracted Shari most was the simple fact that he had immediately fallen head-over-heels in love with her, and that he had made no attempt to conceal it. Even a Park Avenue girl, used to a lifetime of admiration, couldn't be entirely indifferent to that.

"Maybe Ah'm sentimental," he used to say with his soft drawl, "but now Ah'm convinced there's really such a thing as love at first sight!"

The five weeks that followed were as exciting as a flight in a rocket ship. They dined and danced and drank together from dusk to dawn, doing all the commonplace things that somehow took on a special glow because of his ardor and the way he looked at her and told her she was the most wonderful girl he had ever known.

She might have gone on that way endlessly, like a butterfly floating on a light summer breeze, if Remus hadn't roused her from the lovely trance by suddenly proposing one night. She remembered how bewildered she had been and how she had pleaded for time in which to think it over.

She wasn't sure whether she loved him or not. She thought maybe she did. But one thing she was sure of; for a girl with her family name and fortune, marriage wasn't just an affair of the heart, to be entered upon on the impetus of a five-week romance. He was a darling, of course, and worlds of fun. But, as her mother pointed out, he had no standing. Just a small-time insurance operator from an obscure Southern family, said her mother regretfully. Personally charming, yes. And he liked good horses, which was to his credit. But, really, my dear, not to be compared with Sheldon!

It had cost her an effort, but Shari finally sat down and wrote to Remus, telling him as gently as she could that it was ended, and that she was going to make formal announcement of her engagement to Sheldon Gilbert III.

She remembered, too, more often than she liked, how she had been at her dressing table that evening while her maid put the last touches to a formal hair-do, when Remus' answer was brought to her. For a man so much in love it had been a wonderfully restrained note, simply wishing her all the happiness he had hoped to give her. But it contained one last request, so typical of his sentimental nature. Would she please send him a single lock of her beautiful raven hair, which he would cherish always as a token of her loveliness.

She often recalled the scene that followed, and always with a twinge of conscience.

"Poor darling!" she had sighed, glancing approvingly into the mirror at her perfectly groomed coiffure. "But what a nuisance! I'm so terribly late now!"

Then in her haste, to save doing her hair over again, she yielded to an impulse and turned to her maid. "Millie, would you mind giving me a lock of your hair?"

She remembered the maid's puzzled expression as she allowed her to cut off a lock of hair, and Shari then put it in an envelope and sent it down to the waiting messenger below. It was a kind of mean little trick, she knew, but she was in a hurry and, anyway, Remus wouldn't know the difference.

But now, after her marriage, as she thought back on it, she often regretted the deception. She could never think of it without feeling guilty for having misled him into lavishing affection on a false object. Then she'd brush away the thought by telling herself that she was being foolish and sentimental. When that occurred to her she felt sure that Remus had forgotten all about her by now.

She and Sheldon remained married for three years before they agreed in a friendly way that it had been a mistake. And it wasn't until nearly a year after her divorce that she met Remus Caldwell again. She had taken a house in Florida that winter and the meeting took place in the clubhouse at Hialeah Park, where she had gone with a party of friends to kill an afternoon at the races. His delight at seeing her was just as great and unconcealed as it had been that first afternoon at Ann Gifford's.

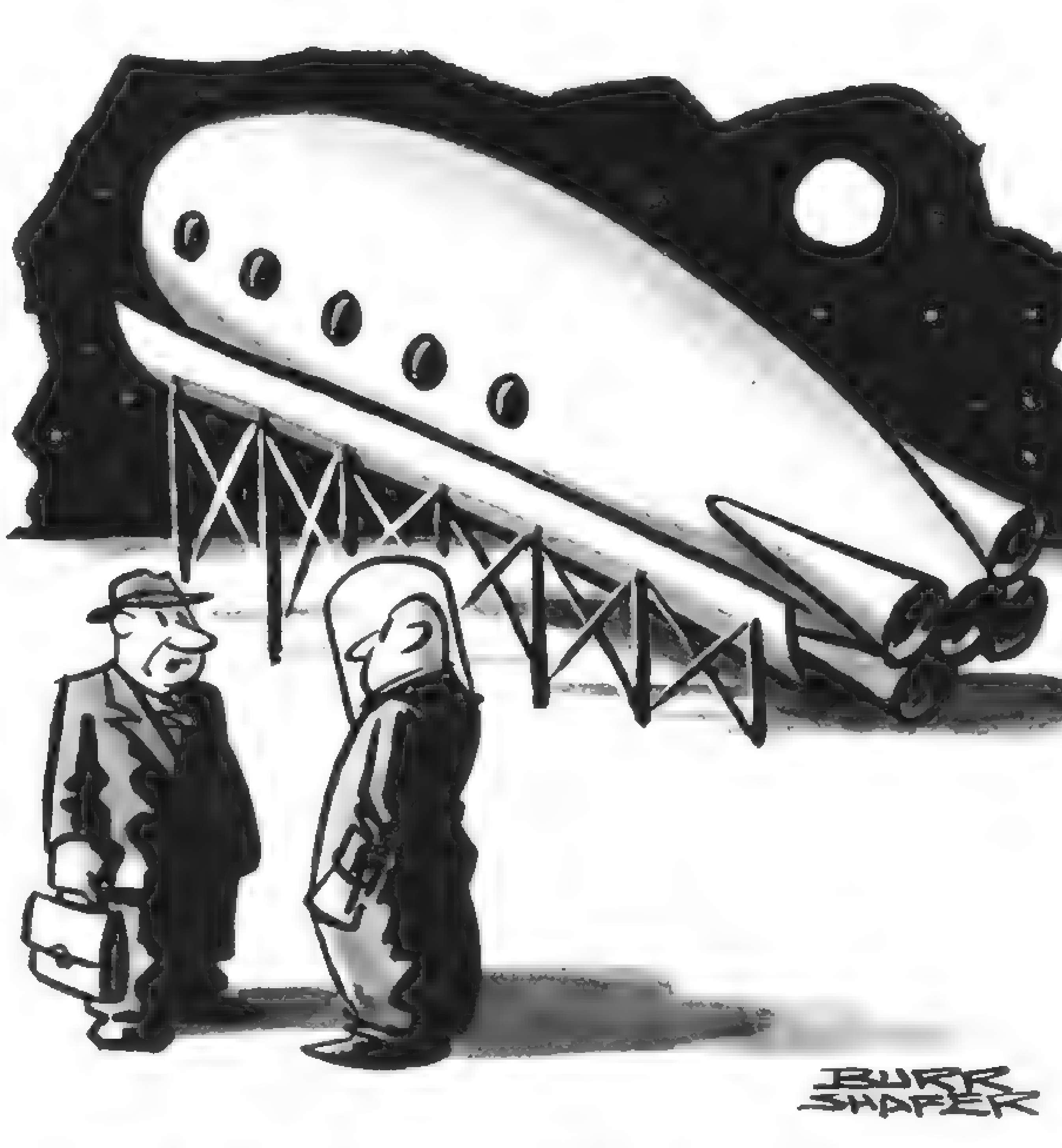
He took her to dinner that night at one of those charming little beach clubs which overlook the beach. The four years had changed him hardly at all. He was just as tan and handsome as ever, with the same warm, gentle voice. Only he had been extraordinarily successful with his horses and now was the owner of a prominent racing stable.

No, he answered solemnly in reply to her question, he had never married. How could he, when there had been only one woman in his life, and that one unattainable? She laughed, pretending not to believe him, but finding herself wanting to desperately. No doubt, she countered mockingly, he had worn the lock of hair she had given him over his heart during all those years?

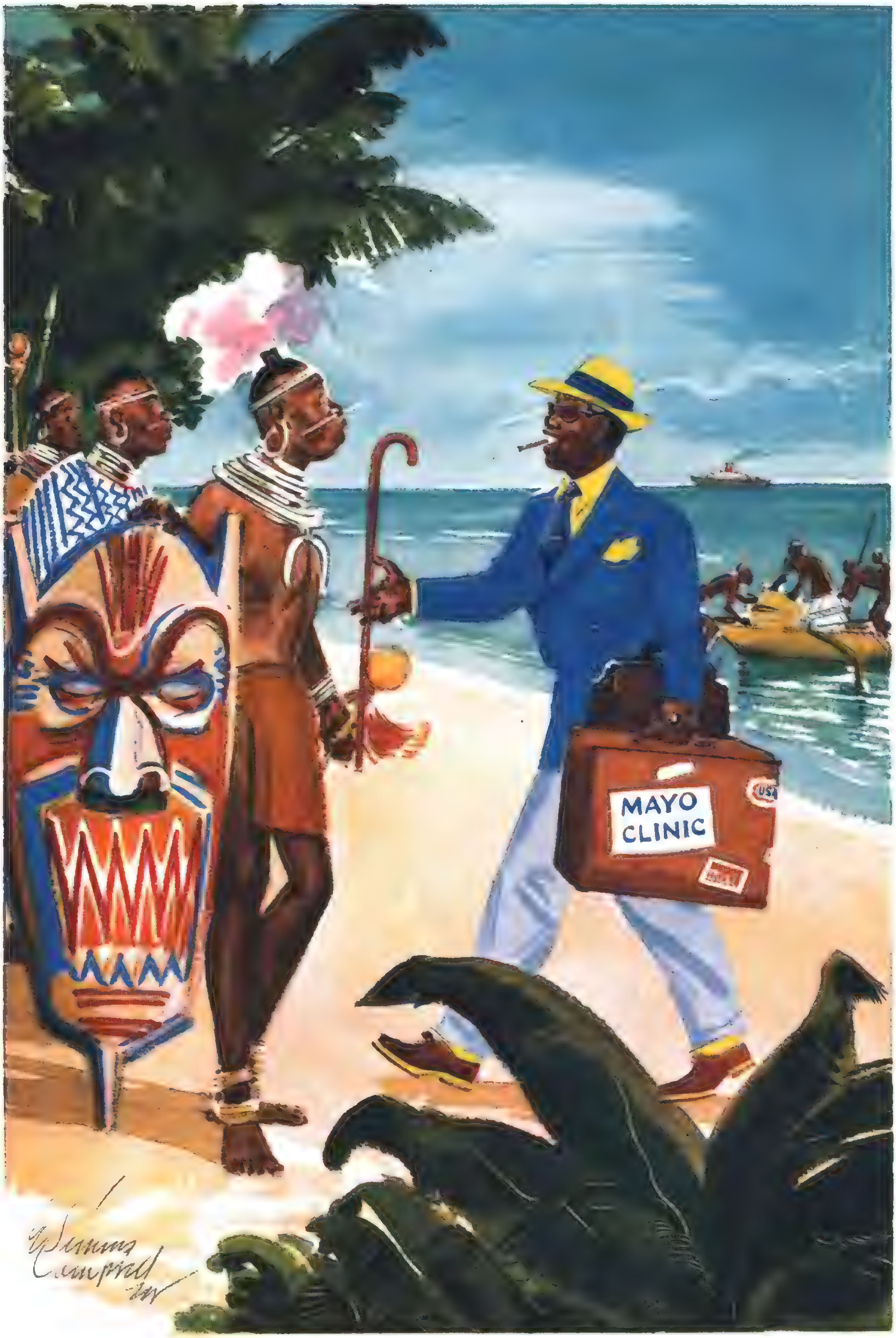
For a moment Remus looked at her, hesitantly. Then he reached into his left breast pocket and pulled out a large, old-fashioned yellow-gold watch. Without a word he flipped open the case and held the watch across the table for her to see. She looked, and she felt her face flush as she saw the little strand of jet-black hair under the thin transparent cover. The memory of that evening before her dressing table swept over her in a wave of shame. She felt terribly humble and unworthy in the face of this evidence of his unwavering sentimental devotion. Indeed, she had difficulty holding back the tears.

Two weeks later they motored to a hot, dusty little Florida town and were married by an obscure justice of the peace, with a gas-station attendant and his wife as witnesses. One of the first things she did after their marriage was, secretly one night, to exchange the lock of hair in his watch for one she clipped from her own head. She felt much better after that.

And of course Remus never learned that the lock of hair he now carried in his watch was hers, and not the one he had clipped from the mane of Dixie Valor, the beautiful little filly that had won both the Futurity and the Withers for him, and had started him off on a wonderful run of luck. #



"After you circle the moon, write 'Happy Cola' in letters about a thousand miles high"


MAYO
CLINIC
USA

"Hello, Pop—I got a lot of new ideas"

Hook, Line and Sinker

No matter how many times he tried, and no matter how far he fled, the keys of the typewriter kept spelling m-u-r-d-e-r

A Story by

WILLIAM VALRICK

EACH night was exactly the same as the one before. That's what bothered him so. He had been so certain that this time it would come off, that he would escape from the miasmic swamp of his own, by now, bored retrospection. After all, just because he had killed her was no reason for the whole thing to go on and on, night after night.

If one depends for his knowledge of things criminological only upon what he may learn by reading newspapers, crime-fact magazines, and whodunits he will probably be incapable of understanding the fix Craig Johnson was in. For you see, Craig had committed a capital crime and it had paid; he had neither been suspected nor questioned, and in no way did his conscience bother him. All of which runs quite contrary to the picture popular writers and movie makers would have one believe.

To accomplish the crime had been simplicity itself. He met her at a cocktail party one afternoon. Fortunately he had been in full dress, class A uniform—baggy Harris tweed, bulldog pipe, heavy spectacles and, in addition, just to show something or another, his last murder mystery had hit the bookshops but the week before and people were still speaking of it to him; so, all in all, there had been absolutely no way for her not to know that he was an author and quite a successful one at that.

When introduced she had smiled and the crow's-feet barely showed through their mask of cosmetics. At first he had started to fluff her off, but then (Craig was a very knowing young man) he had taken a second look and that had done it—there was just a little too much money represented in her jewelry, shoes and clothing.

So he had smiled disarmingly and led her through the crowd to a fairly secluded corner. While doing so he was rapidly running over his financial status. If it wasn't too desperate he still had time to back out, he knew. But, unfortunately for her, his affairs were pretty hopeless. After all, alimony to three ex-wives who show no signs of remarrying and expensive personal tastes can chew away like mad at a bank roll—especially when you aren't good enough for the big money and in no way prolific.

Even though wealthy she hadn't been in the least wary. Within twenty minutes she had gobbled down his obvious flattery, hook, line and sinker, his hand—with fingers so long and artistic and with the intaglio ring on his little finger, resting on her shoulder ever so gently—being the sinker.

Before parting they arranged to meet the next day for lunch. She, of course, wouldn't confide in anyone about the flirtation, Craig knew, for her husband was an absolute martinet and a wealthy one at that. Craig, naturally, would also say nothing, for very good reasons of his own.

They ate in a secluded little restaurant just out of the village. He wasn't known there, and she thought it too quaint for words. They had several double Martinis before lunch and by the cheese and crackers he was discreetly holding her hand and once or twice, by sheerest accident, his fingers would brush her fat old knee. She would giggle archly, then he'd put on his bad-boy look and know that he was progressing famously.

Three weeks later to the day, she had agreed to back him in starting a revolutionary new publishing house. Two months, forty-seven thousand dollars and six secret visits to his flat later, he knew by all the rules inherent in logical thinking that it had best be cut off short.

The very next day she met him in the park, and they walked around awhile, holding hands like children. Then they went for a ride out into the country in an automobile he had borrowed from his literary agent. It was as simple as one of his story plots, he reflected.

There was something of a hubbub, of course, but Craig was in no way implicated. She was dead, he was forty-seven thousand to the good, and that was that.

Playing it safe he immediately started work on a new book. He didn't like the idea, especially while he was in the bucks, but he felt he'd better, to keep the picture unblurred.

Two weeks later he had finished the first draft. Only when he was running through it the second time did he notice what had happened. Without thinking he had incorporated into his whodunit the entire successful crime he had so recently committed.

Knowing that if the manuscript ever got out it would hang him for certain, he burnt it page by page in the small fireplace in his living room and scattered the ashes.

He tried again but with the same result. Somehow he found himself once more writing of his own crime—and, so lucidly, so obviously, that any bonehead of a beginning cop could figure it out and pin the whole mess on him.

Still, he wasn't very perturbed. All he had to do each time was burn up his manuscript, which he did.

Once more he tried, and once more the result was the same. Still not bothered, as he was having too good a time otherwise, he shrugged off the whole thing as just a temporary fixation of some kind.

For a time he quit writing. However, there came the day when his bank roll dipped below the ten-thousand mark; so he knew he'd have to settle back in the old harness for a while at least.

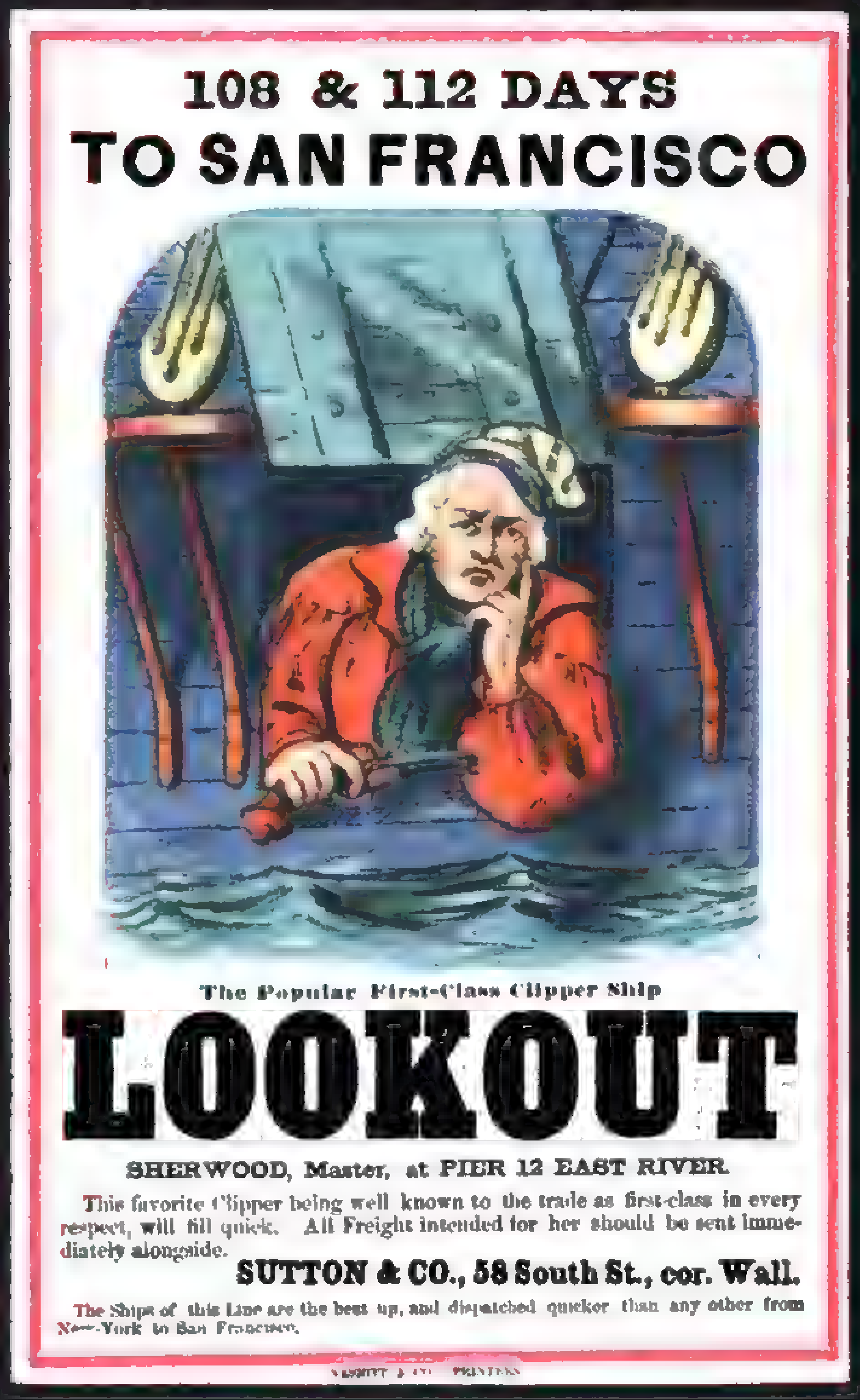
But, once again, he found himself incapable of writing of anything but the slow strangling of the old lady. He moved from his flat, thinking that perhaps there was some association there that brought about his bizarre fixation or whatever it was.

Time passed and he left town—he drifted about the country still unable to write but the one story.

At last came the night when his last dollar had gone for the cheap hotel room he had taken and for a pint of whiskey. Half the night he worked, typing furiously. When he finished it was growing light in the east. Without looking he knew that once more he had written the same old thing.

Somehow he had felt that he had the obsession licked, but now he knew that he hadn't, that he never would. Using part of the money he had obtained from hocking his portable typewriter he mailed his last manuscript to his agent. Then he returned to his hotel room and sat down to wait. #

"We're going to enjoy a Philip Morris after dinner"



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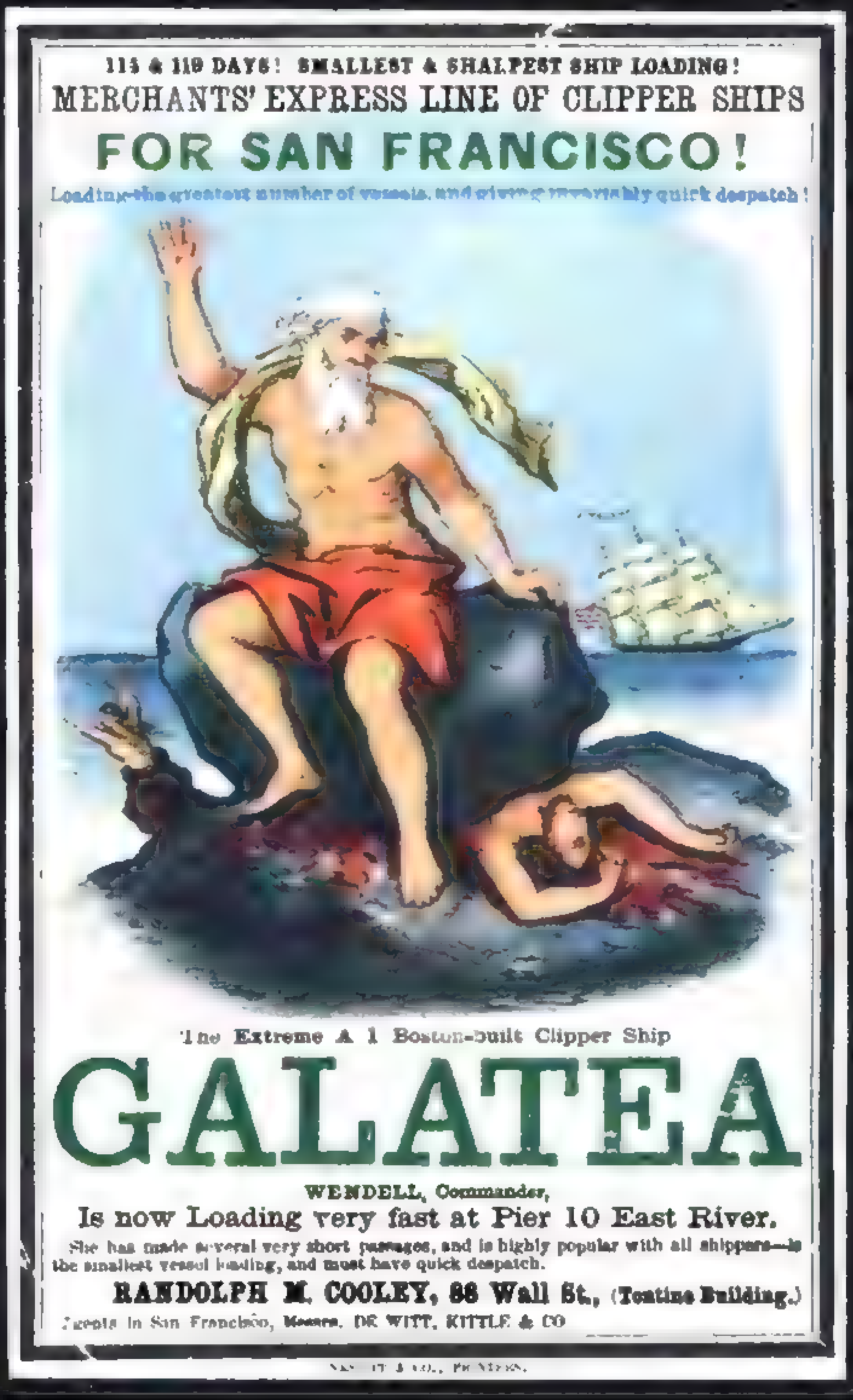

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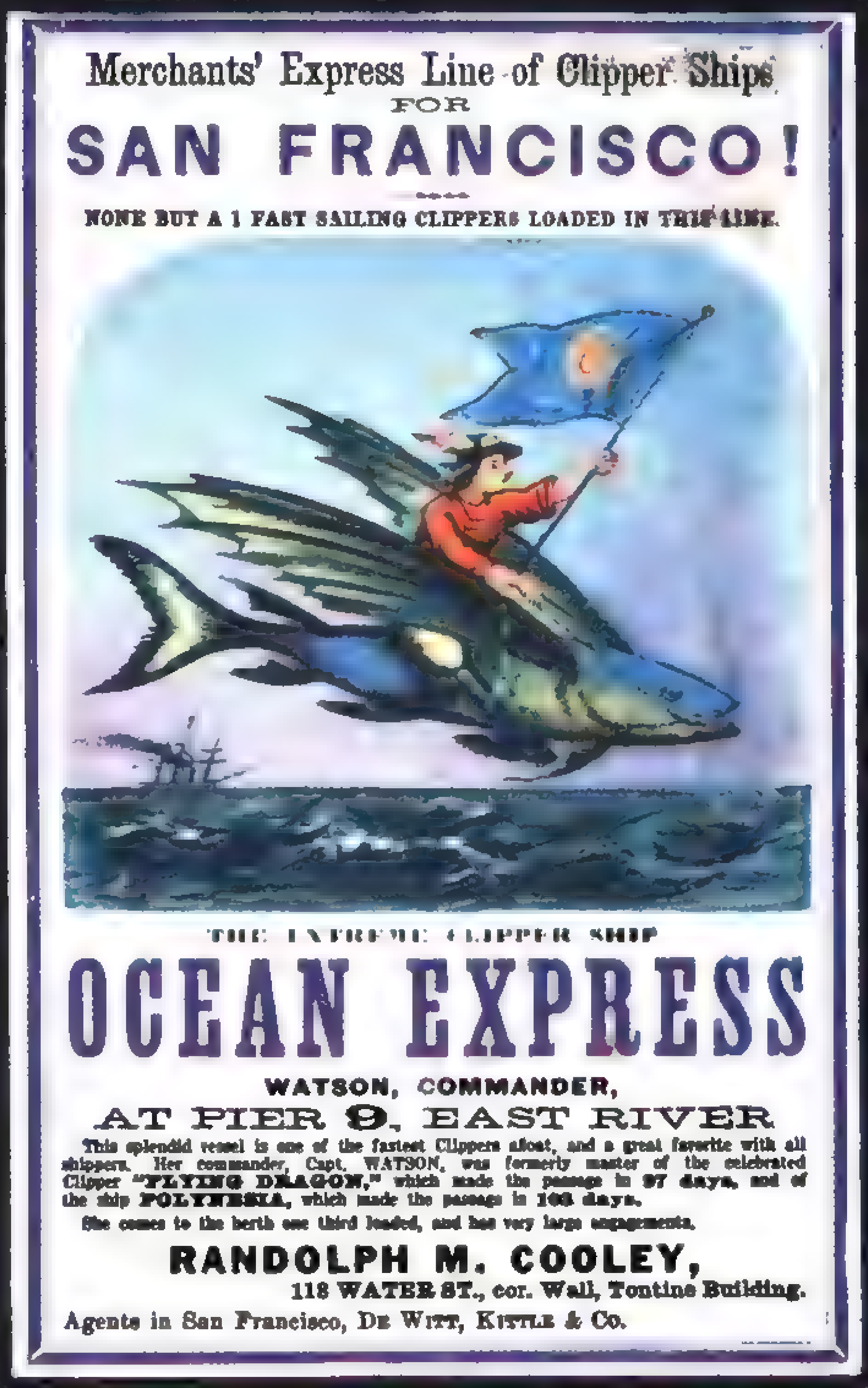

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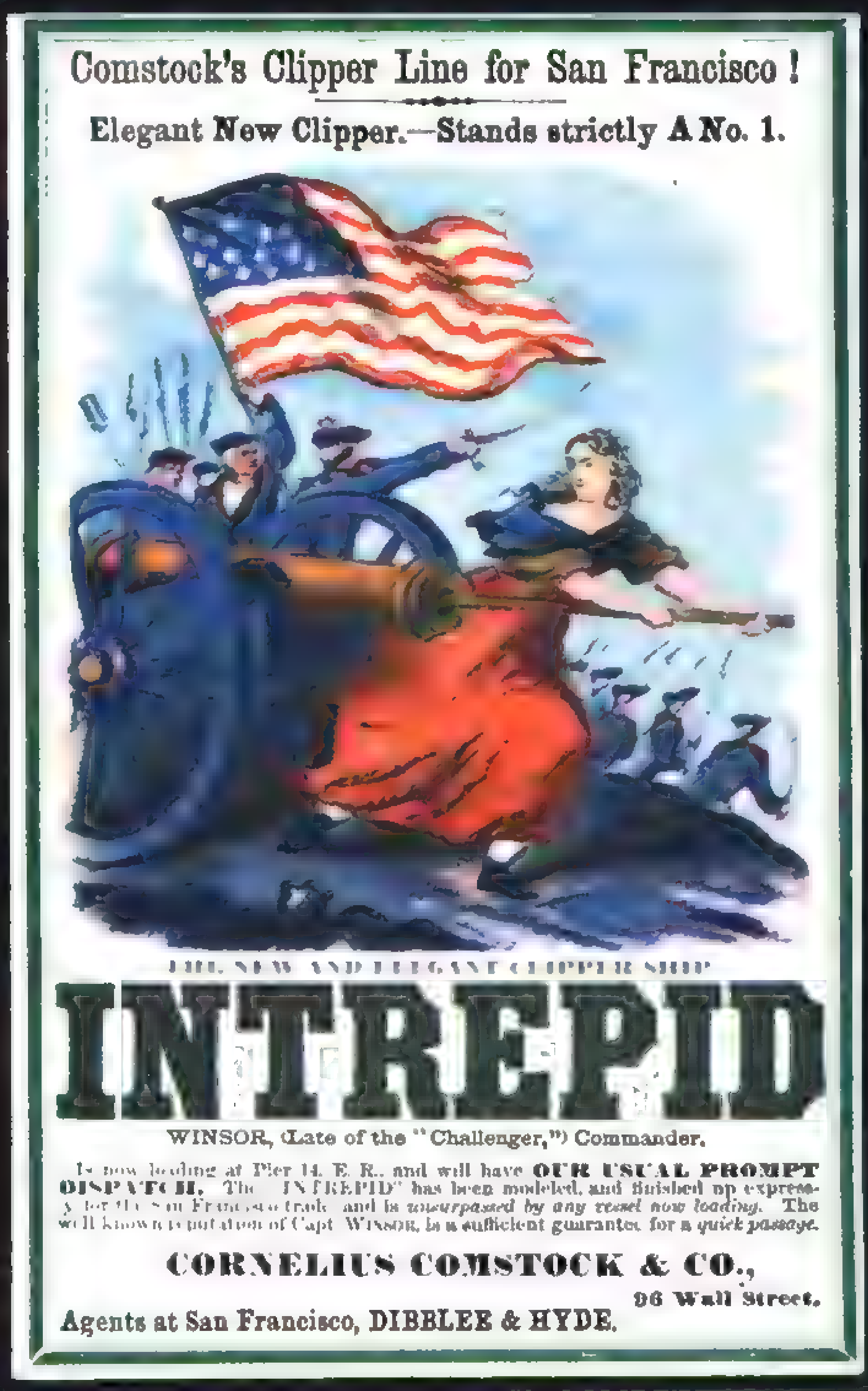

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WHEN THE CLIPPERS RULED THE WAVES

Out of Yankee shipyards just over a hundred years ago came a flying beauty of the sea that opened up an empire and threatened to chase the British ensign from the trade lanes of the seven seas. The clipper ship, slim as a blade and carrying three square-rigged masts, was a beautiful thing to watch and a pain in the neck to the British steam side-wheelers. Yankee clippers raced past the chugging Limeys, cutting in half the sailing time from New York to San Francisco, 15,000 miles around Cape Horn, to a 110-day average, as these clipper advertisements colorfully state. The California Gold Rush was fed 90,000 men and supplies in a year. Racing from China to London with precious tea, clippers earned their cost and more in one voyage.

Blow Hot, Blow Cold

Take your choice of winter vacations; there's every conceivable kind as well as a great many wonderful places to go listed in this article

A Travel Article by

RICHARD JOSEPH

Maybe you'd better not read this piece. It's all about cruises and dude ranches and places where the sun bounces off the snow hot enough to give you a coat of tan three skin-layers deep. Before you're finished you'll dream of throwing things into your bag and going somewhere, you'll smell the spray flying back from a prow knifing its way through the Caribbean, you'll hear your tires singing along the causeway taking you to Miami Beach, feel the hot sun of the desert baking into your back and shoulders, or hear the soft hiss of powder snow flying from your skis.

You will, in other words, be completely ruined for normal winter living. And that—if you're desk-ridden, wife-bound or inertia-chained—is bad. But more and more men in the past few years—wartime excluded, of course—have found the courage to look the boss in the eye, tell the little woman where to head in, and take off for a couple of weeks to a hillside, ship deck or sand beach where life is temporarily better.

Many men are postponing their regular annual vacations until wintertime, splitting their holidays between summer and winter, or simply deciding that two weeks every summer is not enough to keep their batteries charged.

They have discovered that they can get a better break in many resorts on rates and accommodations during the winter season, and that they frequently meet a smarter crowd on winter holidays. Moreover, a wider choice of vacation places is possible as more resorts open up for the winter season. Return of luxury ships is bringing the cruise situation back to something resembling prewar normality. And Mexico, Guatemala, and most of the rest of Pan-America are at their best during the winter season.

Nevertheless the winter traveler should let a few basic facts temper his enthusiasm. Popularity of winter vacations has grown to the point where February at some places is as much a peak vacation month as July is at the average summer resort—with much the same stigmata of crowds, high rates and tight accommodations. Resorts like Sun Valley, for example, are usually sold out for February way back in October and November, while still having space available for January and March which—incidentally—usually provide perfect ski weather. Resort people in the Miami area and other of the most popular Florida winter-vacation centers generally just shriek and claw at their cheeks when you try to talk to them about February bookings.

Also the February vacationist should remember that winter sunshine doesn't necessarily guarantee swimming weather every day in the week. Bermuda, for instance, together with some places in southern California and northern Florida, offer perfect golf, riding and tennis weather throughout the winter, but that doesn't mean they're as warm as the back of a hot-dog stand in Coney Island on the Fourth of July.

For really hot, dry weather here in these United States you're pretty much restricted to the desert country of southeastern California and Arizona's Valley of the Sun, centered around Phoenix. But remember, only the days are hot—winter nights are usually chilly down there, and you feel the cold more by contrast with the hot daytime sunshine. Some of the top resorts in the nation are situated in this desert country, including California's Palm Springs and Arizona's Biltmore, Camelback Inn and San Marcos Hotel. Rates for the three Arizona hotels run from about $20 per day, but many small hotels and desert dude ranches will give you the same bright sunshine with less lavish accommodations at considerably lower rates.

Florida temperature goes down, naturally enough, as you move northward up the coast—but then so do the prices. With 35,000 lakes and 3750 miles of beaches in the State, you shouldn't have too much trouble finding a place where your tastes and your bank account come close to meeting.

Even though its February sunshine content isn't up to places like California, Florida and the desert, you can't think of winter vacations without considering the unique attractions of New Orleans. It's one of the world's really distinctive cities, and it enjoys comfortable winter weather—though you're not likely to want to go walking around much in a bathing suit. High spot of the New Orleans winter tourist season is Mardi Gras, which this year will be on February 10. That's the time to go to New Orleans if you've never been to Mardi Gras—and if you've made your reservations far in advance.

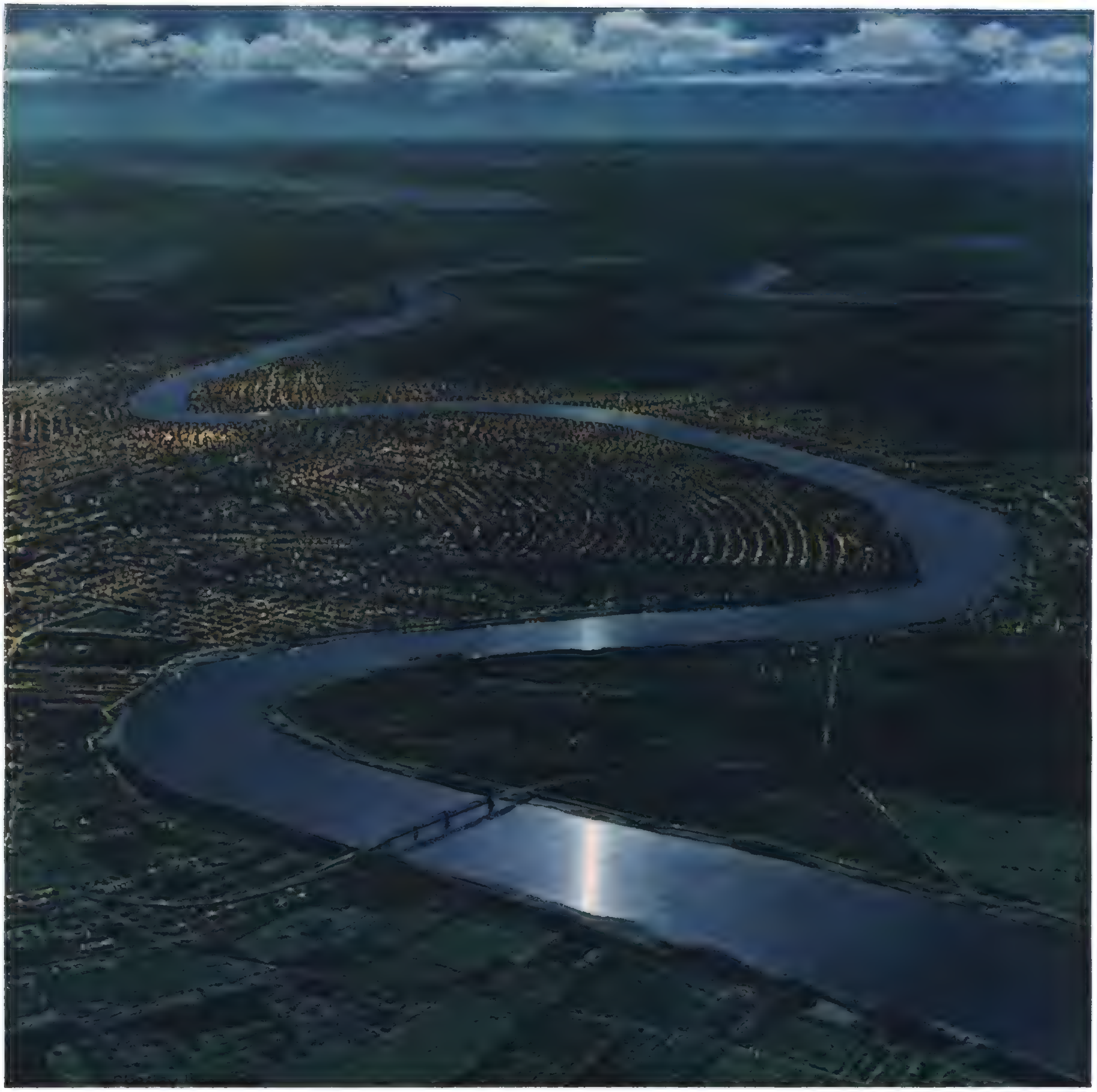
Which just about takes care of the sunshine spots here at home. When we move south of the border to Mexico, we find an entire country that's highly baskable throughout the winter. It's the dry season, also, so the weather is likely to be perfect wherever you go—especially if you want to bake the chill of a northern winter out of your bones.

Where to go depends entirely on what you want to do and how much time and money you want to spend. Prices in Mexico City and the principal tourist places are just about the same as you'd pay at home for comparable accommodations—but everything is considerably cheaper when you head out to the hinterlands. Acapulco, on the Pacific, is a favorite with the Hollywood crowd, as are the sports-fishing centers of Guaymas and Mazatlán, on the Gulf of California.

Mexico's spas have been developed in recent years until they compare favorably with the finest European watering places. San José de Purua, four hours out of Mexico City, is famous for its mineral springs, as are Garci Crespo, in the heart of Mexico's "Karlsbad region" and the tropical Fortin de las Flores. Many provincial watering places offer very inexpensive accommodations for tourists who like to get off the beaten paths. One of the best of these is Ixtapan de la Sal, about two hours away from the Mexican capital.

Winter—the dry season—is the best time of the year to explore the tourist attractions of Guatemala, which is beginning to rival Mexico as a winter resort for escape-seeking North Americans. Heading south by plane, you can cover the rest of Central America —El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama— (*Continued on page 129*)

"Long skirts or not, Miss Wilson thinks if a girl has good legs she should show them"



PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE BY CHESLEY BONESTELL

Esquire in New Orleans

New Orleans, says this writer thoughtfully, is like a beautiful woman, no longer young, but vivacious and très charming and—altogether desirable

An Article by RAY BROCK

. . . Creole babies with laughin' eyes
All dressed up in blue jeans—
*'Way down yonder in New Or-leans!**

HELL of it is, it's true. New Orleans, of all America's great cities, goes her rakehell, devil-may-care way—lusty, busty, gaudy, bawdy, politically corrupt, architecturally at once heavenly and hellish—and withal a grand old town where a man can have one fine time. Let New York clean up her Bowery and Hell's Kitchen and blast out Tammany. Give San Francisco the green light on death to the Barbary Coast and the Chinese brothels on the hilltops. New Orleans? *Jamais!* Orleanians like and are sneakingly proud of her vices—the gambling casinos, the dope trade, forbidden absinthe and, of course, the French Quarter and the mean streets where any kind of love is for sale to anybody with the price. Beautiful Creole girls prowl the streets and haunt the dives and bistros, or whisper softly in their rich, insinuating drawl from behind half-closed shutters of the ecstasies to be had within.

Your typical Orleanian is almost inordinately proud, if you scratch him deep enough, of the checkered career of his old city. He knows it was founded in 1718 and he is rather smugly intolerant of other American cities which haven't even celebrated their 200th birthdays. He is fond of telling how the old town, the United States' third largest in land area as well as third largest seaport in tonnage handled, grew from a marsh settlement to its present eminence.

Old New Orleans is not merely the South's greatest industrial and seaport city, with the biggest airport in the country, the home of the fabulous International Trade Mart and a teeming, charming melting pot of more than half a million peoples of some twenty different races. It is really two cities; the modern, skyscrapered, bustling, moiling metropolis of the South—and the quaint, beautiful, leisurely old river town of Jean Lafitte and his buccaneers; of the *code duelo* and pistols for two in the gardens of St. Louis Cathedral; of the old Quadroon Balls where gentlemen picked their dusky mistresses right off the dance floor; of mighty gamblers and incredible drinkers, and high-livin' ladies, Suh, of international repute; of writers like Lafcadio Hearn and Thomas Nelson Page; of the dread and deadly plagues when the dead carts rumbled through the streets and the criers called, "Bring out your dead!"—and, of course, the site of the Mardi Gras.

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Mardi Gras is an indissoluble part of New Orleans. "Fat Tuesday" is the final big day and night of the carnival in February when good Frenchmen are supposed to begin Lent and its forty days of fasting. The carnival grows madder and madder, with daily and nightly parades, until the crazy windup at midnight on Mardi Gras. There are recorded incidents in not-too-distant history when lovers disported themselves openly on Canal Street and the Vieux Carré; when champagne, wine and liquor were dispensed from floats in the carnival parades, and when a Lady Godiva (specially imported by an enterprising Orleanian) rode a white steed down Canal Street with only her blonde tresses for raiment. New Orleans at Mardi Gras is a distillate of her old self—wild, abandoned, passionate and beautiful, and mildly repentant afterward.

And if you plan on joining the fun, better take a bedroll and pup tent. New Orleans hotels, many big and resplendent, others quaint and outmoded, some run-down and vermin-ridden, all are booked solidly through January and February.

So are New Orleans' leading restaurants—where gourmets approach food and drink with the reverence of a bridegroom approaching the bridal chamber, and just as ceremoniously. Antoine's, Arnaud's and Galatoire remain as celebrated and as excellent as ever. So, too, with the Court of the Two Sisters, the Patio Royal and, of course, Broussard's on Conti Street.

New Orleans cuisine is a bizarre but enchanting combination of French, Spanish, Choctaw Indian and Negro cooking and is based firmly upon one single dish—Creole gumbo. One popular recipe for gumbo calls for a half-dozen crabs, a pound of shrimp, two dozen oysters, a green pepper, two stalks of celery, one onion, two pods of garlic, some thyme, bayleaf and parsley, sassafras leaf, salt and pepper, black and cayenne, depending on how hot you like it. Then, of course, there is Antoine's internationally famous Oysters Rockefeller: oysters are arrayed on the half shell in a piepan packed with rock salt. The chef then applies a sauce of the tail and tips of choice green onions, celery, chervil, tarragon leaves, crumbs of stale bread, tabasco sauce and butter, all of which have been pounded and poured through a sieve. A dash of absinthe is added. The oysters are baked until brown, and fine bread crumbs are added. Another specialty is Bisque d'Ecrivisse à la Cardinal—a thick concoction of crayfish prepared similarly to bouillabaisse. Add to this Pompano à la Marinière, soft-shelled turtles with sherry sauce; a fat baby squab stuffed with pâté, roasted and basted in fine old cognac, and try it with a good still Burgundy. Finish off with Omelette Historiée à la Julius Caesar en Surprise—or eggs beaten with cognac and powdered sugar, baked as an omelette, and enclosing a custard ice cream and sponge cake, with perhaps some Château Yquem. Naturally, you'll take Café Brulot Diabolique, delicious New Orleans coffee flavored with burning old brandy. Then, brother, you have dined New Orleans!

Out in the city streets—broad Canal Street with its balloon hawkers (for New Orleans' frequent fête days), the queer streets along the water front, the ramiform streets and passages of the French Quarter—one begins to come at the heart of the old girl herself. Understanding comes of her vicissitudes: the old days of the plantations and the free-loving, free-living that bred the Creoles from French and Spanish blood, blending their cultures and languages; the miscegenation that bred the quadroons and octoroons, and the vast slave traffic with the "blackbirders" which honeycombed New Orleans with the many slave quarters still visible today.

New Orleans hit her stride after the Louisiana Purchase and the War of 1812. Came the age of the Mississippi River steamboat, and the resultant boom in commerce, social life, gambling and associated vices; the opera, the theatre, concerts—and spectacular liaisons of merchant princes and lovely ladies from the capitals of Europe. Duelling flourished, as hotheaded young Creole gentlemen flung challenges at the turn of a syllable. The Quadroon Ball was the event of the year, when wealthy young Creole planters, gamblers and rivermen picked their mistresses à la our modern debutante's coming-out, made suitable arrangements with the family and set the girl up in her own apartment to which he alone (presumably) had the key. When other keys turned up, as they frequently did, there was nothing for it but pistols or rapiers at dawn.

Lincoln freed the slaves and New Orleans hit the skids immediately. Vast plantations languished and died. River traffic fell off to nothingness as the railroads scooped up the freight traffic. The old city became more woebegone, more down-at-the-heels than ever, through the lean years of the late Eighties and the turn of the century. It took the first World War and a sudden spurt in cotton prices to bring her back to something like her old self. She bloomed and boomed again.

Old New Orleans lives and thrives on her vast port facilities, on the export of fish and shellfish, on stands of pine and cypress, on muskrat pelts, on rice and oil and cotton and cottonseed—but most of all on her teeming port. And the eventual opening of the St. Lawrence waterway will give her great new outlets to new ports in Europe via the Mississippi and Great Lakes. Meantime she's feeling no pain. Her tourist trade is booming as never since the turn of the eighteenth century. The celebrated International House, with its offices, bars and restaurants for buyers from all the world, (sometime soon it will also have nine floors of hotel accommodations available for visitors) has become a genuine mecca. And the wealthy gentleman from Bankok or Santiago, Brussels or Calcutta, Copenhagen or Buenos Aires has only to step out of the lush precincts of International House to the splendid cuisine of Antoine's or Arnaud's, Galatoire or Broussard's, or the tempting fleshpots of the French Quarter.

New Orleans is her old self today, despite the looters and the reformers, the booms and busts, the tricky cotton market and the pesky railroads. She is often compared to a somewhat loose-living lady of mixed breeding: not so young as she was, but still desirable, charming and gracious. #

NADELMAN

In the tourist's handbook, the shuttered windows of New Orleans' famed French Quarter still hint seductively of the charms of illicit love

Nostalgia and Nudes

Here is a romantic painter of dangerously exciting women—women with "great mystery in their hair and moisture on their hands"

An Article by

ROBERT U. GODSOE

JOHN ALAN MAXWELL, one of today's brightest lights in the illustrating field, yearns for times past, places forgotten, a world mostly imaginary, popularly supposed to have been pre-Civil War Dixie. The urge is a charming, if sometimes macabre nostalgia.

John Alan Maxwell roamed the woods as a boy with a gun and an uncle. The uncle had stories; the boy had literature: together they produced a large portion of what Maxwell, the artist, is today. John learned the joys of loafing, and dreaming. He has never lost this. He had no intention of being a painter. But he was so good at doing portraits of amoebas and other such biological characters that a friend of the family proposed the boy take up art. The idea caught his fancy though words had been his first love; he was an omnivorous reader, and this is pertinent because, though art, in our time, has made a passion of disavowing literature, Maxwell, in his painting, remains faithful. The talent young John Maxwell displayed at drawing biological specimens turned out to be a real talent, as a year at the Corcoran in Washington proved. Further study at the Art Students' League in New York confirmed it.

The South has a way of imbuing its citizens with the coloration of its past, and even today there are oldsters who speak of what has become, in retrospect, a golden age. These were the tales that fed Maxwell as a boy: he was led to live in a world he had never known, certainly never made, and which, one suspects, never really existed except as a rather faded dream. When the artist emerged from the amoeba phase it was as a recorder of times past, of grand manors and grand dames, of maids and magnolias, moonlight, moss, open barouches overflowing with chivalry. It was a combination of mood, memory, technical dexterity and the literature from which he had never escaped.

In his book jackets and book illustrations Maxwell's South is still debonair. But it is in his creative work, the things he does for himself, that a more revealing note is struck. These empty carriages, shafts down, riderless horses wandering in a region of eerie twilight, figures clutching flowers, wandering amongst gravestones, deserted houses murmuring their regrets—these are all sighings after a world created by nostalgia out of the gossamer of reminiscence.

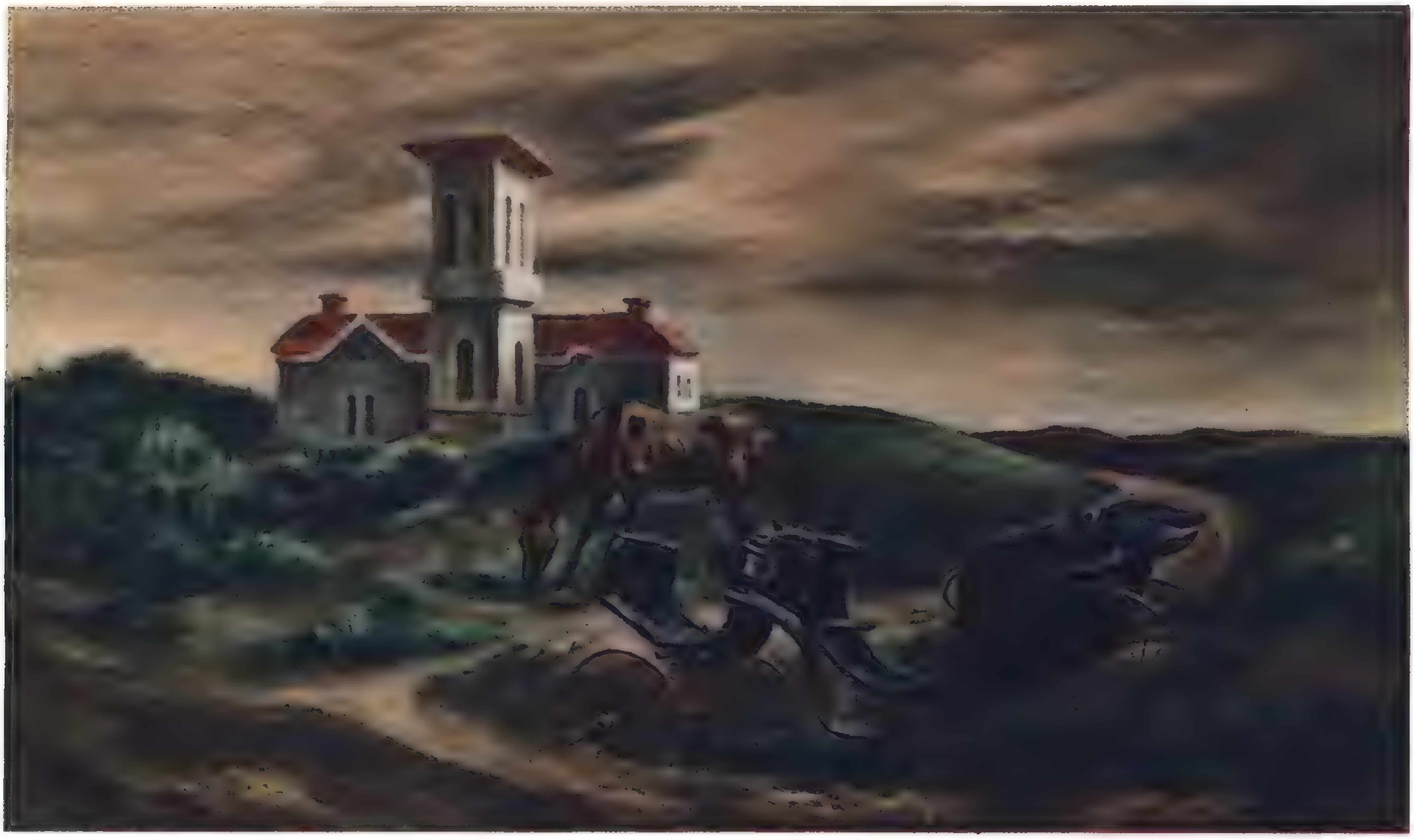
The storybook South bestowed a peculiar glorification on both the male and the female. She was a magnolia, he something between a well-dressed studhorse and a riding crop. That which was feminine was more feminine than anything since the pre-Raphaelites; that which was male was infinitely more male than a Roman legionnaire. The relationship between the two was one of chivalry, bounty, spirit and a particularly elegant lust. Its highlights were moonlight, its darks were moss. It isn't real; life is more complex than that. It is strictly a fundamentalist concept. It drinks bourbon and tells itself tall tales; it puts its reminiscences on a lighted stage where the details are enormously distorted or, if you like, elided. The Civil War stage of John Maxwell's art follows the pattern rigorously.

Everything except the greatest art, the art, say, of a Beethoven, a Shakespeare, a Michelangelo, is lopsided in vision. We cannot quarrel with an artist because he sees only part of the whole, even if that part is the dream part unrelated to the naked facts of life which some people choose to call truth. That Maxwell should spend his efforts upon a romanticized, literary past is no less legitimate than the preoccupation of a Chirico with long sad vistas in towns that never were. There is no legitimate fare for the artist. Maxwell is entitled to his moon-drenched graveyards as Poe was to his misty mid-regions. The only question we are permitted to ask is, "How far can nostalgia go without becoming the mutterings of an old man in his beer (or his bourbon) who likes to tell you, ad infinitum, about things that have ceased to interest anyone but himself, and himself only because he has nothing better to do?" What we are attempting to say to John Maxwell, then, his neighbor Tom Wolfe said to him and to Faulkner and to all of the many talents of the modern South. Because you can't ever, really, try as you will, go home again.

Maxwell is a romantic. Romance, at its best, creates tomorrow. Maxwell can take that axis upon which his work revolves, the classic Southern axis of the male and the female poles raised to their nth degree, and upon it create tomorrow. One perceives this in his nudes. His unvarnished adoration of the female form is one of the most affirmative aspects of his work. These ladies breathe as Renoir's and Degas' ladies breathe and for the same reason; they are tomorrow, in fact and in promise. And they belong here and now as well as to tomorrow. If he puts one of them in a graveyard clutching a rose she is still a present snare, not merely a memory of a half-forgotten levee. There is moisture on the hands, there is, as Remy de Gourmont has it, "great mystery" in the hair. His nudes are incitements to go on living tomorrow, which is where the artist belongs rather than in the past. Maxwell, when he loosens the shackles which have married him to the past, has a chance of becoming the painter of the most dangerous nudes in America, as Maillol's nudes are dangerous, because there is, in his concept of the female form, adoration, veneration, desire, the wit of well-being, the promise of enrichment. And his nudes will, if he lets them, lead him out of the storybook Dixie his elders handed him when he was a boy. And let none of the cafeteria school of artists throw up their hands in disgust, shrieking "Caressable art!" Flesh is as plastic a concern as paint.

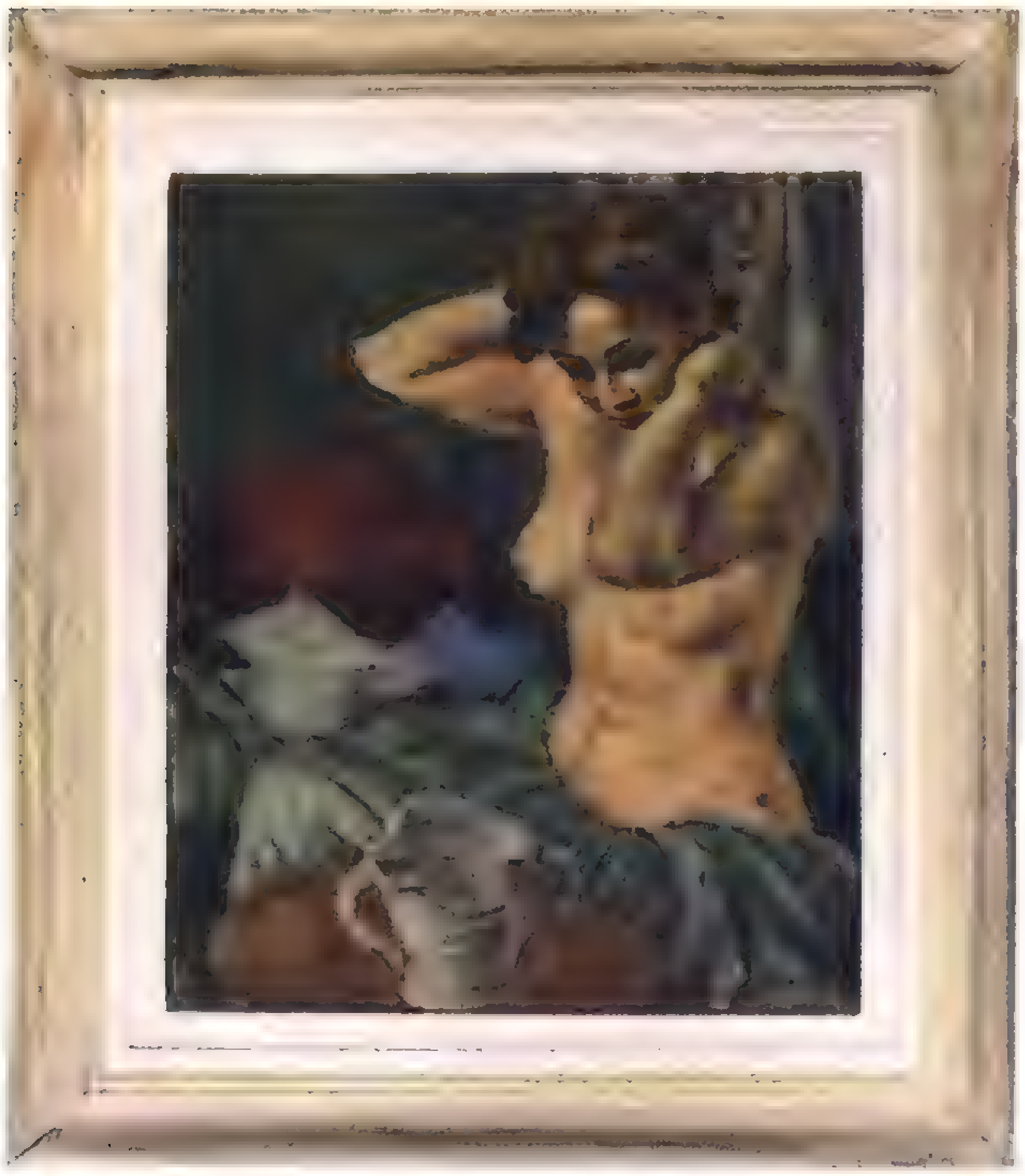
In this day of Mondrian's fiendish austerity, of Moholy-Nagy's sometimes bleakly scientific functionalism, of Kandinsky's astral trapezoids, there is a place in art for sheer romance, for flesh over honest bones, for mysteries in hair, for odor and sound. This is the direction in which Maxwell has to go if and when his reputation as a Civil War painter ever dims. Then you will see a veritable Rodin giving back to the word "lust" something of glory the long-hairs have taken away. There is no sounder basis on which to build an art than the concept of the essential human form, now, here and tomorrow, making mad with beauty. Euclid is only beautiful "looking on beauty bare." ⵎ

"It's these longer-lasting suds—how do you get rid of them?"

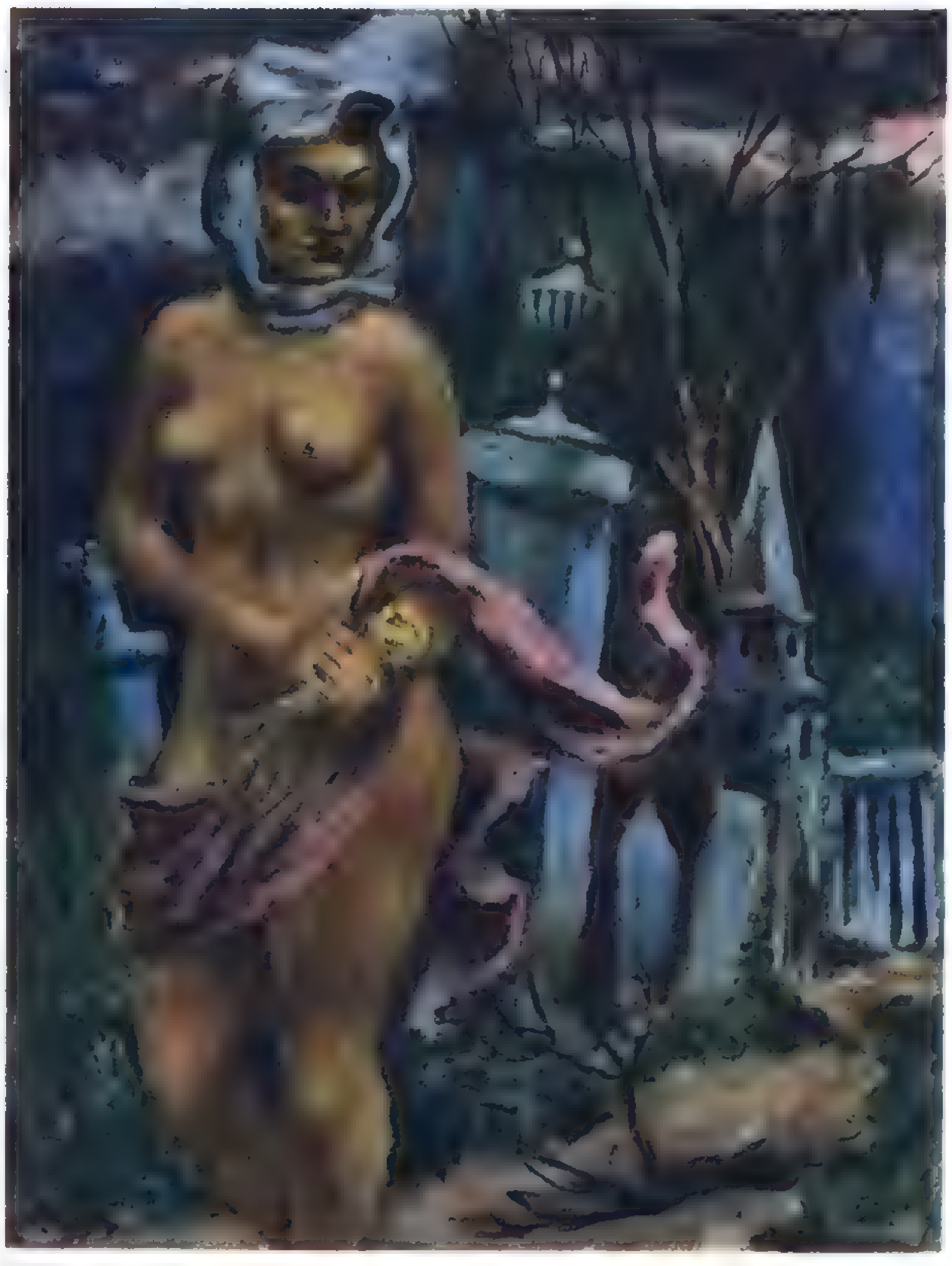


YESTERDAY Oil 24" x 40"

John Alan Maxwell



REFLECTION Oil 24" x 20"



THE FORGOTTEN Oil 24" x 18"

Anything for a Friend

Take eighteen thousand dollars in small bills, a cheating husband, a betrayed friend, add a dash of blackmail and keep your eyes on the jar

A Story by
SAUL DAVID

"CARL, my old friend," said William Kullman, "the trouble is, I love my wife."

"Yes," said Carl. "Domestic squabbles." He waved his glass grandly and a few drops spattered on the rug. "Not of major significance." He paused and put the glass down with deliberate steadiness. It was ten-thirty and they had been drinking since dinner.

"Now lissen, Bill," he went on, "don't change the subject. We were talking about that money." He cocked his head owlishly. "Twelve thousand dollars sitting over your fireplace. Silliest thing I ever saw."

William Kullman was silent in his chair. The lamplight from behind Carl was splashed across his body, leaving his face in shadow. He had not spoken for some time.

Carl shrugged his shoulders and refilled his glass from the two bottles standing on the floor between them. He was blond and slightly bald, running a little to fat. The liquor had reddened his face and his shirt collar looked tight. "Okay," he said, "so William loves Mary and Mary loves William . . . William and Mary . . . College in Kentucky."

"Virginia," said William Kullman.

"Okay," said Carl, "Virginia . . . nice place, but full of horses." He giggled foolishly and drank again. Then he shook his head. "Look," he said, "we were talking about the money." He gestured at the mantel. "Twelve thousand dollars in a blue jar sitting on the Kullman mantelpiece." He blinked. "Twelve thousand bucks sighing to be swiped . . . perishing to be purloined." Carl grinned mistily. "Look, Bill, that's too much money to leave around the house. Don't be a chump . . . put it in the bank!"

William Kullman's hands tightened slightly on his glass. His eyes were intent on his friend for a moment. Then he looked past him to the mantel where the blue jar rested, half hidden in the upflung shadow of Carl's chair.

Carl went on, his voice thickening. "Twelve thousand dollars . . . should be inna bank where'll multiply an be fruitful . . ." He tittered. "Artificial fiscal insenimation . . . insemination . . ."

"For Christ's sake," said William Kullman, "shut up."

"Okay," said Carl, "I'll shut up. But somebody's gonna steal it. Serve you right too . . . teach y'a lesson . . . why I ought to . . ." Suddenly he broke off and looked at William Kullman with drunken cunning.

Then William Kullman stood up. "Carl," he said, "I'm going down to the cellar to get another bottle." He paused, and then his voice was gentle and curiously muffled. "I'll be gone a few minutes."

"Sure thing," said Carl, "take your time."

In the cellar Kullman paused. The boards creaked stealthily overhead. Suddenly he looked very tired. Slowly he went back up the stairs. The blue jar was still on the mantel but the shadow of the chair no longer covered it.

At twelve o'clock Mary Kullman came in. Her husband was alone in the parlor. When she kissed him casually his response was sudden and fierce. She pushed him away laughing. "I know you love me, dear," she said with a glance at the bottles on the floor, "but I'm going right up to bed. I'm worn out."

"Yes," said William Kullman. "You go on up. I'll be up in a few minutes."

Frank BEAVEN

"The following program was transcribed from an earlier broadcast in order that you might hear it at this more convenient time"

There was something strange in his voice. Mary put her hand on his shoulder. "Is something wrong, dear?"

"No," he said, "nothing . . ." Then irrelevantly, "Carl left about an hour ago."

"Yes?"

"Nothing," he said blankly. "Think I'll go out and get some air."

Mary looked puzzled. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "Well," she said, "me for bed." She kissed him and went up the stairs.

When he heard the water splashing in the tub he went out to his car. He drove two blocks, stopped at a drugstore, bought a pack of cigarettes and then went to the phone booth and dialed a number. "Hello," he said. "Yes, Kullman . . . yes I will . . . five minutes . . . I couldn't get away. Yes, in small bills . . . right now."

Now he drove rapidly across town. At the lake he turned left and went about three miles. Then at the old ice house he turned left again onto a dirt lane. In a few hundred yards he stopped. He turned his headlights off, then on, then off again, and waited. Suddenly there was a sound near by, and a blinding flashlight shone in his eyes. Another light swept the back seat of the car.

A man's voice said, "He's alone."

Then a woman's voice, a voice he knew. "Of course he's alone. Willy knows his friends, don't you, Willy baby?"

Kullman was silent. The woman's voice said mournfully, "Willy won't talk to me. He doesn't love me any more."

"Can it," said the man's voice, "you talk too much." Then to Kullman, "All right, let's have it . . . six grand."

Kullman handed a package out the window.

The woman said, "You don't need to count it, Joe. Willy wouldn't cheat us, because he loves his wife." She laughed. "Ain't that a helluva switch? Willy's wife had eighteen G's and he's gonna take the rest himself so she won't find out about us, ain't you, Willy? You good little citizen you."

William Kullman said stiffly, "You've got the money. What about the pictures?"

"See, Joe," said the woman. "Wants our pictures, Willy does. For a keepsake. He's a sentimental darling, he is."

"Shut up, goddam you," the man said. He handed a manila envelope through the car window. Kullman tore it open. There were six prints, nothing else. "You promised me the negatives," he said slowly.

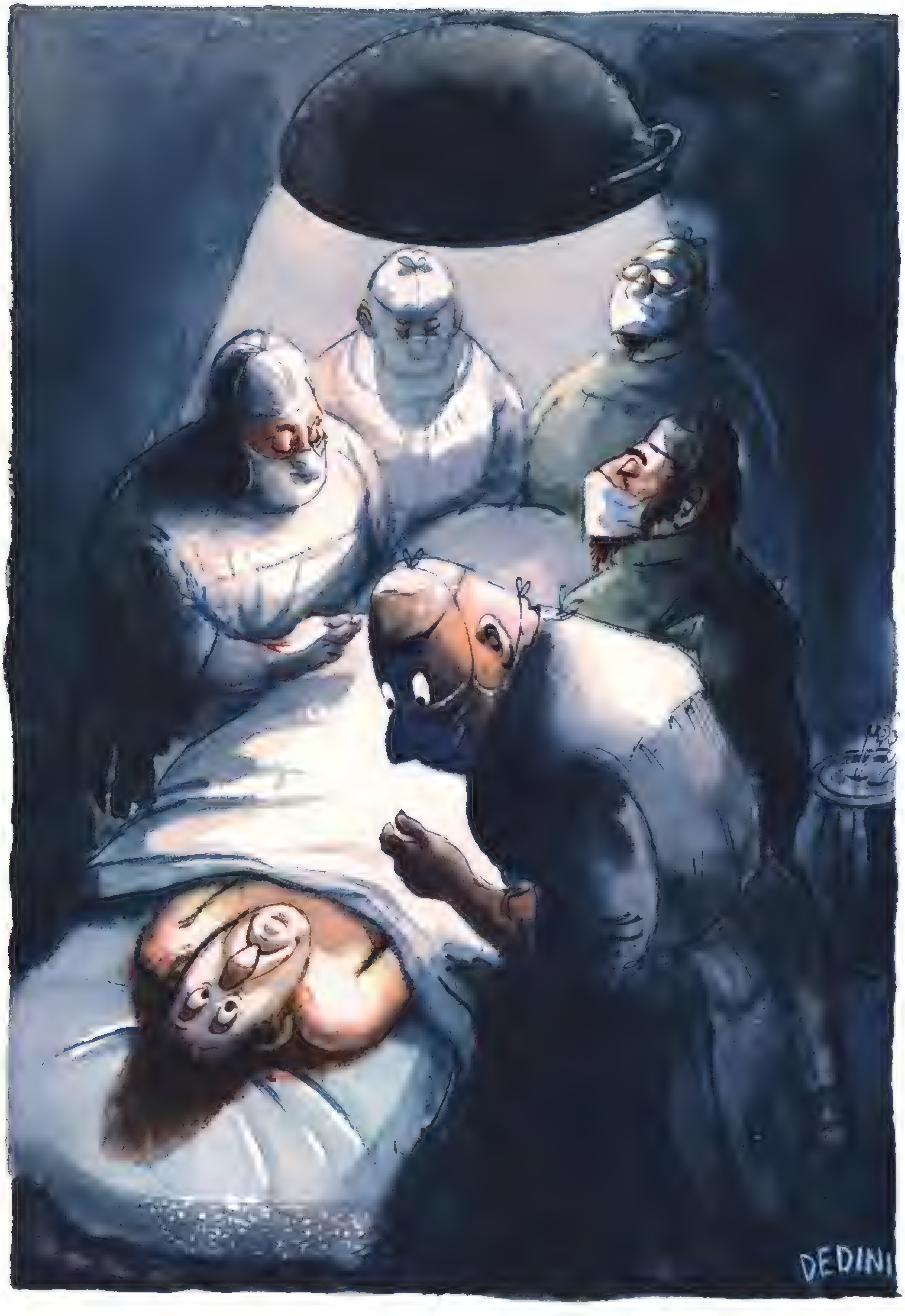
"We lost them," the man said.

"Yes," said William Kullman. "Then how do I know you didn't keep them?"

"That's a chance you gotta take," said the man, "but I wouldn't spend the rest of the dough right away if I was you."

The woman giggled sharply, then a motor roared and a pair of headlights swept past him. The sound diminished to a hum and disappeared. The night was cold and quiet, the moon was clearing the trees and filled the air with a light like greenish smoke. He sat very still for about five minutes. Then he switched on the ignition and started home.

As he closed (Continued on page 141)



"There now, Mr. Foy, is everything comfortable—light all right?"

Packing Licks the Traveler

Even a seasoned traveler like Orlando Burpworth is giving up after years of strewing surplus baggage across the world

An Article by

HERB GRAFFIS

ORLANDO BURPWORTH is a gentleman who, for business and pleasure and at the request of the War Department during the earlier half of this decade, has traveled far, wide and high.

You would think that Orlando knows all the answers about traveling. He does know most of them. Sometimes he knows too many of them and when you are sounding off about where you have been Orlando will interject a few remarks about his own wanderings which will make it seem like your most venturesome trip was crawling under the front porch looking for eggs.

You talk about some little restaurant in a French village where you once had a meal that made a rainbow shine in your belly. Orlando will agree you were in a good place because he has been there himself.

However, he will add, there was a much better joint right down the narrow little street four houses past the tallest manure pile in the hamlet.

What will give you a slow, deep burn is that Orlando will precisely describe the place you were in so you are positive he isn't lying. He also will tell you about the old man whose wife and beautiful daughter ran the really superb place you weren't in. You will remember the old man because your outfit had been at that village for about a week. The old man used to sit on the doorstep puffing one of those long-stemmed porcelain-bowled pipes with the painted bowl propped on his stomach.

Or another guy can be telling about India's sunny clime where he used to spend his time a-serving of 'Is Majesty FDR, and having the good luck to find a spot with some pretty fair local whisky instead of the gut solvent that the G.I.s used to drink. Orlando will take the edge off the story by adding some details the narrator had overlooked.

Not only that, but Orlando will ask if the other fellow ever went to the House of the Redheaded Dolls, where there was real Scotch, marvelous food, and wonderful beds and after a chap had been in the C.B.I. Theater for months there is nothing better than a good hot shower and a long sleep, undisturbed, on a soft bed between nice, clean sheets; is there?

Several voices will say, "Yes, there is!" and ask him to tell more about the House of the Redheaded Dolls which they had heard about as far away as Iwo as being so grand it was off limits even to generals.

Orlando will not fully appease their curiosity, but will say casually: "A pal of mine who owns the joint got ginned and generous one night and wanted to give it to me. He is a very rich maharajah and runs the place as a hobby."

"A dandy hobby!" Orlando's listeners will chorus. "Why didn't you take it?"

"Oh, I like to travel and I didn't want to be tied down."

Everyone will agree that travel is about as satisfying entertainment as the normal lively American could get and it is a shame that a fellow has to stay on the job to make a living instead of wandering like a bum whither fancy beckons.

Somebody will ask Burpworth where he intends to go next, and Orlando will make the shockingly frank reply: "I think I'll stay home for a while. I am all worn out from packing and unpacking."

Then fellows who have been hating Orlando because he has been everywhere and seen everything suddenly will begin to think very kindly of him. They know at what cruel cost he has bought his enviable peregrinations because they would sooner take a kick in the belt than to pack.

There is not one youth or man among 50,000 average Americans who knows how to pack luggage. Only when everything is freshly laundered can a fellow do a reasonably orderly and compact job of stowing his gear. After he has unpacked at a few stops, he has an awful time getting the luggage clasped. His wife could perform the same task with neatness and dispatch and still have enough room in the bag for a St. Bernard, plus flask.

A psychiatrist probably would find in men's difficulty with packing the explanation of why men leave behind them in hotels and Pullmans from Hell, Norway, to Breakfast, Oregon, such items as pajamas, shirts, sox, toilet kits, ties and Pullman slippers. Subconsciously the traveler wants to make things easy for himself.

Although the traveler cannot remember that he has bought or stolen anything to add to his burden, he usually returns with his original bag heavy with cargo plus enough brown-paper bundles and loose belongings to make him look like an immigrant of the late eighties coming through Ellis Island. Why this flaw in the character of the wanderlusting Yank the good Lord only knows.

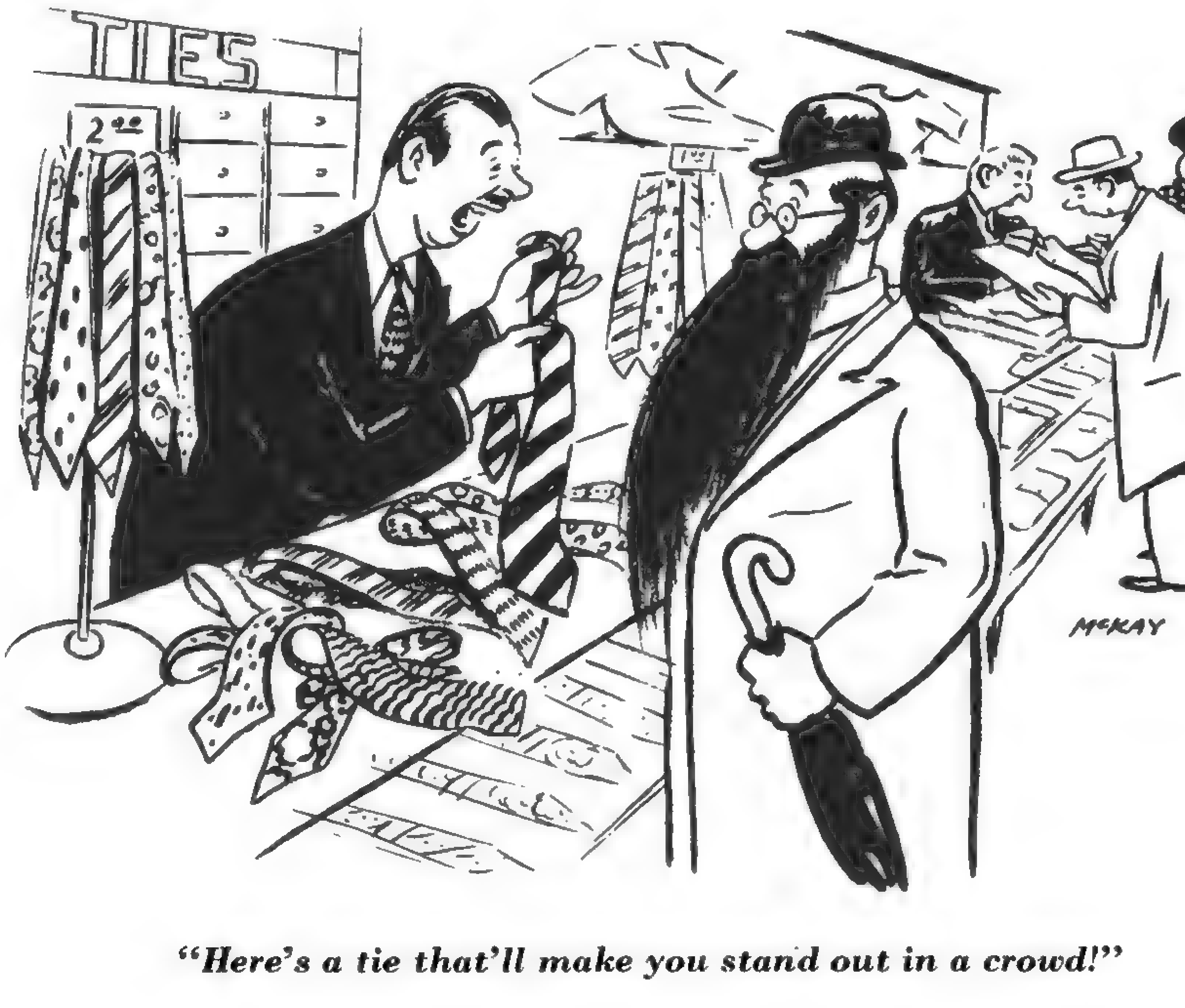
A peculiar aspect of this frustration is the fascination luggage advertisements have for most American men. They're usually looking and hoping for a bag that they can toss their gear into and have it automatically file itself neatly and compactly. Ordinarily a man buys new luggage not because the abuse received by his present equipment makes it appear to be overdue for the junk yard, but because he is sick and tired of trying to pack it.

Hope blazes anew when he sees in an ad a pretty and solid-looking item of luggage that seems to have enough room for carrying enough clothing for a road company of *The Student Prince*, toilet items sufficient to stock a barbershop and an emergency ward, a portable library and a narghile.

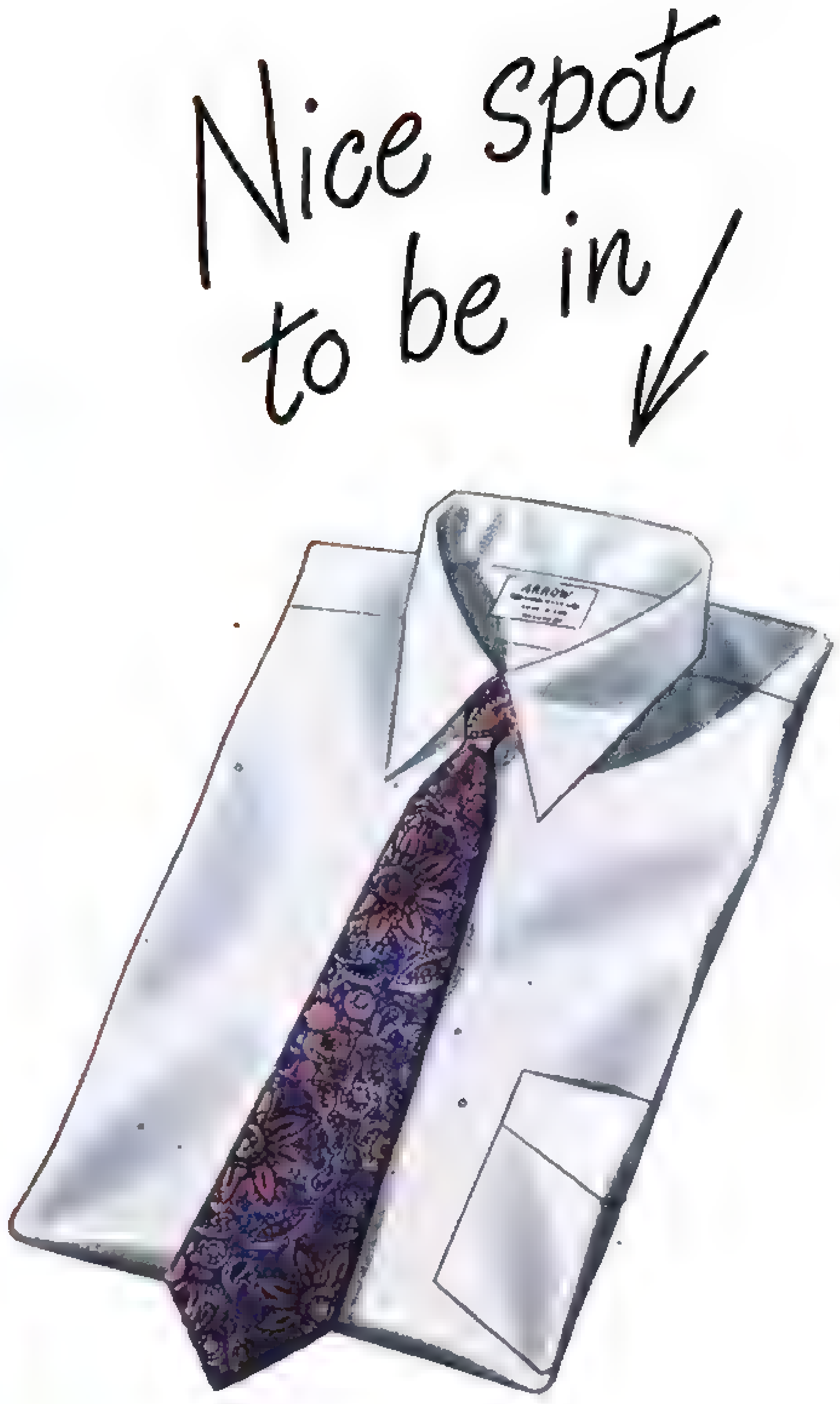
But then the tempted wayfarer says to himself: "It looks fine now because the photographer's wife packed the bag before the picture was made. But how in the hell would I get one quarter of all that stuff back into the thing after I'd unpacked?"

The luggage advertisement that will bring joy to the heart of the clumsy-packing American is one that will show the bag in a hotel room with the traveler's possessions strewn about like a wirephoto picture of hurricane damage. The headline beside the well-poised model will read simply, "Toss it all in and be ready to go in a couple of minutes."

When that promise is held forth there will be vast, clamoring mobs of men fighting to get into the stores and buy. And practically every American gentlemen then will be sure that he, too, can look forward to his journeys as lighthearted as a gypsy. #



"Here's a tie that'll make you stand out in a crowd!"



LIKE TO BE ADMIRED by pretty girls? Well then, put yourself in spot indicated above. That one-and-only Arrow Collar won't do you a *bit* of harm, nor will its "Mitoga" shaped-to-*your*-shape fit.

And every Arrow Shirt has firmly anchored buttons on its front, and bears the Sanforized label, (fabric can't shrink more than 1%). Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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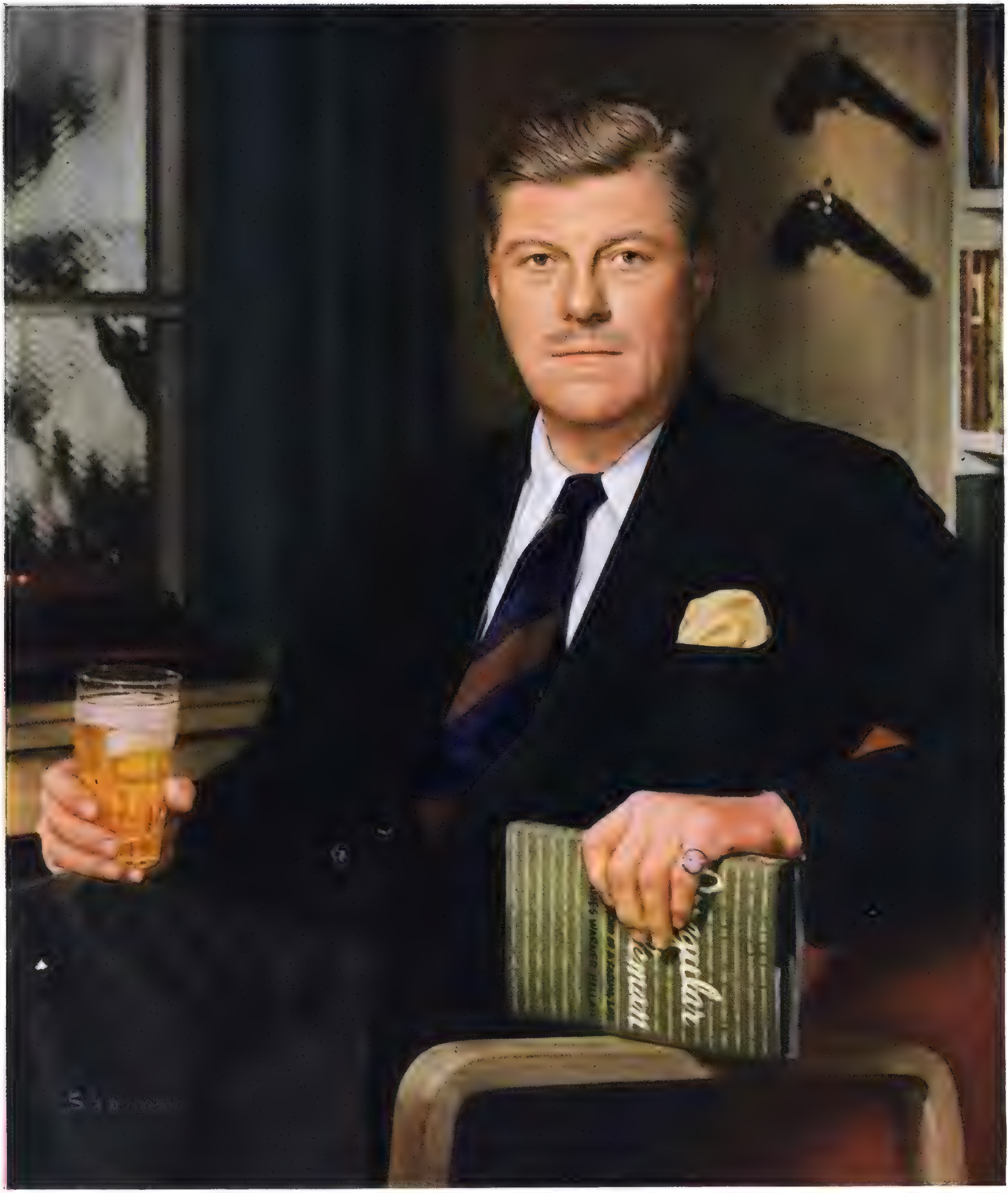


MR. JAMES WARNER BELLAH, DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR OF "IRREGULAR GENTLEMAN"

For Men of Distinction...**LORD CALVERT**

Lord Calvert . . . so *rare,* so *smooth,* so *mellow* . . . is a truly distinguished whiskey, intended expressly for those who appreciate the finest. Enjoy Lord Calvert in your next highball and discover the most genuinely pleasant drink you ever tasted. Tonight, at your favorite bar or store . . . speak the name Lord Calvert!

LORD CALVERT IS A CUSTOM BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

She Was Such a Sweet Kid

In the twilight world of rackets and racketeers, even the wise guys are not safe, especially when the trap is heavily baited with innocent, wide-eyed sex appeal

A Story by

WILLIAM FRANCIS

"It isn't the principle of the thing," Joey complained, "it's the money. I've been a sucker before and I probably will again, but right now I can't afford to lose five hundred dollars."

"So why do you take it?"

"But what can I do about it now?" asked Joey with a shrug. "It was a shakedown and I fell for it."

"You go for dames entirely too much," Pat told him.

"Doesn't everybody? Cleo was such a sweet kid. A guy would never suspect her of a con game."

"I would," Pat bragged. "I suspect all dames."

"And you're lonesome."

"Also I'm the guy you run to whenever you get taken. How much do you need this time?"

"Like I said, five hundred."

"It's a lot of hay."

"You got it in nickels, Pat."

"Yeah. How did she work it?"

"Nothing new. It was a very corny routine and I wouldn't have gone for it at all except that she's such a sweet kid, like your own sister, you might say. She picks me up . . ."

"Which wasn't hard."

"No it wasn't. Anyway she picks me up with the stranded show-girl gag. She's hungry and she's about to get thrown out of her room by a hard-boiled landlady. She's got a ring she can pawn for five hundred, only it's hot. Not that she stole it understand; the guy that gave it to her took it from his wife, she told me."

"So why didn't that guy give her the five hundred and get his ring back?" Pat inquired.

"I asked her, I'm not so big a dope as you take me for. The guy wants her to have it, he's sentimental, and he tells her it's safe so long as she don't try to pawn it because he's led the wife to believe it was stolen and so his wife reported it to the police."

"And she wants you to hold it for her, sort of lend her five hundred on it until she gets a job and can redeem it."

"Yeah, she figures to get a job in a new revue; they practically promised it to her she told me."

"So, Joey?"

"She shows me the ring, a two-carat sparkler worth fifteen C notes in anybody's language. I take it and part with my five hundred. A nice deal, I help the girl, she pays her landlady and I make a nice profit. I figure she don't need the ring so I can unload it to Stanley even if it is so hot you need gloves. From Stanley I'll take maybe a grand, he can make a nice profit and everybody's happy. What would you have done?"

"Joey, I'll tell you frankly. I would have clutched the ring in my hot little hand and left her room and without good-bys. But that isn't what you did, you don't have to tell me."

"No, Pat. She was such a sweet girl, such a nice personality and willing. In spite of everything, leaving money out of it, I think she really went for me, really."

"She went for the ring."

"She did that. When I left the room my head was whirling from her kisses. Did I think about rings? I thought about seeing her the next day. When my head cleared and I finally looked for the ring, which I thought was safely in my pocket, I find that it ain't."

"You went back, Joey?"

"I ran all the way back. At the very most a half-hour had passed. But she was gone."

"Naturally."

"Naturally; she must have been one step behind me on the way out. I am out five hundred, a sum I need badly now."

"You will never learn, Joey. A pretty face and off you go. Remember last month?"

"Rosie. A doll. Who'd think such a thing of a doll?"

"And the month before?"

"Helena. Beautiful, beautiful Helena. A girl anyone would trust."

"Not me, Joey."

"No, Pat. Not you."

"Well, Joey, the books are clear for you. The interest will be the same as it has always been."

"High, Pat. Very high."

"High? You a man who gives five hundred dollars away like he would handbills, you say it's high?"

"A hundred dollars for thirty days, it isn't low."

"I don't need your business, Joey."

"I need yours."

"Yes," he said. "The same interest?"

"All right. Give me the money. When my next job comes I'll pay you back . . . principal and interest."

"I trust you, Joey. Here; one, two, three, three-fifty, four, four-twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, five hundred, and sign here, Joey."

"Right, Pat."

"And, Joey, take care of it. Promise me you'll pay your bills, and that there'll be no more pretty faces."

"No more, Pat, I assure you. Thank you and good-by."

Joey left and Pat sat musing until a shadow fell across the desk. He looked up and then he glanced down with obvious displeasure at the watch on his wrist.

"You're early, Cleo. I must remind you that when I set a date you're never to come early."

"I got the money, Pat."

She spread five hundred dollars on the desk. He counted it carefully, then separated a fifty and gave it to her with a sweeping gesture.

"Nice money for such a short job," he said.

"Not as nice as the kind you make," she replied.

"I am the brains."

"I guess so. Well, have you got another for me?"

"Later, dear. Keep in touch with me."

She nodded and started for the door. He let her almost reach it.

"Cleo," he called. She turned and faced him. "The ring," he said, gently. She came slowly back to the desk, took the ring from her finger and placed it on the desk. He nodded.

"You don't forget nothing, do you, Pat?" she asked.

He placed the ring in his watch pocket. He smiled at the girl.

"Nothing," he said. "Good night, dear." #

78902
DEDINI

"You been here long?"

In My Merry Automobile

Not that we want to start any fights between husbands and wives, but it's our bet that most men will feel the author of this article hasn't told the half of it

An Article by

GEARY BINGHAM

IT'S okay. You get along. And when you consider those crones of contention your friends shack with, the lease you signed with Madam in the sight of God tends towards the better instead of the worse.

Then you plan a trip and the lady ecstatically cries, "Let's drive!"

The idea of a motor trip stirs you: You're busting to try out your new car. "The open road!" you murmur. "The desert at night with the top down! Climbing the Divide in high!"

Unfortunately, the vehicle has not yet been dreamed of which can cope with a lady's luggage; this is a matter not so much of quantity as of shape. There are, for example, the three hat boxes which are severally square, octagonal and round; add the vanity's cube, the fortnighter's rectangle, the slipper bag's tube and the picnic basket, distorted by a protruding thermos.

All these, and golf clubs too, you pile beside your brave new car and open up what was advertised as the Spacious Luggage Compartment. You try everything this way and then that way and on the bias; but the lid *still* won't close and you suggest cutting down on equipment.

Which is just like a man and she supposes you would have her arrive at Aunt Sophy's without so much as a clean hanky; and if you didn't know you were stopping over with Sophy, you know it now because she's expecting you and it's silly to fuss about two hundred and sixty extra miles. After all, you have nothing to do till Thursday, which is when she is lunching with Julia at Romanoff's.

You call upon God and Rand McNally to witness that from Point A to Prince Mike is a distance of two thousand three hundred fifty-seven point-six miles and it immediately becomes clear that you're trying to ruin the trip for her. She knows you have never liked Julia, but they were at school together and women are no longer slaves and she's going to lunch with her no matter what.

Eventually you make a nice early start at eleven-sixteen in the morning and it's Ho! for the gypsy trail. It is also woe for the gloves and scarf she forgot but, after that, it's a clear track to the city limits and the first of many filling stations.

Woman's home is in a filling station. She likes the scarlet-and-white décor, the rest rooms lurking behind ivied trellises, and soft drinks, candy, and postcards, the handsome attendants. Thus fascinated, she delays her scuttle to the trellises until the gas and oil are paid for, the windshield wiped and you're ready to roll.

But, heavens, she thought you chose to drive the car so you wouldn't have to worry about timetables.

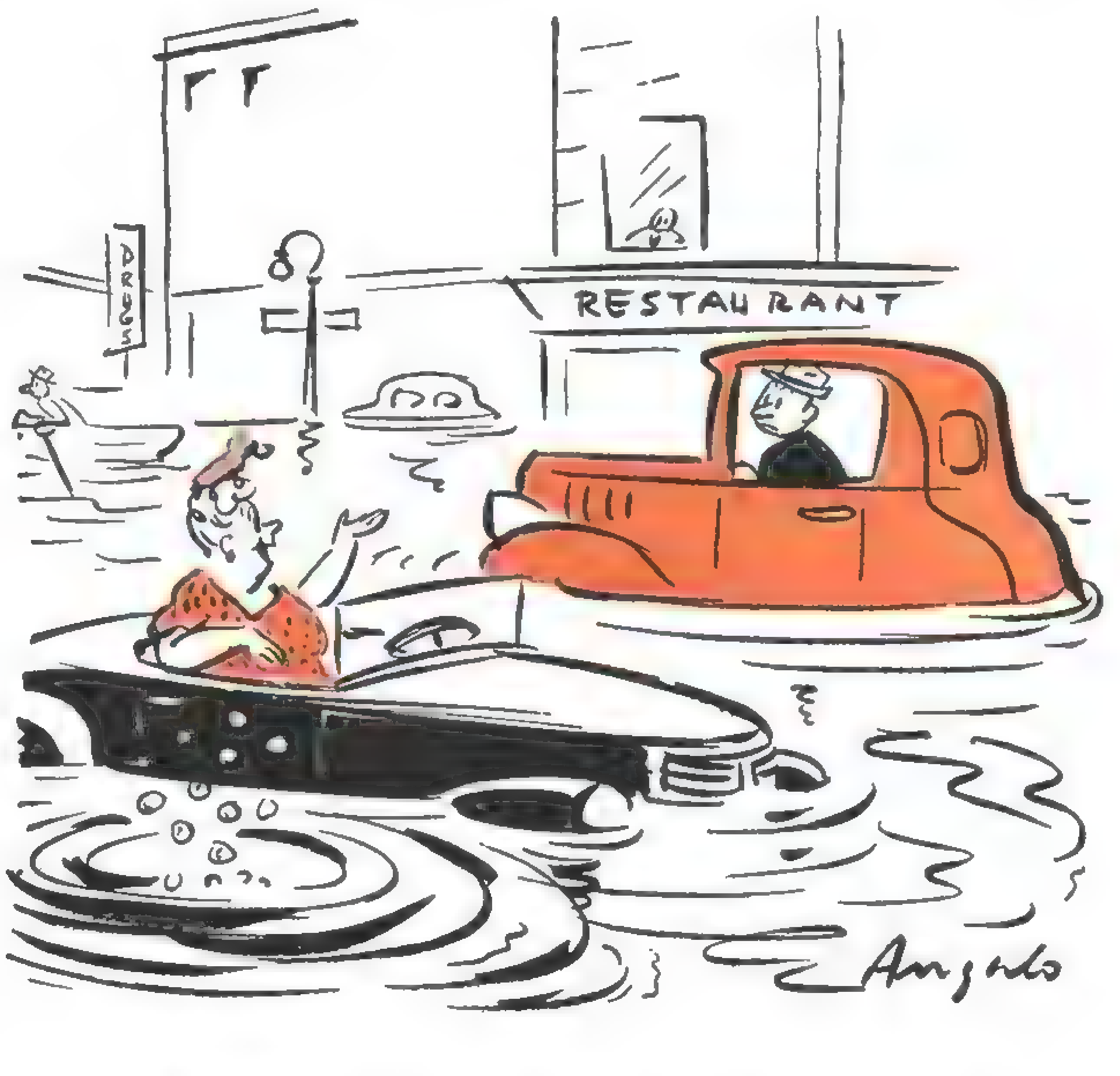
And anyway, it is time for lunch. Skirmishing ensues in the selection of a suitable spot and nowhere is there a sylvan paradise to compare with the heavenly hide-out she saw fourteen miles back. It had everything you could possibly want for a picnic—shade, wildflowers, and bubbling brook, whereas your final resting place is composed of flies, ferocious cows and absolutely no view.

Also, it seems very queer that you can never put a few necessities into the back of an automobile without mashing the sandwiches.

But, after the last hard-boiled egg, the long, glorious afternoon stretches ahead and you figure that if you keep 'er up around sixty-five, say, it would mean St. Louis by dinnertime and a good fresh start in the morning. And the new car is just what you were led to believe and the road is straight and the sun is shining and Oh Boy.

Until there is a gentle poke at your elbow and sunbonnet wants to know if it isn't her turn to drive. You'd think she was Mortimer Snerd or something for all the attention you pay her.

There is now presented the mystery as to why a lady given to speeding tickets, clipped fenders and a splendid contempt for traffic lights becomes, on the open road, as swift as the crusted snail. She pokes, dawdles, stops to admire views, quaint farmhouses, and baby pigs. And she talks: Now, if ever, is when you will hear what Mabel said to Hortense and vice versa; the high cost of nylons, grapefruit and the three-way stretch; and the probability of divorce among your friends and acquaintances and neighbors.



"Everything is all right—my husband is just changing a tire"

At the end of twenty miles and an hour she has a puncture.

This, to be sure, is not her fault, nor that of the triply-cursed imbecile who dropped all those nails. The catastrophe is traced to your insistence on purchasing this particular make of car which, she knew in the beginning, is inferior to the Murphys' sedan. Besides, Clarence Murphy makes it a special point to leave the glove compartment entirely at Gladys' disposal. She invites you to examine the state of *your* glove compartment, cluttered as it is with maps and a flashlight, and inquires how you suppose she feels when Gladys gets to boasting about Clarence—who, by the way, makes a great deal more money than you do.

Nor does she hold with foul language because, after all, *she* did not put the spare wheel in that silly place and it won't kill you to take out a few suitcases and put them back in again.

Airborne again, however, it is possible that very nearly the distance between two filling stations may be achieved before a screech brings you to a lurching stop. Hanging before the quite ordinary farmhouse—chickens and a sagging front porch—to which she points, is a sign bearing eight venal letters which, to a motoring male, spell Death. The sign says "ANTIQUES."

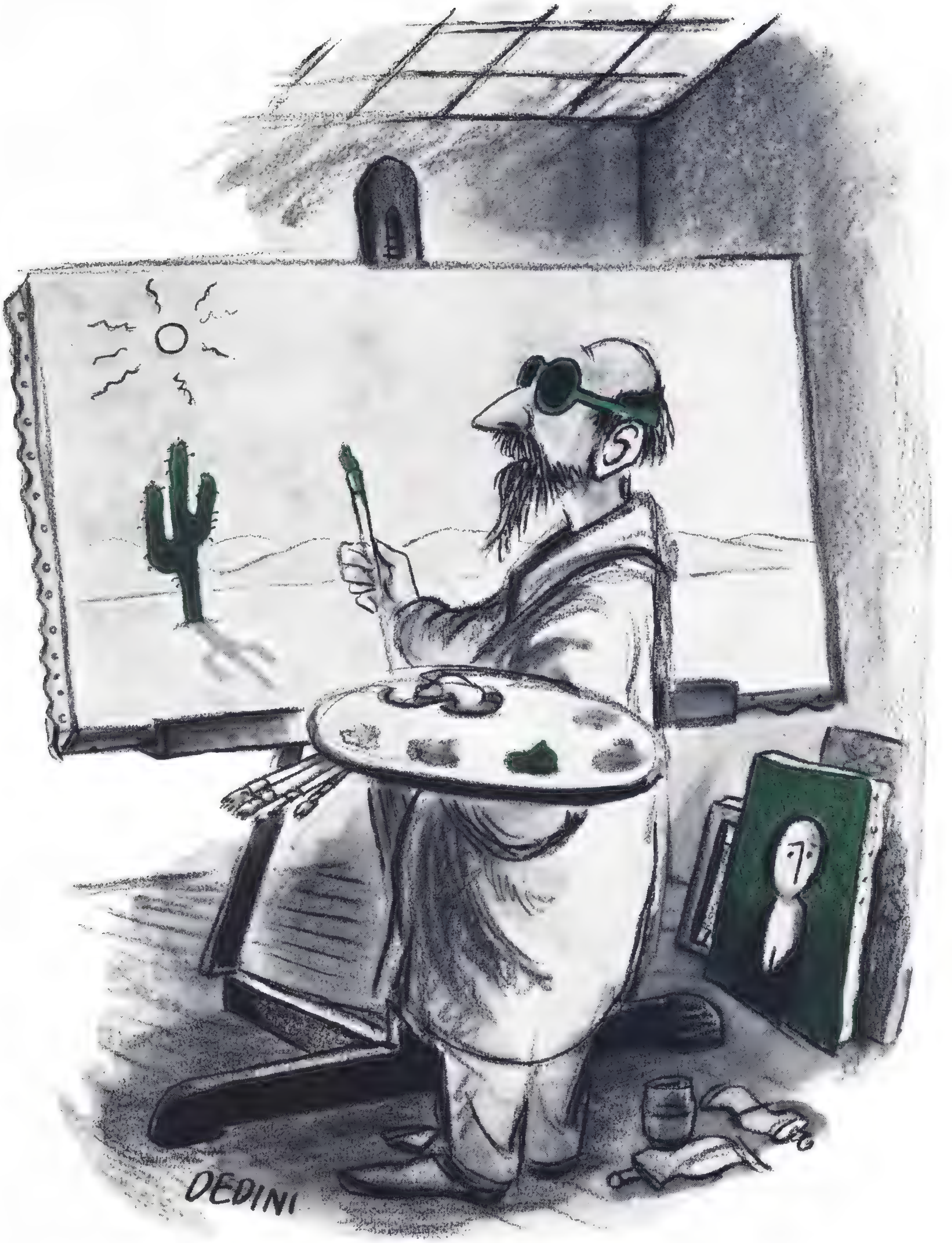
There follows an hour of culture and discovery and you wonder what Julia will say when you drive up to Romanoff's with the set of matched warming pans, the wonderful spool bedstead (with canopy) and the specious Waterford tumblers.

Madam now says that inasmuch as you have had a tiring day you ought to begin thinking about a nice clean place to spend the night. As for lost time, she hasn't the slightest idea what you are talking about because she got up not a second after seven this morning and if it's your idea to reach Los Angeles more dead than alive it is *not* hers and Ooh! what ducky cabins!

But small. And yours becomes even smaller as time goes on because, while her nightie is in the round hatbox and the square one contains her toothbrush, the cold cream and dressing gown are right on top in the octagonal so that will have to come out of the car, too. Come to think of it, she'll need her tweed skirt for tomorrow and that's in the fortnighter and her feet are killing her so she'll want the brogues and where would they be, silly, but in the slipper bag? That's all, thank you, if you'll just hand her the vanity.

Mercy, though! You'll never get to Aunt Sophy's at this rate! Why, last spring the Murphys drove three and four and even five times as far in a day as you've been able to totter through in this peculiar car you insisted on buying.

And not just the first day, either. *Every day!* ###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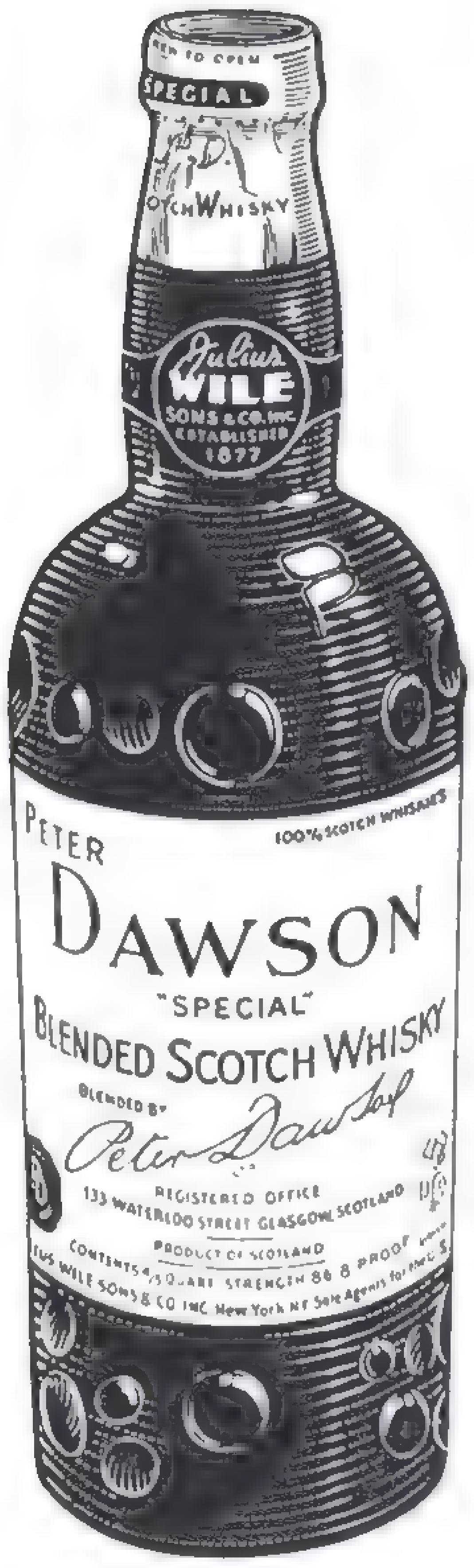

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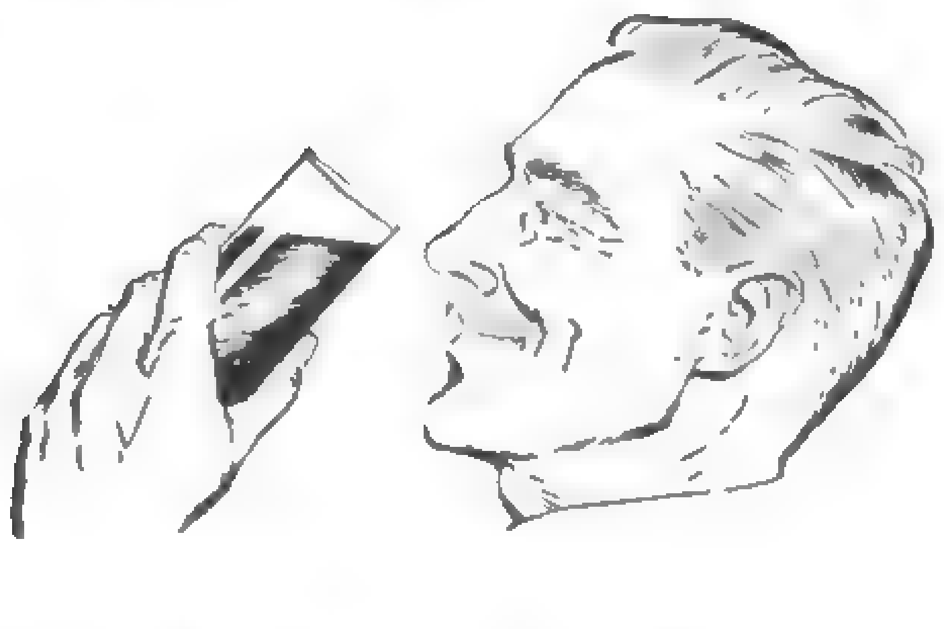

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IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

The Old-Bold Pilots

The palm for derring-do goes to the pioneer jockeys who flew planes first

by **KEITH MONROE**

A favorite axiom around flying schools is that there are old pilots and bold pilots—but no old-bold pilots. Maybe so, yet many of the old-bold pilots who are still alive resent the adage, at least in part. If it was designed to frighten the young, it has failed, because today's buzz-boys and throttle jockeys are as bold as any who ever lived.

Yet there is one point the old-timers will argue at the drop of a wing flap.

With a caustic gleam in their eye, they declare that every flying trick performed by the current crop of bemedaled military flyers, ocean-hopping air-line crews and hot sportsman pilots was done years ago by still living oldster pilots. And, furthermore, done in a canvas-and-baling-wire fugitive from the laws of aerodynamics, equipped with temperamental wings, a whimsical altimeter and a tired tachometer.

Today's pilots learn to fly amidst Link trainers, ground-school lecturers and ever-watchful instructors. Yesterday's pilots learned the hard way, under fall-or-fly circumstances. Jimmy Angell, a famous World War I pilot with the Royal Flying Corps and Eddie Rickenbacker's outfit, won his wings while working as grease monkey for a barnstormer. He had been left to push the ship into a barn after the day's flying. As it bumped over the makeshift air field, the plane's knife-switch jiggled into contact and the hot motor caught.

Rather than let his job fly away, Jimmy jumped in and somehow the ship took off with him. Although he had never flown, he made a successful landing. The next day he traded his wrenches for the more fashionable helmet and goggles, bought a plane and began his barnstorming career.

In the good old pioneering era, there were no nine-week primary schools, no government-inspected flight academies, no universities with aviation curricula. You simply made friends with an itinerant flyer, pressed some wampum into his willing palm and took whatever instruction he could give on a catch-as-catch-can basis. Your instructor may not have known much more than you did, but that was part of the fun. Cal Rodgers, first man to fly across the continent, started his career as a stunt pilot after ninety minutes of instruction.

In another classic case Al Ebrite sent a student on his first solo and watched him disappear into the distance. Hours passed with no sign of the fledgling. Ebrite was grief-stricken; new planes were hard to get those days. He borrowed another plane and set off to salvage the wreckage. Spotting a crowd in a field, he landed and found the missing ingrate doing a prosperous business, taking up passengers in Ebrite's plane at $1 a head.

Floyd Barlow, dean of the old-timers and still flying after thirty-six years in the air, relates how he learned from Glenn Curtiss on North Island in 1911, about the same time Hap Arnold was taking flying lessons with the Army and John Towers with the Navy. "There was no dual instruction," Barlow recalls happily. "We had a strip cut through sagebrush, a hundred yards wide, a mile and a half long. The boys took off, flew along the strip at an altitude of no more than five feet, landed at the end. If, after the first trip, they still believed flying was practical, they got out, turned the machine around by hand and repeated the procedure in the other direction."

"I'm prepared for any eventuality!"

With this kind of instruction, Barlow picked up enough savvy for Pancho Villa to offer him $2000 a month for combat flying in Mexico. Meanwhile, those other students, Arnold and Towers, survived to become head of the Army and Navy air forces respectively.

Such pioneer pilots risked their necks to discover flight techniques which are now spooned out in capsule form. In the early days any plane going into a spin was tagged for an inevitable crash. Then an optimistic twenty-four-year-old pilot named Lincoln Beachey wrestled up the theory that spins could be cured by kicking the rudder in the direction of the spin and holding it there.

Burning with conviction, he

went up in his Curtiss biplane, threw it into the corkscrew that had meant curtains for every previous pilot and, as the whine in his ears reached crescendo, flipped the rudder and eased out of the spin. Because he guessed right, flying has been safer for every man who followed him.

Our pilots of World War II were famed in song and story for "coming in on a wing and a prayer"—but almost any of the old stunt men and barnstormers could give them lessons in the art. Take Frank Clarke, one of the old masters of film stunting and a colonel in our recent AAF. Two decades ago Clarke performed such a violent maneuver in a movie sequence that the control stick of his ancient Stearman snapped off. Crouched on the floor, popping his head turtlelike from the cockpit to see how he was doing, Clarke landed safely by manipulating stub and socket.

The correspondents during World War II told us plenty about the fortitude of pilots who flew back to base in spite of excruciating pain. But old-timers like to point to Jimmy Taylor, famous Navy test pilot, who set a record years ago. He planned to test-dive a Navy plane for a pull-out at 8G's, which means that at the bottom of the dive centrifugal force would cause Taylor's 165 pounds to press on him with the weight of 1320.

Without a black-out suit or any of the newfangled accoutrements, Taylor put his ship into a punishing 20,000-foot dive, pulled out and landed. Navy officials read the accelerometer and found that Taylor had achieved 13½G's. At the lowest point of the dive 2227½ pounds had suddenly been piled on his spine and skeleton! So don't say the old boys weren't tough—at least in the old boys' presence.

If you need further proof, consider the time back in the 1920's when Jimmy Doolittle journeyed to South America to demonstrate Yankee planes in competition with the Germans. A few days before the contest the collapse of a hotel balcony in Santiago broke both his ankles. But on the demonstration morning, with legs in casts, Doolittle had himself lifted into the plane and his feet fastened to the rudder bars. Then he proceeded to fly such dizzy circles around the German pilots that they landed indignantly, leaving Doolittle alone in the skies for an exhibition of aerial gymnastics that is still remembered by the awe-struck Latins.

In order to make enough money to stay alive, old-time pilots gave lessons, took customers on joy rides, dusted crops and performed any other dangerous services which a capricious public could think up. They flew from town to town, operating from farmers' cornfields, thus acquiring the traditional name of barnstormer. And, in order to attract a crowd, these pioneer air gypsies were forced to devise their own attention-getting techniques.

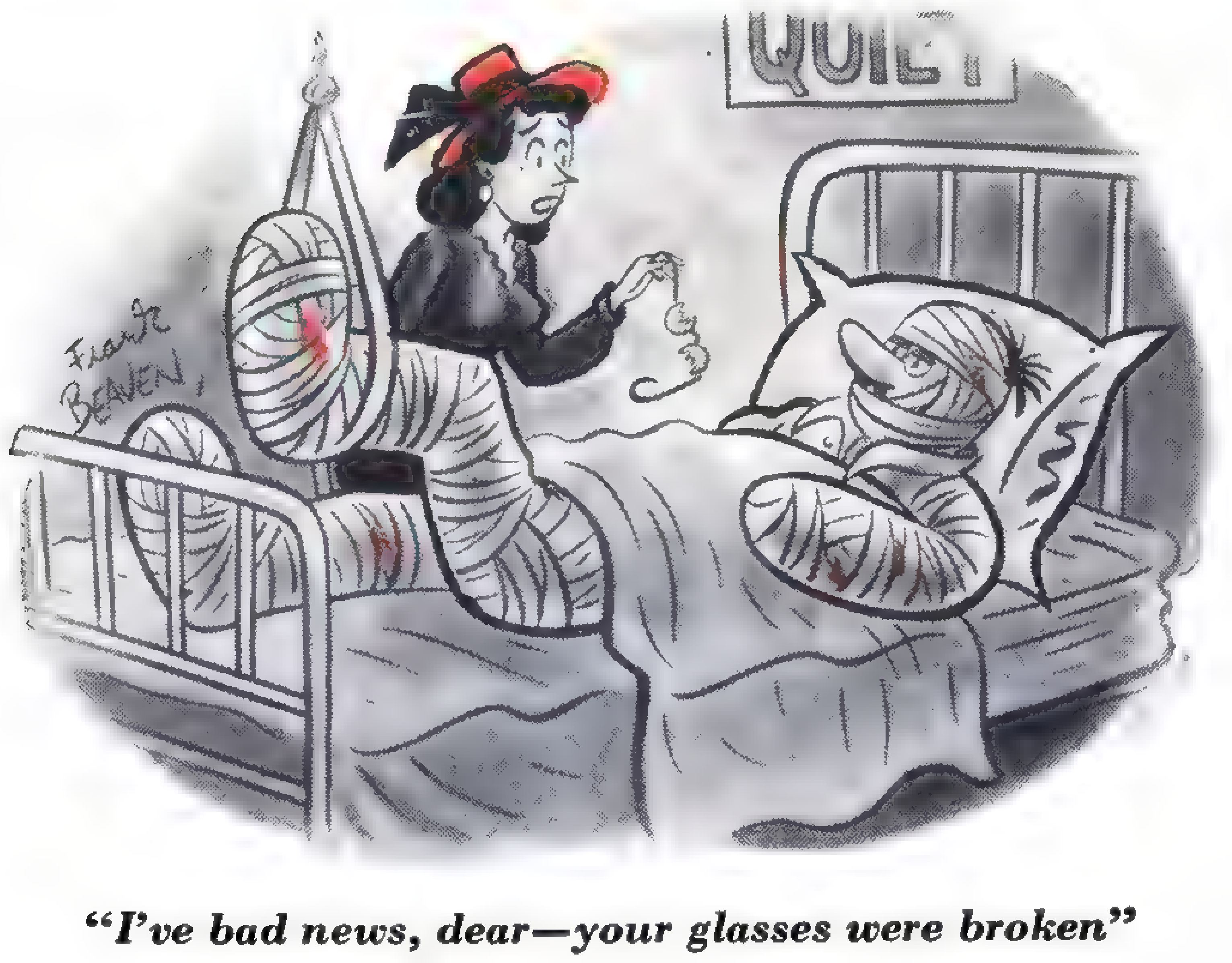
Tex Rankin used to—and still does—perform square loops, stand a plane on its tail in the air and shake it like a leaping salmon, fly upside down the length of a field at five or ten feet above ground. Rankin, now incredibly in his fifties, will gladly do these stunts for you any Sunday at Rankin Field near Tulare, California.

Mark Campbell's specialty was standing on his head on the upper wing as the plane landed. Freddie May would order his pilot to cut the motor, then clamber out on the wing, hang onto a strut and swing the prop until the engine started. Fred Lund, standing on the seat of a speeding automobile, boarded a low-flying plane as it dangled a rope ladder to him. And Ruth Law, with typical feminine logic, reversed the procedure. She would fly over a speeding car while Verne Treat jumped from her plane into the open back seat.

Perhaps the topper to all such exploits was the one staged by those two poor insurance risks, Mark Campbell and E. C. Robinson. Robinson would crawl down the fuselage to the tail and fly the plane by plucking at the control wires. As he strummed his arpeggios, Campbell performed acrobatics on the wing, with both cockpits empty.

As years passed and planes

Continued on page 106



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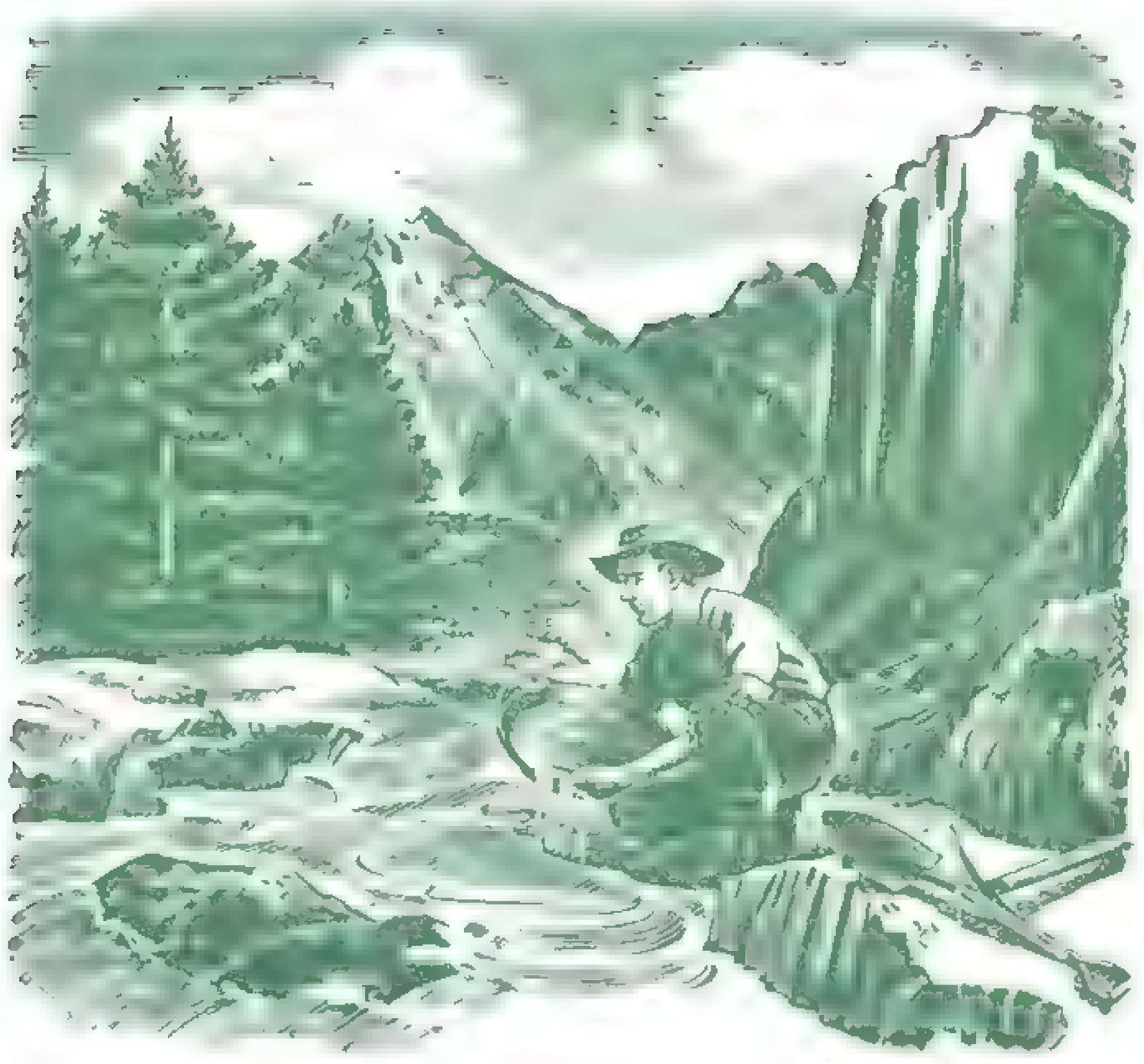

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The Old-Bold Pilots

Continued from page 105

soared higher along with the cost of living, pilots changed to other tactics to get money and prestige. They staged races, tours and distance-record flights. Claude Ryan, now a well-known aircraft manufacturer, won contracts for his M-1 air-mail plane by defeating Lieut. Oakley Kelly, famous Army speed pilot of the 1920's, in a match race from Vancouver to San Diego. Louis Paulhan won a $12,000 prize for a record-breaking round-trip flight between Los Angeles and Santa Anita. In 1925 Henry Ford sponsored a national tour of seventeen planes to demonstrate the safety of flying. Anthony Fokker, who had his own idea of demonstrating safety, flew six feet over the heads of a Chicago crowd with his hands off the controls. The tour was considered a great success at the time: only one of the seventeen planes crashed.

Pilots on those early long-distance flights operated without benefit of radio beams, beacons or radar. They had no blind flying instruments. In fact, your old hard-noser still can't understand a bank of span-new instruments. And in the old-bold days, weather reports were about as reliable as village gossip, while night landing fields were lit dimly or not at all. But it was inevitable that science should rear its pedantic head to protect the cloudbusters from their own exuberance.

While most scientific advances are credited to the current crop of pilots, an old-timer was responsible for one discovery which still has the desk-flying savants in a flat spin. Freddie Secor, flying an enormous load of fish from the Gulf of Mexico to San Diego, found himself too heavily laden to get over the mountains. So he threw overboard enough potential tuna salad to lighten the plane. A year later some mountain hunters scuffed up several fish skeletons. This discovery, thousands of feet above sea level, set off a fusillade of newspaper statements and magazine articles by baffled scientists. Secor, delighted, maintained an unaccustomed silence and let the controversy rage.

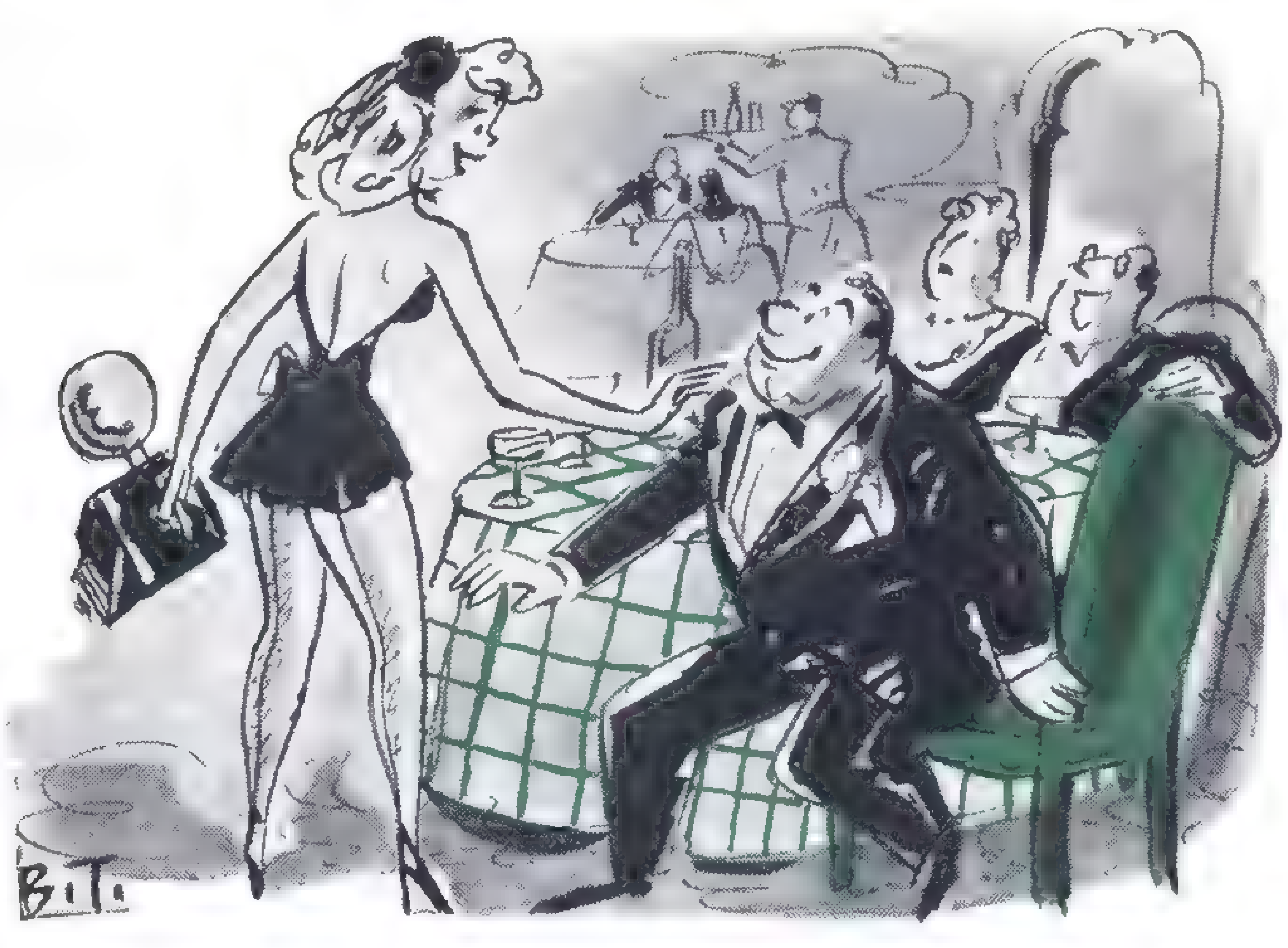
Aviation is a sadly sedate industry today, as witness some other long-forgotten pioneer feats of Claude Ryan. He flew Army forest-fire patrols, charter runs anywhere in the West, barnstorming trips into Mexico, and a survey flight for one of today's main air-line routes. When Aimee Semple McPherson turned up in the desert after her famous disappearance, Ryan was hired by a newspaper to get the first news photos, and beat other pilots in a melodramatic race. San Diegans still remember Operation Unnecessary, a mission he flew through a raging storm to get affidavits which restored Russ Saunders, later USC All-American quarterback, to eligibility in the nick of time to perform in a championship high-school game.

Yes, the life of an airman in those days had a rakish, zany air. No more do pilots stake their business career on a match race or risk their necks for a schoolboy football hero. No more do they barnstorm into the Bible Belt, hang by their teeth from a speeding plane or dive into a storm without instruments to guide them. The modern flyers are getting the gravy, but the old-timers got the kicks.

Because of them, today's businessmen-pilots fly sleek and safe ships. Because of them (not in spite of them, as their detractors would have it) America today has a huge aviation industry to provide jobs and careers for veterans of wartime flying. No longer must laymen think such thoughts as passed through the head of a passenger in Pappy Childers' two-place Jenny, years ago.

Childers noticed that his guest was gloomy and ill-at-ease. Thinking to divert him, Childers called above the engine roar: "See all those people down there? I'll bet half of 'em think we won't get back alive."

"Yeah," responded the unhappy passenger, "and half the people up here think the same thing!" #



"No, that's all right, sir—I can develop them myself"

Hot Stove Quiz

Five out of the first eight gives you the right to try for Nos. 9 and 10

by SAUL KUCHINSKY

The first eight of these ten chances to display how well you know your baseball—and the official baseball rules—can be answered with true or false, but there's no guessing about Nos. 9 and 10.

1. At no time may a baseball team play with any less than nine men.
2. A balk by the pitcher advances the batsman and each baserunner one base.
3. "Balk by the pitcher" is unnecessarily descriptive; it is the only kind there is.
4. You never call a catcher's wild throw to nab a base stealer an error as long as the runner doesn't make still another base on the play.
5. A fielder isn't credited with the assist unless the out is made on the play.
6. When a relief pitcher leaves the game ahead, and there are none on base, he is automatically the winner, provided that his team wins.
7. A substitute batsman who inherits a one-ball-two-strikes count is not penalized with the strikeout, but a relief pitcher starting with the same count gains the strikeout as over his predecessor.
8. A fielder may juggle a fly ball and still make the out, but if he juggles a tag-out, the runner is safe.
9. Name four ways in which a batsman may completely circle the bases in one play without hitting the ball.
10. Name four ways in which a batsman may slug the ball over the center field and not even get credit for a hit.

Answers

1. True. There are quite a few other sports which allow play with less than the full complement, but baseball is not among these. (See Rule 16 of the Official Playing Rules of Professional Baseball Clubs.)
2. False. This is true for baserunners only. (Rule 31, Section 11.)
3. False. The catcher's interference with the batter balks the runner on base. (Rule 47, Section 9.)
4. True. Even though the baserunner would have been an easy out, he is credited with a stolen base. (Rule 70, Section 9.)
5. False. We believed this one too, for many years. (Rule 70, Section 8.)
6. False. It is entirely up to the scorer to determine who is "the one who did the best work." (Rule 70.)
7. True. The newcomer gets the break in both cases. (Rule 70.)
8. True. It's contradictory, of course, but the little black book is the final authority. (Rule 49, Section 9.)
9. When the pitcher throws a wild pitch on the third strike or fourth ball, or the catcher commits a passed ball in both cases, the batsman may circle the bases as long as the ball remains in the playing field. (Rule 46, Sections 2 and 3.)
10. Batsman fails to touch first base, baserunner on first fails to touch second(!), batsman was not standing in batter's box, batsman leaves base paths without bothering to run bases. Also, batsman out of legal order who is discovered in time. (See various sections of Rule 70.) ⧺

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Etude Behind Bars

Alumni of a famous Big House still wax nostalgic over their weird music hour

by **J. ALVIN KUGELMASS**

MEN who, in the jargon of the underworld, have been Up the River are not generally inclined to wax sentimental about their stretch in the Big House. But occasionally, after a beer or two, old-timers can be found who remember with fond nostalgia and varying accuracy a thing that used to happen in the misty long ago at a famous Eastern prison.

It began when a newspaperman, a cold, hard-bitten cynic known in city rooms from coast to coast as the finest city editor of his time, came to stir to serve out a life sentence for the murder of his spouse. The gentleman had added considerably to his stature by informing his paper before he informed the police, thereby affording it a clear beat of several hours. The jury considered this an indication that his sanity was in reasonable doubt and gave him life instead of the chair, which he would have preferred.

Up the river, a soft side of the editor's nature came to light that had never been suspected by his drinking companions. The editor became interested in flowers and plant life, wrote to fellow botany enthusiasts all over the world, and began to receive exotic roots and bulbs from places with strange names that most of his cell mates had never heard of.

The prison yard began to bloom with strange wild blossoms. Then the editor had another idea. He got permission from the warden to build a fountain and around it he planted these trees and bushes.

One day, as white-haired ex-inmates will tell you with a nostalgic smile, someone came to stand beside the fountain at sunset and, intoxicated by the fragrance of the blooms, burst into song.

That was the beginning of the thing. After awhile in the dying hours of the afternoon, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, the men began to gather beside the fountain to join in the melody. Arsonists and rapists, con men and murderers, stood side by side and forgot that they were behind prison bars.

In the memory of the men who were there it was an almost sublime thing. Just before lockup they would begin to saunter over toward the gym where the fountain stood. Then for a short time some of the gayest and most melancholy music ever heard would sound over the Big House grounds.

In the summertime it began about five in the afternoon. In the winter, when the sun set earlier over the grey walls, four was the hour of Music Time.

It was a part of the curriculum the warden never planned. It just happened. But after awhile it was an institution that even the most cynical lifer did not miss, a choir of underworldlings in a setting of the most grotesque collection of shrubbery ever assembled in the United States.

As the hour for the music approached the men would stop talking, in the manner of a concert audience just before the maestro reaches the podium. A car thief would arrive lugging his bass viol, a forger would follow with his harp, an awkward instrument which was fashioned of gut and wire in the prison workshop.

The harmonicas would get a trial while the drummer would bang away with his sawed-off windowshade rollers on a drum made of real pigskin cured under the prison sun, the sides supported by the rigid edges of a bedspring.

There would be polite laughter as the stick-up man with the bullet hole in his right cheek placed his left hand across his mouth and blew a piercing wail by pinching his cheek with the middle finger and thumb of his right hand. By placing the index finger across the hole, he could get almost all the modulations of a seasoned recorder, say old-timers who heard him.

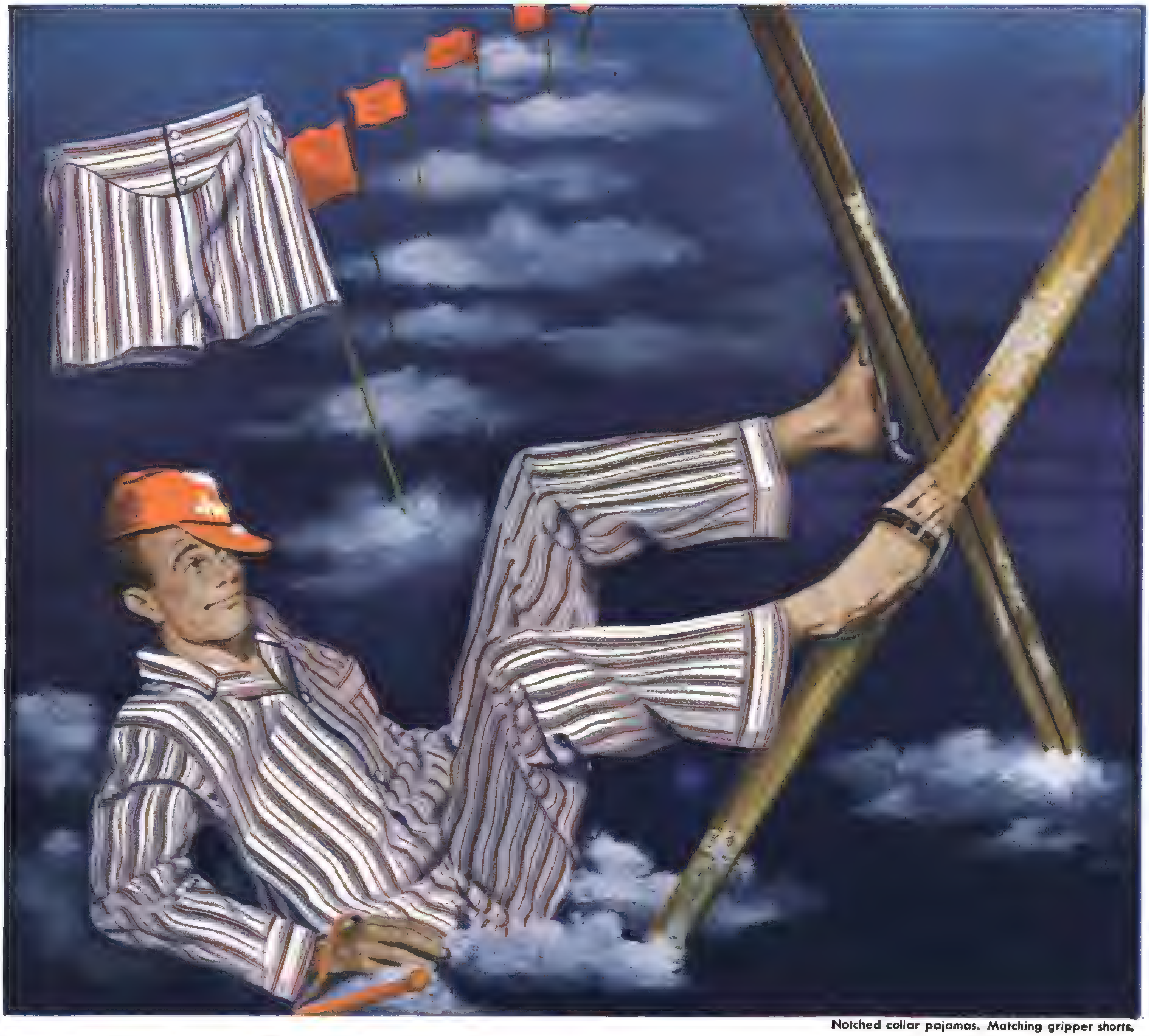
Then a huge Negro would come striding into the clearing, a man with sixty years still to do, known as Boxcars. Once, long ago, he had played a saxophone on 52nd Street. Now he was the leader of these discordant instrumentations.

Sometimes he carried sheet music, which he would hitch to the cement palisade of the fountain. On the podium he ruled as they didn't in Milan or Paris. When he thought the music was right, he would place the index finger of his right hand and his thumb together, kiss them and say, "Groovy."

There was no way of fingering the music that Boxcars conducted. They played Mendelssohn and Stephen Foster, but as these composers had never been heard before.

For perhaps an hour the concert lasted. Sometimes two men would rise and dance together for a few moments. When this happened there was no reproof. The men understood.

Long ago Music Time was discontinued. Perhaps it was not in keeping with modern penological methods. But old men who have spent most of their years in confinement sometimes like to remember it, and recall the wonder of those moments just before dusk around the city editor-murderer-botanist's fountain. ⌗



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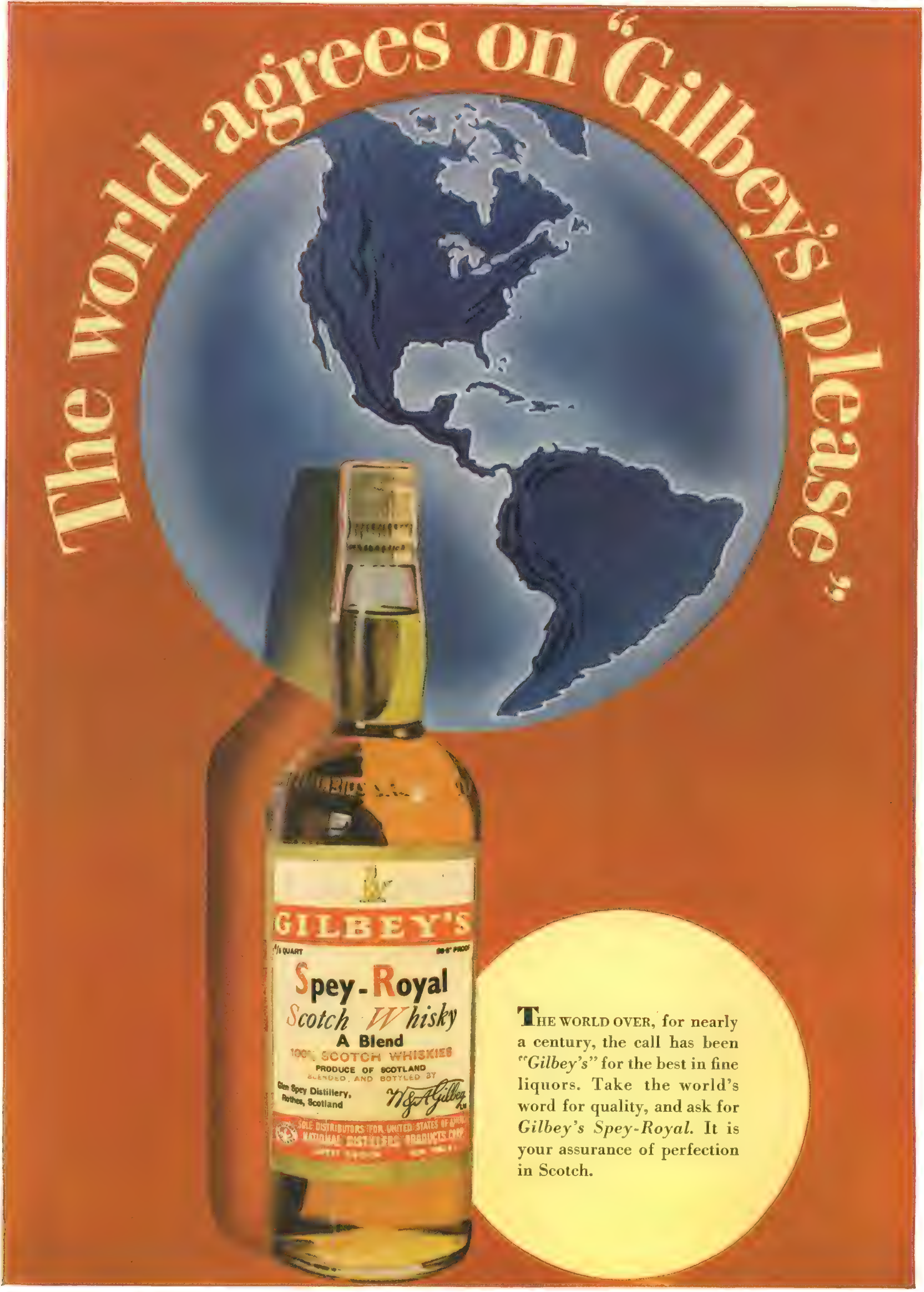
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The Waxworks

New Armstrong recordings hit the spot while Dietrich croons viscerally for sophisticates

by **HERBERT KUBLY**

The Low

TODAY the greatest jazzman of them all, Louis "Reverend Satchel-mouth" Armstrong defends his title by upstaging some lackadaisical colleagues in a new jazz ensemble. The trumpet king's high-powered soloing is a sad echo of the most famous ensemble in jazz history, known as "Louis Armstrong's Hot Five." Columbia Records has reissued an album of eight sides made by the "Hot Five" in 1927, ♪♪, in which Louis blended his trumpet into the most richly textured jazz in history. Weaving a warp over Louis' woof in those days were Johnny Dodds' clarinet, Johnny St. Cyr's banjo, Kid Ory's trombone and the then current Mrs. Louis, Lil Armstrong, at the piano. It's an album filled with collectors' items such as Louis' wicked singing of *The Last Time* and *I'm Not Rough*.

In 1934 Armstrong went to Paris and recruited an assortment of expatriates for a triumphant tour of the continent. An album of Paris reissues (Vox, 6 sides), ♪, contains such Armstrong apocrypha as *St. Louis Blues*, *Tiger Rag* and the two-sided *Sunny Side of the Street*. The pick-up band isn't much but the King is at his prime both in the sputtering vocals and his ecstatic trumpet.

Louis' teacher, the venerable old Bunk Johnson, is featured in two new albums. In *New Orleans Revival* (Decca, 8 sides), ♪♪, Bunk's "New Orleans Band" rocks through *You Always Hurt the One You Love* and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, while Kid Ory's "Creole Band" counterattacks with *Muskrat Ramble* and *High Society*. There's more good roughage to Bunk and his boys, who also provide the hot licks in an amazing album of hymns shouted by Ernestine Washington (Disc, 4 sides), a highly decibelled lady from Montclair, New Jersey, who divides her time between her husband's church and the night clubs.

The most orgiastic of the current recorded hymn sings are the single discs by the St. Paul Church choir of Los Angeles (Capitol Records), ♪♪♪, and the most spectacular single record is that choir's *Yield Not to Temptation* in which an amazing soloist named Ruth Black soars effortlessly through the coloratura range.

You won't have to understand German to know what's going on in such demimonde classics as *Jenny*, *Peter* and *Ja, So Bin Ich*, from Marlene Dietrich's viscerally moaned dirges of sexual despair of post-World War I (Vox, 6 sides), ♪.

The High

LIKE Mozart and Schubert, Béla Bartók died a pauper. Unlike them, Bartók was an unheard composer. The music of this frail and frugal Hungarian was as peppery as goulash, but little known outside the esoteric world of composers and conductors.

Within a year after his death New York heard eight of his orchestral compositions in one month. In another year the Bartók avalanche hit the record stalls and within two months there were more Bartók albums for sale than new albums by Bach and Beethoven.

A Hungarian, Gyorgy Sandor, plays the piano solo of *Concerto No. 3 for Piano and Orchestra*, Bartók's most melodious orchestral piece. The compelling recording with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting (Columbia, 6 sides), ♪, should be listened to before Bartók's more dissonant *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra*, which falls less easily on the ear. Yehudi Menuhin gives this a devilishly brilliant account with the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, Antol Dorati conducting, (Victor, 10 sides).

The *String Quartet No. 4*, a quixotic piece of Bartók's middle years (1927-28), is brightly played by the Guilet String Quartet (Concert Hall, 6 sides), ♪, and the intricate *Sonata for Violin and Piano* is audaciously fiddled by Tossy Spivakovsky with Artur Balsaam at the piano (Concert Hall, 6 sides). The naïve purity of Bartok's folk themes is evident in a recently released unpretentious album of piano pieces for children (Vox, 4 sides) played by the composer.

When Beethoven, 25 years old, wrote his *Concerto No. 2 in B♭* for his own Vienna debut as a composer-pianist, he was still aping those great precisionists, Haydn and Mozart. In a new recording (Victor, 7 sides), ♪, with the NBC Symphony Orchestra, Vladimir Golschmann conducting, 25-year-old Willy Kapell soft-pedals some of his characteristic bombastry to give Beethoven's concerto a lighthearted boyish reading.

Beethoven's more mature *Violin Concerto in D Major* is recorded by Joseph Szigeti and the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York, Bruno Walter conducting (Columbia, 10 sides), ♪♪. ⧻

Rating of Recording:

♪ =GOOD

♪♪ =SUPERIOR

♪♪♪ =OUTSTANDING

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Reeling and Writhing and Arithmetic

Continued from page 33

of at least 150 words each—and supplies them FOREVER AND WITHOUT LIMIT. No two plots can be alike and nothing could be simpler to operate. You simply deal out a hand to yourself and you have A COMPLETE, WORKABLE, PRACTICAL PLOT, READY FOR USE, not merely a disconnected skeleton outline, a setting, or a jumble of words or sentences. Beware of Imitations. PRICE $1.00."

Yes sir, that's for me. As soon as I have sold my first juvenile and get my hands on that buck, out it goes to Topanga and I will have me a set of Plotcards. I am always having trouble with plots. Only the other day I had one where it seems that the butler who turns out to be an ex-convict actually committed the murder of the wealthy miser in the sealed room in the lonely house on the moors. It came back with an editor's note: "For Heaven's Sakes, Gallico, don't you know that in our magazine the butler *never* commits the murder?"

Well, I feel that with a set of Plotcards that can't happen to me any more. I shuffle them, deal myself a stud hand, butlers wild, and Bingo, there it is. It was the scar-faced Lascar from Ballarat with the tamed African Simoon sitting on his shoulder who managed to crawl down through the flush pipe in the *salle de bain* and shoot the fatal dart tipped with a subtle Indian alkaloid from a blowhard. That check from Esquire is as good as in my pocket. I *am* a lucky boy to be living in this day and age.

But what if my talents do not follow the bent of story writing, as indeed many editors have suggested? Do the clients of *Writer's Digest* let me down? Not a bit of it. Experts will set any poem I have bled onto a page to sweet music. The Richard Brothers, whose habitat is Chicago 1, Ill., advise me that if I have written or can write a poem on any of these subjects: Mother, Home, Love, Sacred, Patriotic, Comic, to send it to them at once for examination. Hell's bells, I'm rich! I can combine all of those in *one* poem, viz.:

Don't steal the comic from your mother,
It ain't patriotic.
Let her read the funny papers,
Remember, maw's psychotic.
Home is home, furnished or naked.
Oh my Love, ain't nothing sacred?

Send it nothing! I'm telegraphing it.

No field is barred to the ambitious. Jerry D'Arcey, whose roots are in San Jose 12, Calif., tells me to "CRASH RADIO" and promises me if I will let him show me a simple, practical method of breaking into this exciting industry I can be writing for radio within two months. But Jerry, when am I going to have *time* to write for radio, what with my juveniles and poetry *and* playing with my Plotcards? Criminy, how the money rolls in. And I've only begun to tap the markets. There's Irene and Bob Meredith, snug in Memphis 4, Tennessee, who for one dollar a thousand for the first 5000 words, and a mere four bits per thousand thereafter, are going to give me the "professional '*know-how*' to ring the cash register with the CONFESSIONS! LOVE PULPS!" And Saunders M. Cummings, whose chalet is in Colorado Springs, Colo., is waiting to give me a "FREE LESSON: HOW TO WRITE GAGS." At present all I do is gag at writing. Wheeeee! Ohboyohboy, I'll bet that shows Saunders what I can do . . . gag at writing, that's killing, and BEFORE even the first free lesson.

And finally if it turns out that even though I can write correct English, and have mastered my Q. and A., and laid out all the Plotcards, I haven't got the teensiest weensiest bit of creative ability, am I through, am I forever barred from the golden trough? Never! There are no blanks. For the Shepherd School domiciled at Philadelphia 7, Pa., promises me —"YOU CAN WIN! Shepherd Students are winning Cash, Cars, Diamond Rings, Refrigerators, Travel Trips, Wardrobes, Radios and Watches in Prize Contests! YOU, too, can cash in on contests! The Shepherd Course will give you the secrets of Winning."

I ask you, is, or isn't this the best of all possible worlds?

The Compleat Dueler

A PAL who just returned from Sunny Italy tells me that if ever you have felt the urge to take part in a duel just so that thereafter you could go around bragging about it, Italy is the place, and now is the time. The sport as waged by the postwar Italianos was never more popular, and apparently never safer.

This friend of mine tells me that you may have your choice between pistols or épée, the dueling sword, and if you are smart and sufficiently politic to get yourself insulted rather than deliver the affront so that the pick of weapons will be yours, you will select pistols.

My informant, who recently officiated at a couple of bloodlettings in the vicinity of Rome as an assistant or second, was not aware of this gambit at the time he was acting for his affronted principal, and when offered his choice of weapons, rather than expose his friend, the doctors, the director and the retinue of assistants to accidental injury through gunfire, he selected the épée, counting upon the ability of the director of the duel to keep the boys far enough apart from one another with their stickers so that nobody would be hurt.

When he returned and informed the injured party of this, the insulted one shuddered, placed his hand over his eyes, and said: "Amico, you have done wrong. You should have chosen pistols. Now it is too late. I am a doomed man. You have encompassed my death. Farewell!"

As it turned out, he was wrong, the only one who suffered any injury in the bout being the director thereof whose perilous job it is to stand between the bloodthirsty combatants and blow the whistle when either of them makes a move in any direction but away from one another. This one received a stab in the leg when one of the aggrieved parties tripped over his own feet and accidently skewered the referee, whereupon blood having flowed, the principals embraced passionately, murmured lovingly in one another's ears they never knew the other cared, and it was over.

But to return to the pistols, my friend says it is by far the most popular weapon because no duelist in Italy in the memory of living man has been struck by a pistol ball, though several assisting acolytes have had their trousers burned, and anyway, under the new system of testing out the weapons beforehand, the pistol is practically a life-insurance policy.

It is now apparently the custom of the heirophants to the rite to foregather on the dueling ground several days before with the lethal weapons, smooth-bore pistols, firing ball. They measure off the distance that is to separate the swashbucklers, say thirty or forty yards, at which distance none but a trained expert could possibly hit the broadside of a barn. There they set up at each end sheets of paper in a stiff frame about the size of a man, and discharge the weapon at the target. If the slug reaches it, it is looked upon with disfavor, but if the bullet dents the paper on arrival or, God forbid, passes clean through it, the charge of powder is hastily reduced by half and the experiment conducted all over again until both parties are satisfied their principals are well out of range.

The ideal dosage of powder for which both sides strive is one that will go off with a mild sneeze when discharged, causing the ball to trickle from the mouth of the pistol and roll gently along the ground at not too rapid a pace, enabling the protagonist at whom it is aimed to field it without the use of a glove and throw to third base in time to catch the runner sliding in from second. The reconciliation then takes place at home plate and the boys go home with honor satisfied.

Both the pistol and the épée duels, according to my friend, are expensive propositions, the sword fight, for instance, at which he officiated coming to a matter of 25,000 lire, or $2.00 Mexican before it was over, which, as far as present-day Italian finances go, puts it in the luxury class.

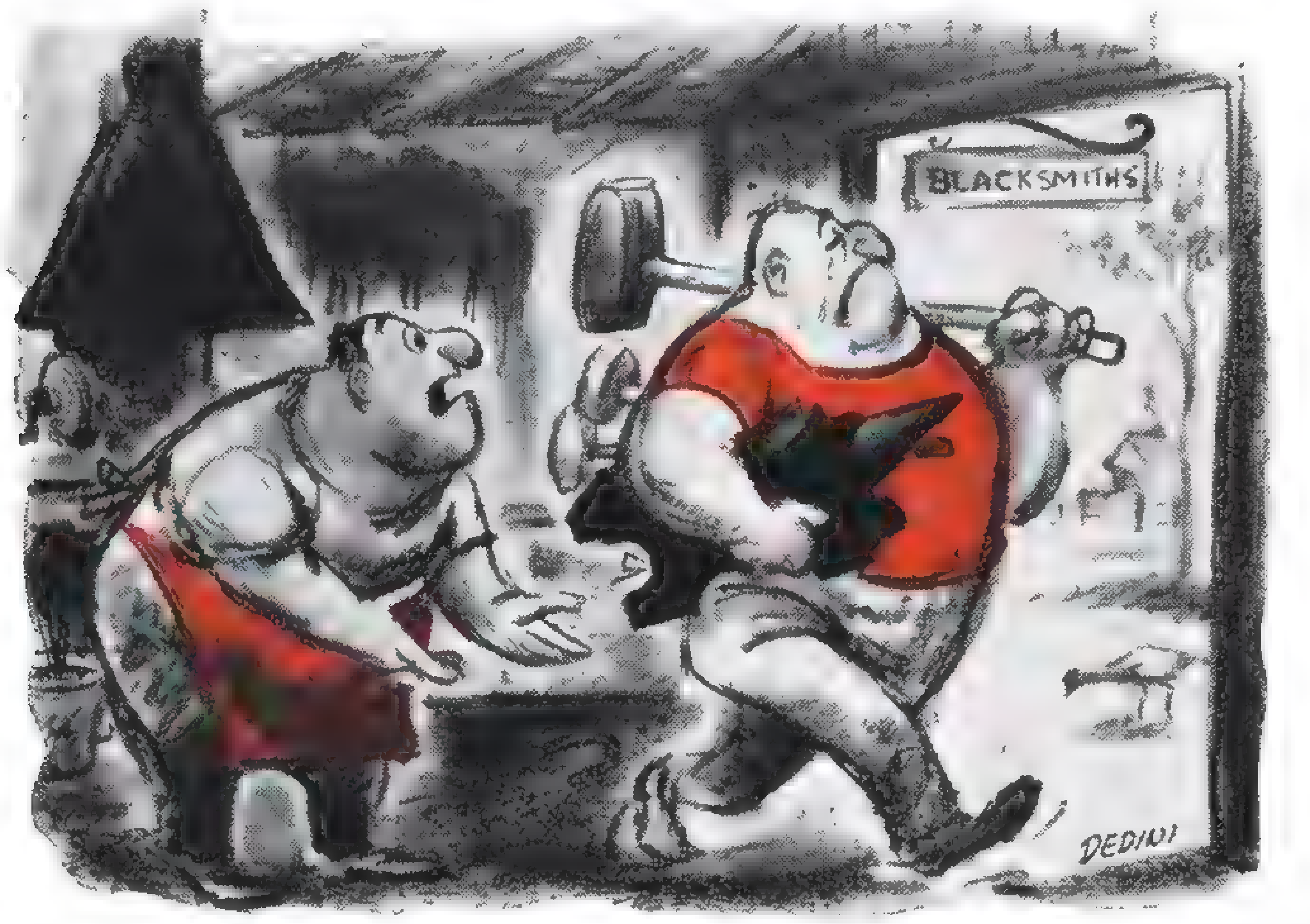
First of all, since brand-new weapons must be produced, a pair of dueling épées must be ordered and manufactured according to specifications. This consumes considerable lire, and at least two or three weeks of time during which period the gallants have time to think things over and fall prey to the fidgets.

Then the director must be paid, and paid good; otherwise, if he is brooding over the parsimony of his fee, he might quite likely be looking the other way when the bravos have at one another, thus making it possible for them to do one another an injury, the last thing on their minds. You take no chances. You see that the director gets a really handsome present so that his mind is on his work.

Well, then there are a couple of medicos who must be properly buttered and then the expenses of the assistants or seconds, of which there are two or three on each side. These likewise run rather high as they are charged with grave responsibilities.

It is their duty to journey to the dueling ground, usually some distance out of town, and having selected the terrain, visit it each day for three days to make sure that in the position chosen the sun will not shine into the eyes of either hero. This calls for putting up at the local bistro and getting together at night to talk things over. It is during the time that the boys get together in the evening that the expenses are likely to mount. My informant revealed that once the assistants found it necessary to remain a fortnight to make certain that the sun wasn't

Continued on page 114



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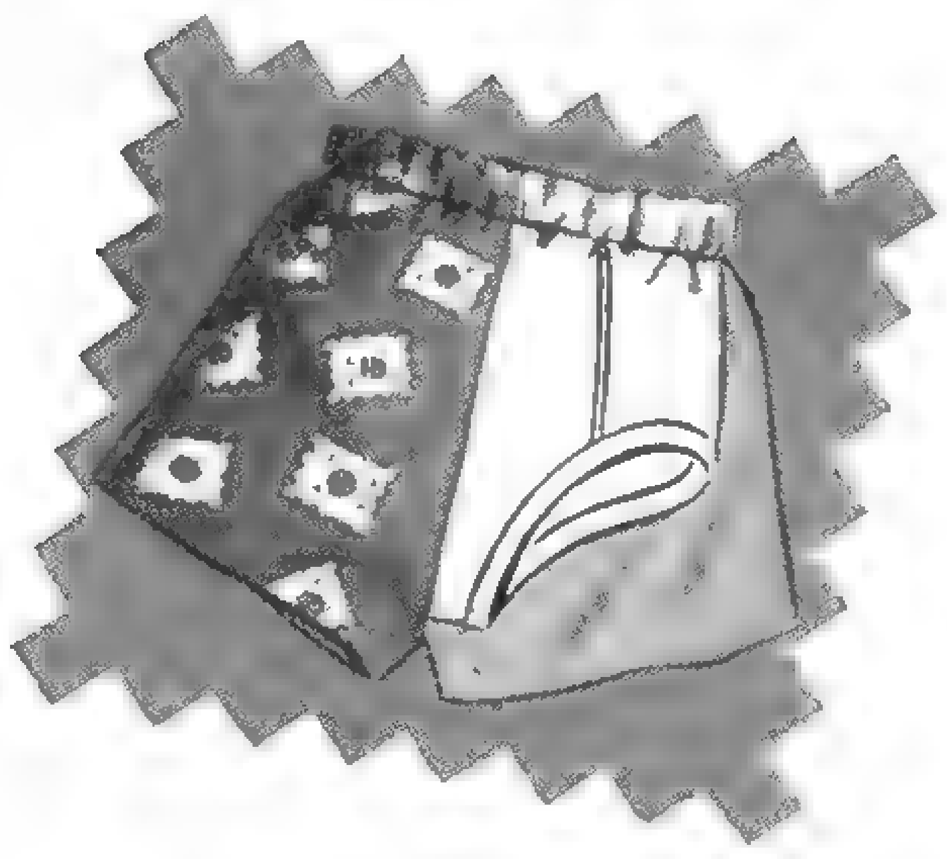

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Reeling and Writhing and Arithmetic

Continued from page 113

going to play any tricks and rise in the West on the appointed day. This one turned out to be a 50,000 lire or de luxe duel and was enjoyed by all.

Once the supply of *grapa* or *vino tinto* has run out and the preliminaries are complete, the battlers, who by now are approaching a nervous breakdown, are stripped to the waist, handed their épées and turned loose against one another on the greensward. As indicated before, the director is the real hero of the assault. They are depending on him, they love him like a brother.

At the first clash of their weapons, he cries "Halt!" and knocks up their swords with his, continuing to do so every time they come within range or giving any indication of desiring to make a genuine pass at one another, which is rare.

Eventually they fall down from exhaustion, or the director gets stabbed, or one of them gets scratched on the arm, or they just get tired and call it off and fall to kissing one another, which is really what they wanted to do in the first place, but aren't allowed to, at least not in public until there had been a duel first. When the kissing is over, there is another party at the bistro, after which they may go home and start bragging. Except for the kissing part, it sounds rather attractive.

The Happy Profession

COULD I not be me, and work at my chosen profession, then I think the next guy I would like to be is the little man who appears periodically out of the nowheres into the here, equipped with some stanchions, rope, red lanterns and pick and shovel. He opens shop in the busiest section of the fair metropolis by setting up his stanchions, roping off an area, hanging the red lanterns, and then, with his pick and shovel, he digs a hole in the middle of the street. Gee, that must be fun.

It is a free life in the open air, and by and large I cannot think of any other profession which manages to inconvenience so many people at one time, or which could afford as much satisfaction.

Consider his power and social position. He ranks above the dowager in her limousine with uniformed chauffeur on shopping tour, the brawny truck driver, the vital and raucous hackie behind the wheel of his yellow cab, the angry bus driver sweating out a schedule, the clanging motorman, the hurrying private-car owner, the householder, the property owner, the shopkeeper—he is more powerful even than the police.

For when he comes forth with his little pick and shovel and digs his hole in the middle of the street no one can say him nay; everything stops. He is a great man indeed, and I envy him.

Sometimes he digs a little hole and sometimes it is a big one. When it is a little one, he can go away and leave it, sometimes for weeks at a time, secure in the knowledge that it is doing its business of obstructing traffic night and day, piling up cars, trucks and busses, forming long lines, trying the hearts, souls and tempers of men.

But when he digs a real large hole, very often he will build himself a small wooden house right next to it and live there for the two or three years it takes him to find what he is looking for, and that must be the best of all because then he is always on the spot and can enjoy his labors and the fruits thereof to the utmost.

I do not know how it is in your town right now, but at the moment we have some real beauts in New York in the midtown section where traffic is already choked to a standstill by its own weight, and often I will go downtown and spend a little time around these holes, admiring the artisans who made them and in a way kibitzing on the delights of their profession, pretending that I am the man chopping away an ever-widening portion of Fifth or Madison Avenue, and enjoying this thrill of thrills vicariously.

The boys have really hit the jack pot at 59th Street and 5th Avenue, one of the really important crosstown arteries, where they have not only dug the biggest hole I ever saw, but have quite vanished from sight, so deep are they. Only their little wooden houses set up on one of the busiest streets in the world give mute testimony that they are there and having their fun, the same consisting of knowing that it takes from fifteen to thirty minutes to proceed five blocks through the resulting jam.

I used to think that these wonderful men came haphazardly and impishly and selected the site for the hole as became the momentary mood, but I am changing now to the belief that it is all a part of a master plan, that there is a giant brain behind it all who is having the most fun of anyone.

For I notice in our town that for every huge, all-embracing excavation or exploration into the center of the earth, conducted in the middle of the business or shopping centers, there are a host of little ones fanned out in neighboring streets, artfully placed so as to catch unawares and hold any traffic that manages to escape from the supertrap. It is this secondary network that indicates the cunning mind behind it all.

You think you can outsmart it. You know of the crater on 59th Street and its brother on Madison Avenue. And so you wheel your machine down a side street and try to sneak up on your destination by another route. The little man is there, his stanchions, his ropes, his red gonfalons and lanterns, his pick and his shovel.

Sometimes there will be but one, a lonesome outpost of the network of civic mischief. And even as you curse him for his nuisance value, you must envy him his calmness and his self-possession, his air of well-being and satisfaction, his complete mastery of what you laughingly believed was a public street.

See how he moves, rough-clad and comfortable in that glittering area of million-dollar shops. His demeanor is of a man who is modest, but who has great interest in his work, an absorption which will not permit the impingement of outside influences, the squawks and yipes of horns and sirens, the angry frustrated cries of shoppers, businessmen and women and expediters of transportation.

He can smoke as he works, usually a short, stubby pipe. And he is the master. Once he has roped off his little bit of territory, it is his and inviolate. None may enter, none may dispute him, none may say nay. See with what self-confidence and smooth, easy strokes he swings the pick and attacks the smooth, gleaming, unbroken skin of the thoroughfare. It is that first attack that must bring the greatest joy to his heart, that opening breach, which he as well as everybody else knows will not be healed again until many moons have passed, yea, perhaps not even until city administrations change. Here is accomplishment on a large scale. He may even be shifted to another part of town to dig yet another hole, but he knows the one he has just begun, and which with each stroke he widens, will be his legacy and remain there long after he has departed.

Yes, I envy him, for he seems to me to represent man at its highest state, a free soul, set apart from all others by the nature and sanctity of his work, above all petty criticism or interference. There is none above him to bar his way to self-expression. Once he sets forth accoutered for the day, a hole results. And from the hole just as inevitably there results confusion. There is nothing negative about his labors. They have their impact on his fellow man. How well this fellow must sleep at night. Oh, happy profession.

Notes on a Vanishing Art

There has been quite a tonnage written on the lost art of conversation. This little tailpiece to this month's grouchbag will consist of no more than a few random notes on the vanishing art of listening, with a plea to hostesses, pretty girls at cocktail parties, celebrities, politicians, industrialists and assorted dinner guests for crissakes to let a guy finish a sentence without eternally butting in, starting a new tack, or acting as though nobody was speaking. And what, may I ask, has become of our company manners? When I was a little boy I was taught not to interrupt.

Maybe everybody is just so swelled up with words that they cannot keep them from spilling over, but haven't you noticed it lately? It's a kind of vocal St. Vitus dance. Nobody seems to be able to shut up when somebody else is talking.

The hostess says to the celebrity: "You must tell us about the time you climbed Mont Blanc on roller skates. Everybody is just dying to hear about it." Obligingly, the Great Man launches into his narrative. Two minutes later completely oblivious to the fact that people are listening, sufficiently interested at least to find out whether he made it, the hostess is shrieking to someone across the table: "Darling, I understand you've just come back from Washington where you saw Mr. Truman in a newsreel. *Do* tell us about it, we're simply agog." She gets that one and three others going and then calmly charges into the bedlam and tells one of her own.

The Question Asker and Answerer is another beaut I will call to your attention, the chap who leans forward with a confidential air and pitches you a perfect conversational ball: "What would you say are Taft's chances in the coming elections . . . ?"

You say: "Well . . ." and set yourself to give a considered opinion when you discover that the ball had a rubber band attached to it and that it has been snapped back before you could so much as get your hands on it.

"If you ask me," says the Q.A. and A., "Taft and Dewey kill each other off after the fourth ballot and Eisenhower romps in. Gets elected too. I was talking to a feller in the dining car the other day, somebody from General Electric, elderly feller with a good level head on his shoulders, who . . ." and he's off and good for a half hour.

Observe the next ring-around-a-rosy gathering at which there are from six to eight people sitting around holding what is laughingly known as a conversation, and count the number of times anybody manages to finish a sentence he or she starts before somebody else butts in. It is supposed to be a sign of the general twitchiness of the times, but I am telling you it is just damn bad manners, and next time one does it to me or to my frau I am going to come right out and say: "Look, my half-naked friend, we listened to your silly yapping, I will now ask you kindly to shut up until my wife has finished saying what she has to say, after which I will add a few well-chosen words and then we will be ready for a little more ya-ta-ta from you again."

Not that men aren't as bad offenders as women at this game, particularly the stuffed shirt, and the chap I am particularly going to mutilate is the Sentence Finisher, the fellow whose intellect is so keen and whiplike that he cannot let you make your point, but busts in and says the snapper for you and then takes the bows.

To put the thing in a capsule, just once in a while, boys and girls, SHUT UP! Listen. You might hear something interesting. ⧻

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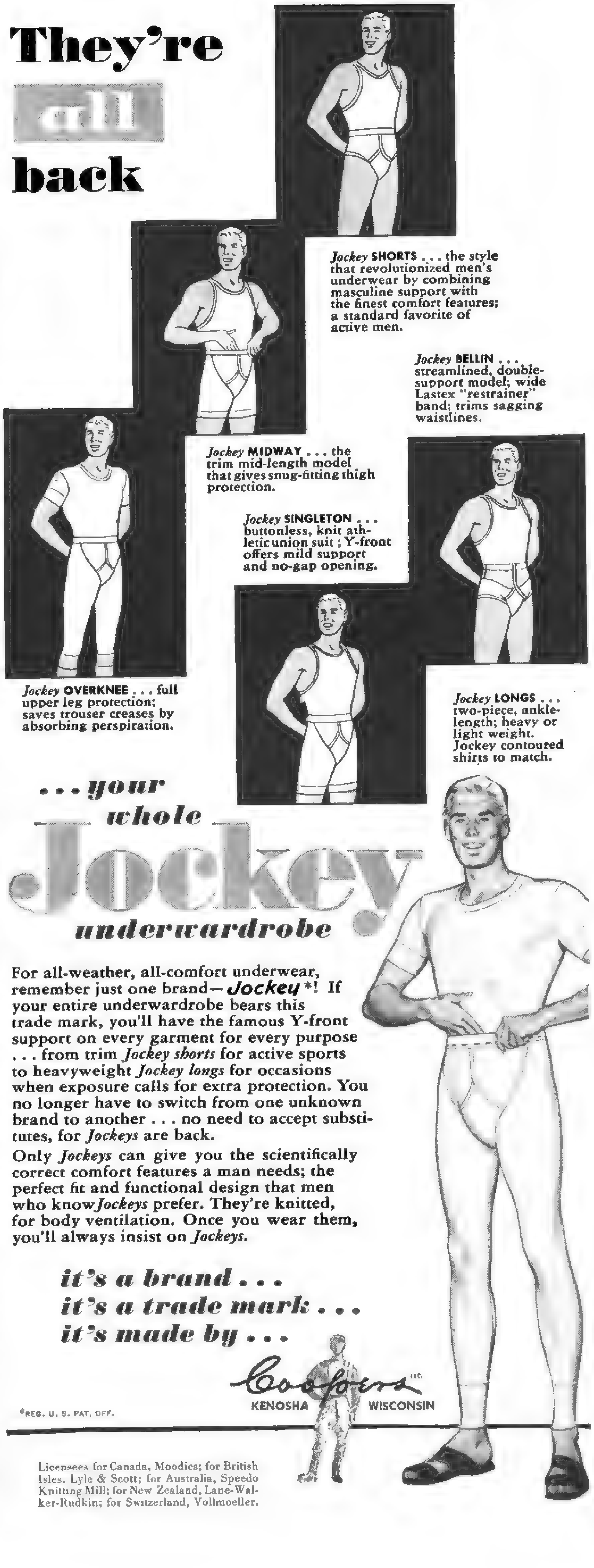

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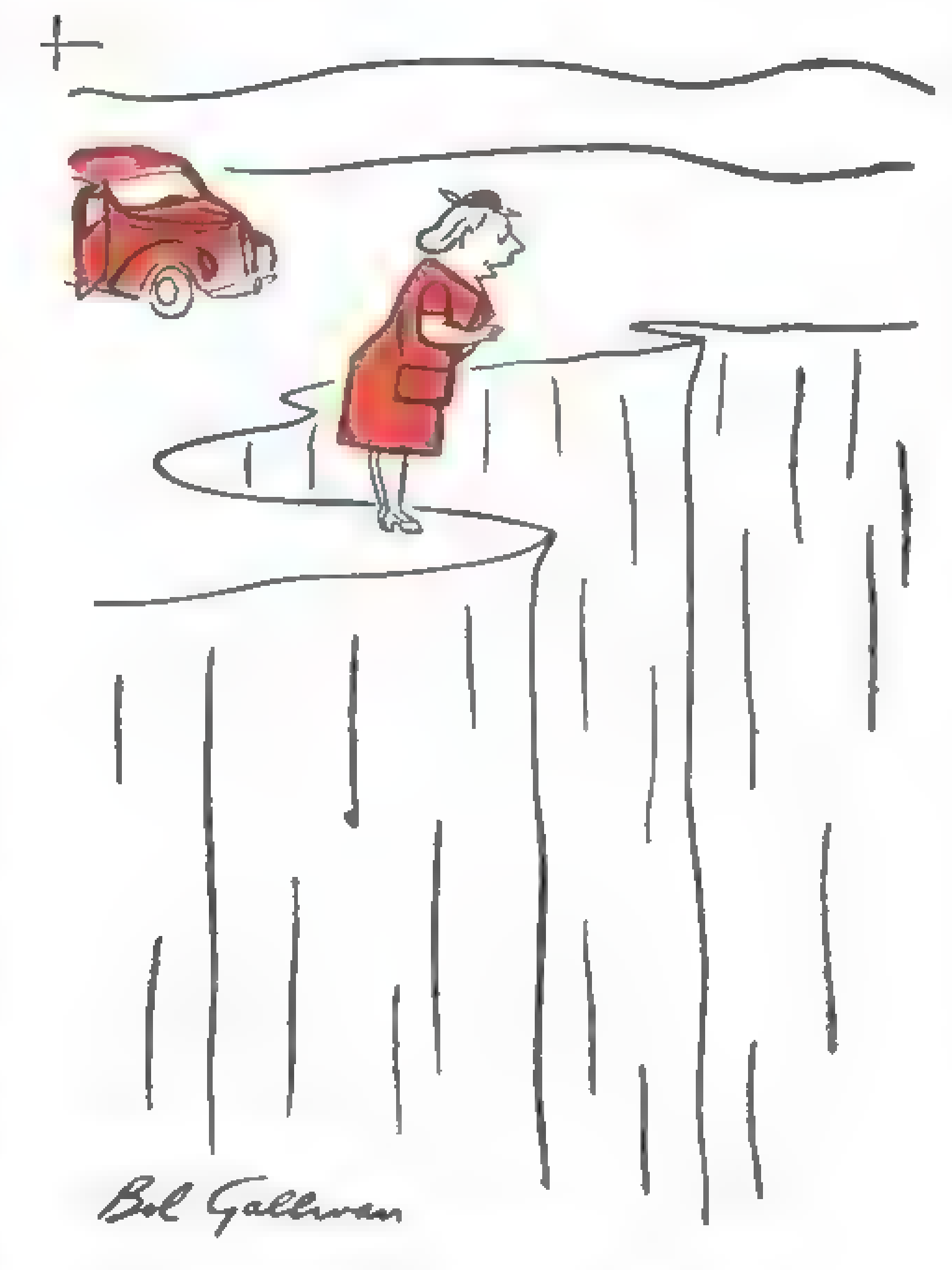
Eyes Over Your Shoulder

Continued from page 40

ious details of his attempted seduction of a young blonde secretary who went to his apartment under the illusion that she was to take dictation and instead found herself tussling with the renowned pundit on a couch surrounded by photographs of his actress sweetheart looking down at them from every available inch of wall space and table top.

Then there is a celebrated actor of both the stage and the screen whose amorous deficiencies are becoming known to an ever-widening circle of former female admirers; and a publisher whose every move on his honeymoon is now common gossip among his wife's girl friends, who, in turn, have relayed it to various other enthusiastic listeners, until the story of his nuptial exploits has achieved almost as wide a circulation as that enjoyed by his magazines.

There is in addition a well-known author who has earned over a million dollars by writing about the feminine heart, but whose real-life approach to same, if friends of his former girls are to be believed, bears little relation to his writings. In the latter, love scenes are described with fire and passion. In life, so the rumor runs, he apparently adheres to the theory that the act of love should be consummated with a minimum of personal contact, in dead silence, blindfolded, and with both hands tied behind his back. (Well, not literally, but with the same general effect.)



"Jerome! Speak to me!"

On the other hand, there is the magazine editor, one of those relentless conversationalist types, who apparently keeps up a stream of running patter in bed as well as out. This may be very stimulating en route, so to speak, in the dead of night and the heat of passion, but can sound pretty silly when repeated word for word the next day over the teacups, or a couple of hot-fudge sundaes with whipped cream.

The thing here is that where a man customarily tries to describe his girl friend in glowing terms as a combination of Cleopatra and Polly Adler, when the average woman does the same with her boy friend, it is all more apt to come out sounding like something out of the Three Marx Brothers. Whatever you may say about sex, it's not dignified. Ludicrous incidents often occur which men, being reticent and sensitive about this sort of thing, would certainly never dream of mentioning—or even remembering. Even the most adept of Casanovas has episodes in his past which he would prefer not to put down in his memory book. But all girls are garrulous, and far more cruel in their humor, and this is just what they love to pounce upon and relate with great histrionic effect, sending their listeners into peals of girlish hysterics. I suppose that from a man's point of view, it can be almost as embarrassing to have his successes thus chronicled as his failures because, while women are supposed to be the modest sex, men are really much more inhibited in this way. There are fewer male exhibitionists than there are women in the field.

Of course, no woman is going to admit to her husband or current dreamboat that she would ever think of breathing a word about him to her friends. Even though she will regale him with tidbits about his male friends, gleaned from *their* wives, she will stanchly insist that she, herself, would naturally rather cut her tongue off than ever mention anything about their own connubial habits. Should a suspicion sometime cross his trusting male mind—"Say, you don't ever talk about *me?*"—she will assume a hurt and piteous expression. "Why, darling! How could you even *think* such a thing of me? You *know* I wouldn't . . ." and so on until his fears are allayed, and he is made to feel something of a crude oaf for having suspected her. You will never get anywhere by trying to pin her down, so there is no sense in attempting it.

In fact, there is really nothing you can do about the situation, unless you want to give the whole thing up and become a Trappist monk, and there's not much fun in that. (Just think, think, think, day and night; no talking; and work like a dog mixing up absinthe, or maybe they don't even do that any more.) I don't know why I ever brought the matter up anyway. Once you get to brooding over it, it could very well give you some sort of a trauma which will hamper your private life from now on. "Don't look now, but there's Mabel!" That's a helluva thing to have popping into your mind every time you get into a bed. Well, the only thing I can suggest to repair the damage I may have wrought is that you adopt a devil-may-care, I-am-a-man-not-a-mouse course, forget about the eyes over your shoulder, forge valiantly ahead, and if Mabel doesn't like it when she hears about it, she can lump it! #

Wanna Go to Europe?

Continued from page 78

erated with the same attitude we had for the bootlegger, or the under-the-counter grocer or butcher who held out for his favorite customers (favorite because they were not too exacting on prices).

The music-hall comedians—Nervo & Knox, Tommy Trinder, Sid Fields, Bud Flanagan, Naughton & Gold, et al.—reflect this toleration of the spivs with the same type of humor we heard in America directly after the war; gags about "be kind to your butcher," etc.

It seemed strange, in a country overrun by the enemy only yesterday, that Riviera hoteliers are back to their old tricks of jazzing up reservations, giving out with that bland but so irritating, "There must be some mistake," as people were sent into the night. Yet, miraculously, a 10,000 franc *pourboire* ($85) could in turn displace somebody else's "confirmed" reservation. People would arrive in Cannes by motor from Paris in the early morning, flash telegrams of confirmation, but find rooms unavailable—"you know people will overstay!" The French National Tourist Office must look into this pronto, or else.

This attitude about the French currency is false from all perspectives. You need a caddy to carry all those francs when you go shopping, yet it need not be the musical-comedy money it resembles if the French did what the Italians have done with their lire—legally devaluated it so that there's no reason for any black-market exchange. Either the currency has the purchasing power it should, or the financial wizards of the world had better do something to endow it with more respect and genuine purchasing power.

This brings up the proposition of shopping and other prewar Parisian pleasures. Parisian institutions which are accepted in the popular mind run the gamut from French postcards to Rue Blondel; from the Folies Bergéres to the Montmartre; from the smart shops on the Rue de la Paix and Place Vendôme to the perfumers.

Postwar France chased the *poulets* from the *maisons de joie* to becoming *femmes du pavé*—and that's a chapter all by itself—but French tourism must give recognition to the great French perfume industry. But lots of new things have been added to complicate even the chore of bringing back a bottle of Patou or Lanvin, Schiaparelli or Caron for your secretary or your boss' daughter. You must prove it was bought at legal exchange; for some reason the French customs must first inspect what you take out of the country and back to America; and if you sail from Southampton there's the added nuisance of also convincing the British customs that you are "in transit." And when, finally, you get back to New York you are faced with varying degrees of our own officialdom who get ever-changing directives about no more than two of a kind of this or that perfume.

There are so many things we take for granted which are out-of-this-world luxuries to Europeans. And so much *they* take for granted we would never tolerate.

The queue-up system is just matter-of-course abroad.

You wonder what sort of dreamboat ice cream the ushers sell in the London theatres that causes most of the audience to bolt their chairs to get there first, until you realize that even this mediocre ice cream is better than no sugar flavoring at all, because thus their austere palates are compensated for the sugar shortages.

You see them coatless and with sleeves rolled up in theatres, smoking all over the house, and then you fully appreciate what our air conditioning means to make summertime theatregoing bearable. In fact, unless you're an American tourist who wants to see the new Noel Coward show, or what makes Sid Fields such a funny man, or the new Ivor Novello revue, you wonder if you, in your right mind, would go to the theatre in such unbearable heat. Ditto in Paris at the Folies Bergéres where Chevalier's former wife, Nita Raya, is the star. Chevalier isn't overboard when he calls this Paul Derval revue a hark back to the tradition that was Ziegfeld's. The Lip oughta know because he worked with Paul Whiteman and the Rhythm Boys (one of them was Bing Crosby) atop Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic in New York. The Folies show, now in its second season, standard as it is, with the same Monsieur Dandy type of comedy, etc., is easily the best show in Paris. The Casino de Paris revue is on the mediocre side, and the Pierre Sandrini Bal Tabarin floor show, for all of its trap-door "beauty spec," is now also standardized. Incidentally, I saw Chevalier quite a bit in Cannes and, at 58, he is now quite happy to remain his age. He has spurned a number of Hollywood bids ("which want to cast me as I was in the old Paramount days," he says) and feels that working seven months a year, an occasional picture, and the remaining five months in Cannes, "should be the ideal arrangement for the rest of my life."

The attitude about the British decline as a first-rate power is matched by a current French axiom, which ties in with the recurring worry about the Communists. Out of the clear, if you're in the casino in Cannes or Monte Carlo, a Belgian manufacturer, a Swiss industrialist, or a French vintner will ask the most casual American acquaintance what he thinks about the commie threat to France. The axiom so widely quoted runs, "France is on horseback between two civilizations; it must lose its past in order to achieve a future. But America,

Continued on page 118

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Wanna Go to Europe?

Continued from page 117

having no past, must become the ancestor of the future."

The past that is the French tradition is that which is so difficult to make over. For example, there is the obsolete law about not raising the rent of war veterans, with the result that a pre-World War I domicile—when the franc was 20¢ instead of 119 to the dollar as now—today is still pegged at $12 per annum in rent. But since the French never visualized today's inflation, the gimmick calls for "key money" which runs into the hundreds of dollars, on a parity, of course, to compensate for today's values.

The truism about *La Plus Belle France* hits the most Yankee-Doodle-Dandy-minded tourist, especially if he motors from Paris to the Riviera, where incidentally the rubble and devastation give full testimony to the beating France took in its provincial regions. Even now, as new fields are tilled, the astute French farmer puts the sheep to grazing as a precautionary measure because too many land mines are still scattered. Armless and legless children along the Côte d'Azur, from Marseille to Cassis, Toulon, St. Raphael and into the Cannes-Nice-Monte Carlo sector are evidence of the Nazi perfidy.

You don't have to be an expert to see that Vintage '47 should be one of France's truly noble wine years. The lush landscaping and the imaginative, orderly terraced slopes, verdant with grapes, are eye-catchers all along the route.

Of the potables, "pastisse" is a favored apéritif. It's the nearest thing to Pernod, a 90-degree distillation of the pastisse herb with pure alcohol which requires but twenty-four hours to brew; with ice and water it's very voom-voom and while theoretically not the politest drink one could request as an *apéritif*, it's to the American palate and has been adopted by the cosmopolites.

On the subject of drinks, the Truman beer ads all over England are a bit of a shock if, at first, you wonder whether the Dems were electioneering 3000 miles away. It reminds you of the oldie about the signpost near Alaska marked, "Los Angeles City Limits."

Knocking around Europe from the Thames to the Mediterranean perforce must impart certain flashback highlights: The beaded colored curtains on the open-door shops from Marseille to Toulon. The waiters at the Café de la Paix, Paris, who talk back to Frenchmen for not tipping enough. Georges Carpentier's bar near the Etoile. Eric von Stroheim's pride over his new electric refrigerator which U. S. comedienne Cynda Glenn had just brought over for him. That out-of-this-world Château Madrid, class roadhouse at Eze, between Nice and Monte Carlo, on the *moyenne corniche*—it's very "21" and, like that W. 52nd eatery, you just about get a square meal for 21 bucks a head. The disappointing hors d'oeuvres at La Belle Aurore, in Paris, long famed for its *froid et chaud* appetizers, until the maitre d' shows you the 1928 menu where said hors d'oeuvres at 17½ francs (then 5¢ per franc) were a repast all their own; today it's 350 francs (about $3), sans caviar, and quite inferior. The frank garçon at La Coupole in Montparnasse who explained to the nostalgic American that the reason they don't bring out those plates, piling them high, as each *consommation* is consumed, is because the prices vary so often, frequently from day to day, and that time-honored French custom went the way of the Sphinx, 32 Rue Blondel, et al.

Harry's New York Bar on the Rue Danou and Les Grands Seigneurs across the street on the site of the old Ciro's are old and new institutions. You still get good Pilsner beer, Scotch whisky and a reasonable facsimile of American hot dogs at Harry McElhone's spot, and the Grands Seigneurs is another in the cycle of pash fiddle joints whose pattern was set by the Monseigneur "up on the hill" (Montmartre), where a string orchestra of twenty-three breaks up into sub-groups, which drape themselves around the tables and do al fresco serenading.

Then there's the absence of speed cops on the English and French highways. Cutting way over the wrong side of the road in order to safely pass seems strange but an accepted practice . . . The well-fed look of the American chorus in *Oklahoma!* in London . . . The Indian character in the London company of *Annie Get Your Gun* who gives out his Choctaw with a Devonshire accent is something which nightly puts Dolores Gray away. Miss Gray, recreating the Ethel Merman role in the Emile Littler production from the original of Rodgers and Hammerstein, is the current London wow.

Cyclists with all sorts of fore, aft and sidecar contraptions are mute evidence of the difficulty of transportation all over Europe. Yet everybody seems to be on wheels. Week ends in England during the summer see the boys barebacked and very sun-baked, and the gals likewise wear as little as possible. On the subject of scanty attire, the G-string swim suits on the Riviera leave little room for further progress along the lines of conservation. Not only are the gals wearing abbreviated diapers for swim shorts, but they're very open-weave on the sides. The bra is chiefly a skimpy bandanna that leaves little to the imagination. Schiaparelli has designed a honey that's a replica of a newspaper.

In short, keep your eyes open, and don't count your francs. And if you must go, favor handbags over trunks. #

Continued from page 78

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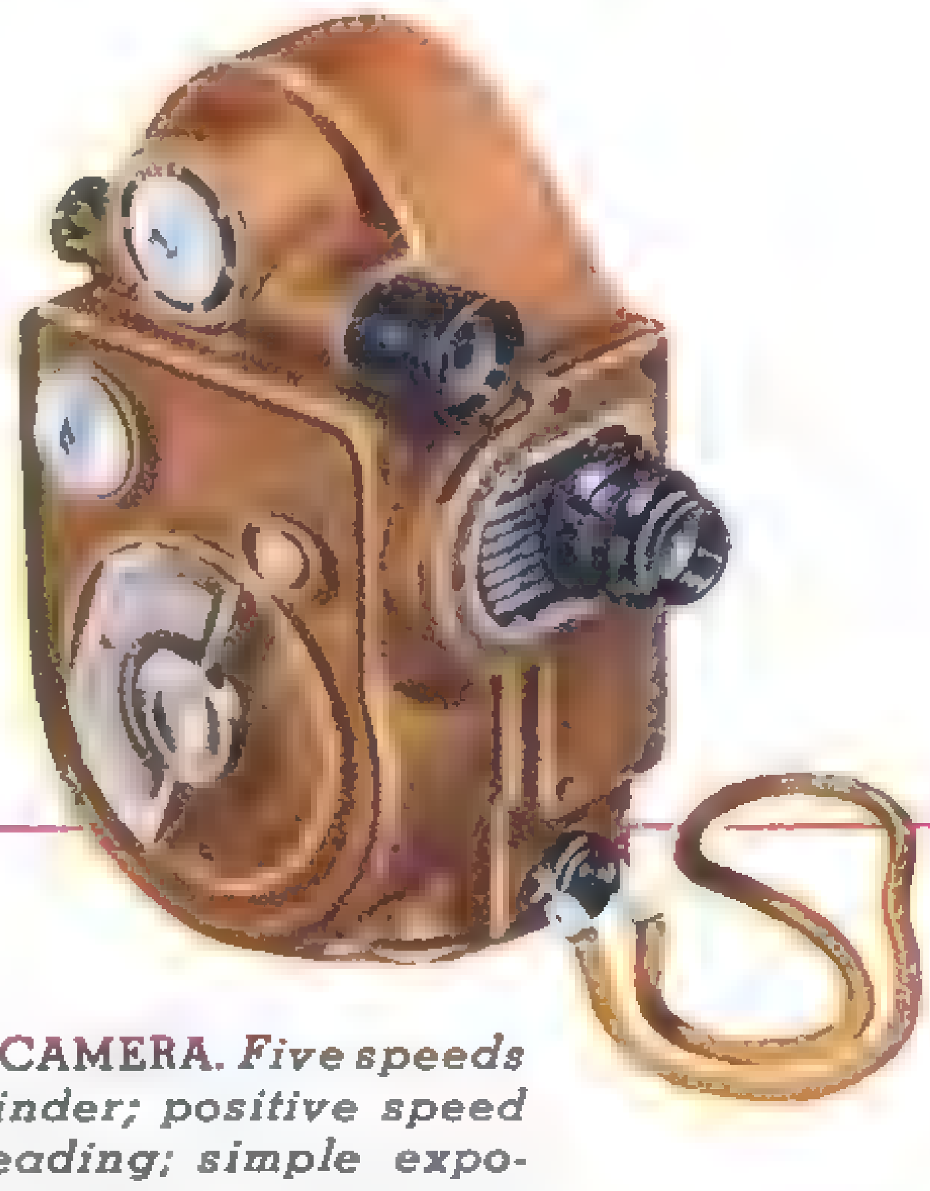

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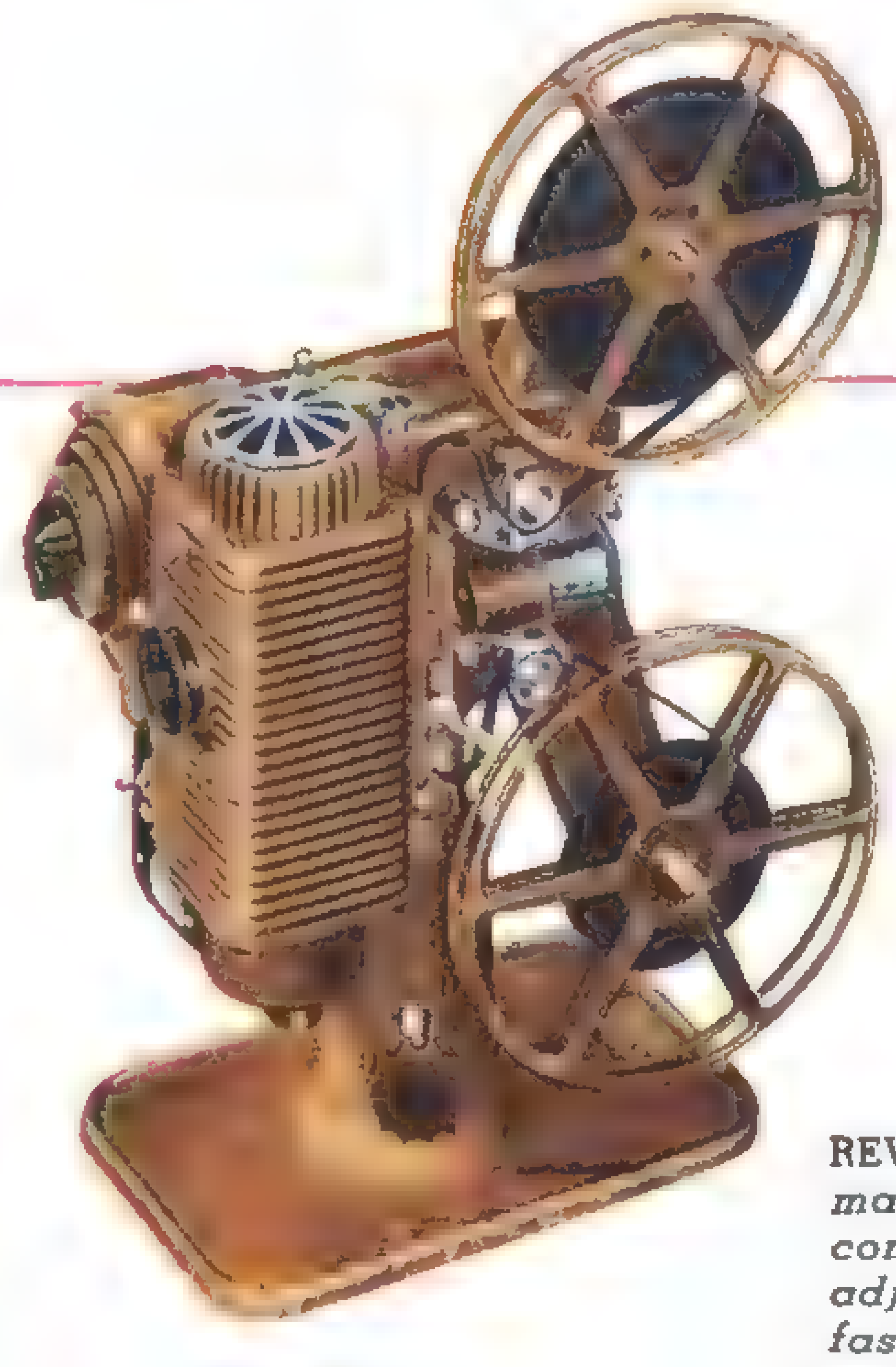

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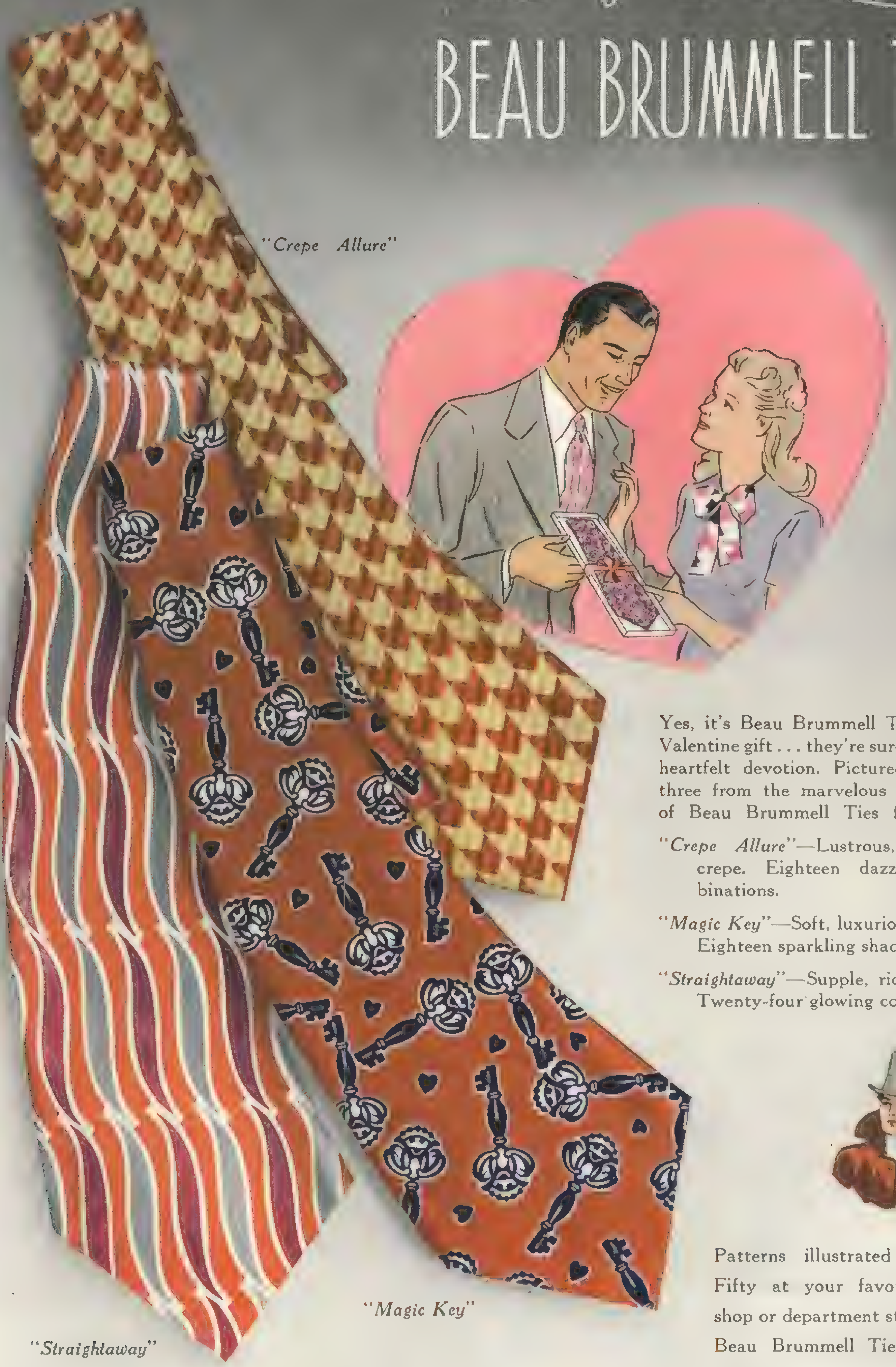

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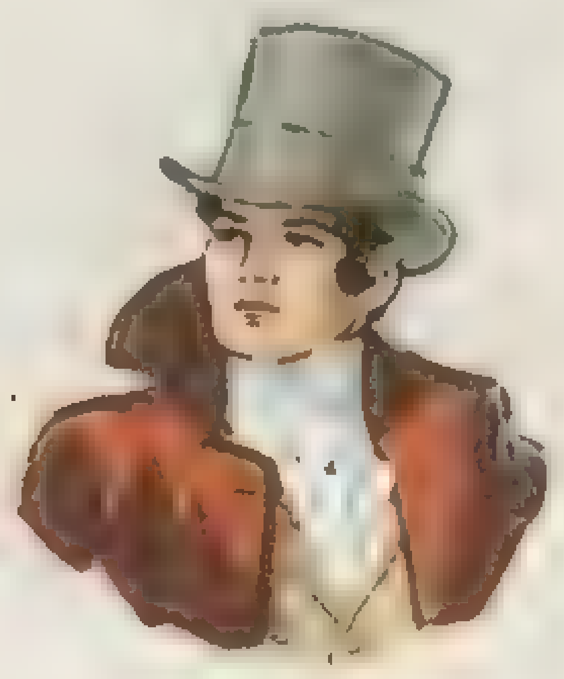

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Dry-Fly Barflies

Continued from page 56

doing it, and your baited hook, surrounded by small fish, was always in sight, so you could see what was going on. I used to watch the fish with the eyes of a shopkeeper seeing faces pressed against the glass of his window.

Every now and then a perch or a sunfish was sucker enough to take my bait. No sucker was ever sucker enough to. And I was within walking distance of the hotel dining room, and could leave my pole wedged in a crack between two planks in the landing when I heard the mealtime bell. Frequently, on returning from a stuffing lunch, with the taste of my second piece of banana shortcake rich in my mouth, I would find a sunfish on the end of my line, caught without any effort by me whatever. This unearned increment pleased me no end, proving me to have the temperament of a born bondholder, a role in life for which I have always felt fitted. All I lack for success is bonds.

The fish and game columns of the daily newspapers, and the illustrated magazines which I occasionally encounter in dentists' waiting rooms and barbershops, however, concentrate on happenings in the Great Outdoors and never seem to mention the type of fishing with which I was once familiar. So I felt a smug satisfaction on viewing the jacket of *Panfish*, by Byron W. Dalrymple (Whittlesey House, $4.50), subtitled "The Art and Enjoyment of Light-tackle Fishing for the Common Fishes of the United States." At last, I thought, somebody has written a book about sensible fishing. This wading in rivers, tying imitations of insects with names like chess moves, cooking without gas and then *talking* about it, was being publicly exposed.

But *Panfish* did not turn out to be that kind of a book. What I had thought of as light tackle, a long pole and a dime-store line, turned out to be what Mr. Dalrymple thought heavy tackle for the kind of fish I used it on. "The theme of *Panfish*," the jacket blurb says, "is that there are not enough so-called game fishes to satisfy the ever-growing anglers' clan, but that by greater knowledge, new attitudes and approaches, and the use of *light tackle artistically employed*, we may add stature to those species not ordinarily classified as game fishes." Mr. Dalrymple writes of fish as "our little opponents," or "our finny friends," and advocates what he calls "a refined approach" to them. "The more you dwell upon it, the more amazing it becomes that we have been so willing to disregard and deny recognition to so many species, while giving places of honor to so few," he says, ". . . we should gradually learn how to destroy the *caste system* we've wished upon our Freshwater Heritage!"

By spending only about $100 for a couple of fly rods and an assortment of gear Mr. Dalrymple describes and then perfecting his techniques, he promises that you can have just as hard a time catching a bullhead as you now have catching a brook trout. "On the right 2½-ouncer a ½-pound panfish will feel like a 3-pound black bass on a heavier rod," he says. If this is not going out of your way to make yourself trouble I do not know what is. The object of fishing, if this point of view is valid, is to come as near to not catching fish as possible.

As an effort to raise the social standing of little fish that hang around boat landings it is probably laudable, but will the fish appreciate it?

The opponent of class distinctions among fish lists twenty-one families of American fresh-water fishes.

"Those aristocratic fishes of the first group we may dismiss from these pages with a dignified and respectful bow to their popularity and a rousing cheer for their sporting qualities," he remarks, brushing off trout and salmon (tinned, smoked and fresh). "It is in Group Five that we discover the most active, sprightly, best-loved of our less-publicized fresh-water fishes . . . The Sunfish, the Perch, the Bullhead, the Bluegill . . ." He always capitalizes the names of fish. Later, he gives them friendly, poetic names: Old Redeye (not whiskey, just a bass), Mr. Fan-Fins, Old Sol's Namesakes (sunfish, natch), The Eatin'est Fish (perch), Old Bleary, Freshwater Wildcats (I forget what these are), and Bulldogs with Beards (catfish—why not Tomcats with Whiskers?).

The book is filled with anecdotes of the author's encounters with his finny friends. "The Perch has been one of my best and most intimate friends during past years, and a fish for whom I maintain a great amount of enthusiasm," he will say. "However, facts are facts," and he will then proceed to rip the Perch's reputation to shreds. Most of the stories end up with him catching his friends on a hook and then taking them home and eating them.

There is a limit to Mr. Dalrymple's conception of democracy among fishes, however, as there are to most conceptions of democracy. He has a tenderness even for the unprepossessing *Esocidae.* "Just what shall we do with the Pickerel," he pleads, "the Walleye, the Great Northern? Are they to be outcasts entirely, neither Game, nor Rough, nor Pan?" But when it comes to minnows, he goes old-school-tie.

"It is true that we cannot make a sporting opponent out of every species," he says, with the cold *snobisme* of a Proust discussing muckers. "Try as we may, it is difficult to visualize much of a fishing thrill from the tiny Minnows ordinarily classed as high-water Trout bait."

Continued on page 122

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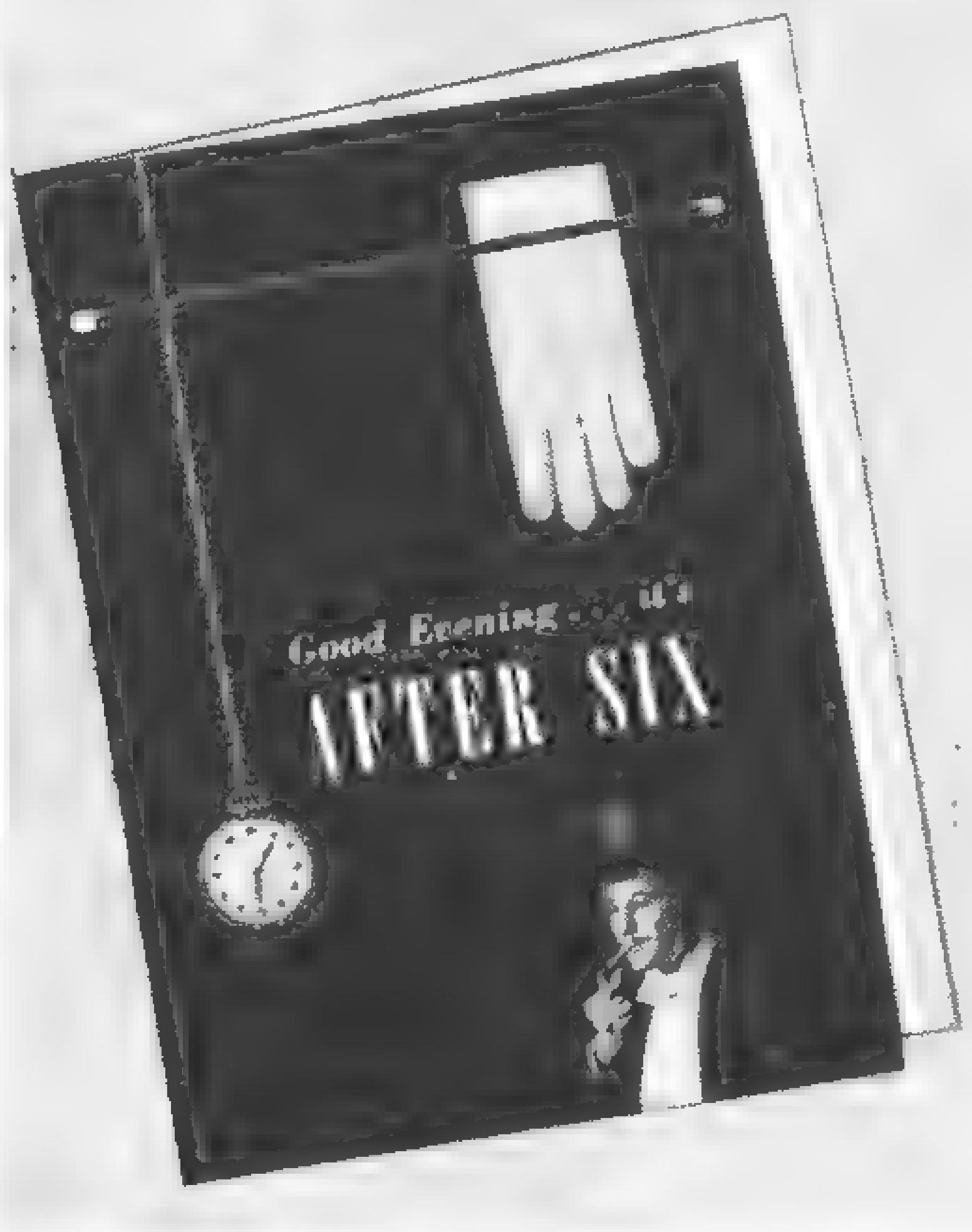

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Dry-Fly Barflies

Continued from page 121

Right here is where Mr. Dalrymple shows *his* lack of imagination, and it is hard for me to remember, as I read, that this contemner of the minnow is the same humanitarian who could not sleep peacefully because of other fishes.

"All that night Bluegills and Rock Bass, Crappies and Perch were darting around in my head, making little gurgles and bright flashes of color," he writes, describing that night. "All their tight-lipped miniature fish-faces wore sad expressions. In my dreams, those quick little fellows seemed forlorn. They were not, and had not been for years, getting the attention they deserved as Game Fish . . . They were tired of being forced to struggle with bunglesome, bright-painted bobbers in order to get hooked . . . They felt they deserved . . . something better."

And how about the Minnow?

Here, it seems to me, is where Mr. Dalrymple falls victim of a ghastly failure to follow through his own train of thought.

If an eight-ounce fish will give you a sporting fight on a 2½-ounce rod, *why won't an eight-gram fish give you a fight just as good on a 2½-gram rod?* or an *eight-grain* fish on a *2½-grain* rod?

The manufacture of fishing tackle could be placed upon a precision basis, with a tolerance of error of less than a millionth of an inch. This would make the guppy, or silverfish fly rod, with effective multiplying reel and *microscopic* sight (to be employed in baiting the hook) even more expensive than the equipment currently employed in the pursuit of marlin, including the boat.

Tournaments could be held with first prize going to the captor of the *smallest* fish. The smallest fish I have ever seen is a species of Philippine Goby used for food which, when dried, is about as big as a grain of rice. It gave a delicious flavor to the seaweed soup which I used to get in a Japanese restaurant on Greenwich Street, near the Nippon Yusen Kaisha office, in prewar days. The capture of a legal limit of these fish—say 10,000—*with a fly rod* and a proportionately light line—perhaps one-strand spider web, would be no mean feat of Izaak Walton disciplery, to borrow a phrase from the Fish-and-Game boys. A whopping big guppy, say a 10-grainer, could smash a suitable line and carry off hook and leader just as easily as a phenomenal trout does it today.

I do not offer this suggestion in a spirit of pure fantasy, nor merely in order to be funny. I do not, frankly, see much point in Mr. Dalrymple's proposal, since it still involves going outdoors, carrying one's liquor, ice and mixers, getting aboard a boat—for Mr. D. is not content to remain upon the bank—and even the physical exertion of starting the outboard motor. There is, in addition, the constant possibility that the motor will break down, the liquor will run out, or one will fall out of the boat. Nor is there any guarantee that there will be a good restaurant near by. Mr. D started over a good line of country, as my friend Colonel Nigel would say, but he *stopped too soon.* All you save, by following the Dalrymple plan and fishing for Crappies or Bullheads instead of Trout, is the difference between carfare to Nova Brunswick and that to Lake Mudhole, New Jersey, but you get your neck sunburned just the same.

My plan, by contrast, presents real advantages. A fish one-eighth of an inch long has as much space for maneuver in a bathtub two feet wide as an eight-inch fish in a stream 128 feet across. By lightening your tackle as Mr. Dalrymple says, you increase the stature of your fish. With a rod about one inch long and a dry midge instead of a dry fly, one might therefore have precisely as much sport at home as in the Poppasqueetchie River!

My scheme eliminates the necessity of the Great Outdoors, and as I explained earlier in this essay, by that same token the specter of future war. I grant that as here outlined it is open to considerable objection: many of my friends find it almost as irksome, although not nearly as fatiguing, to be Home as in the Great Outdoors. To this I answer that my plan is capable of still *greater* refinement.

If we could find a fish *1/64th* of an inch long and propagate it, distributing the fry among owners of vacant hot-water bottles, we could play him in a highball glass with a three-inch diameter.

Equipped with an extra highball glass, a portable reservoir, perhaps resembling a fountain pen, filled with fish, two fly rods, one of split bamboo and the other of welded steel, each one-eighth-of-an-inch tall (approximately) an assortment of hand-tied flies simulating harmless bacilli, and a microscope with a magnifying power of 512 or perhaps 513 and about ¾, the barfly of the future will be both a rugged disciple of Izaak Walton and an apostle of Robert Burns, dry-germ fishing with his right hand while he knocks off his drinks with the left.

The technique is a little difficult to visualize, but I suppose he would hold the rod between the ends of his thumb and index finger, working the reel by means of a very fine thread attached to his right ear, which he would have had to learn to wiggle. He could wear the microscope on his right eye, like a jeweler's loupe.

The only risk involved would be that after a certain number of drinks he might take a gulp out of the wrong glass and so swallow Mr. Dalrymple's theory and mine, hook, line and dry bacillus, and the fish, which I have christened Eency Dynamite, along with it. ⧺

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How I'll Beat Bobby Riggs

Continued from page 44

fact. The slower court checks the ball, allows a defensive player more time to reach the ball. Bobby likes to scramble around on the stuff and no one, except perhaps Bitsy Grant or Frankie Parker, has been his equal as a clay-court champion.

Riggs has one minor advantage on a prolonged junket, which only time will change. That advantage is that he's made two nationwide tours these past six years. Every arena, gym or auditorium we play in represents a different lighting problem. And Bobby knows just when to lob most effectively so that the lighting will embarrass his opponent. I don't. But I'll learn fast. And, brother, I intend to keep forcing Riggs.

How about the record between us?

It's inconclusive, because Bobby turned pro in November, 1941, when he was the amateur champ, and at that time I was only nineteen years of age. My game was far from consolidated. Nevertheless, Riggs and I met six times as amateurs between 1939-42. He won five of these struggles, and never once was extended to five sets. I knocked him off in a big upset at the New Jersey State Clay Court Championships in July, 1941. On clay. And Bobby, good loser that he is, told me: "Jake, you're a coming champion. Keep forcing."

I've worked hard to prepare myself for the biggest challenge of my life. After winning the amateur title at Forest Hills I spent all fall practising at the Los Angeles Tennis Club against Frank Parker, Eddie Moylan and Frank Kovacs. The choice of court and opponents are significant: The court because its bounce most closely approximates the kind I'll get indoors on tour; the opponents because the first two play wonderfully controlled base-line games similar to Bobby's basic style. And I worked out with Kovacs because he combines first-class back-court play with the tricky spins and angles Riggs will undoubtedly ply me with.

And another thing. I took an hour's daily gym workout regularly with Chuck Weir, Paramount Pictures physical-fitness expert. He put me through such a rigorous training routine that I had no time to watch Dorothy Lamour sarong her way around the lot, even if I were so inclined.

Mrs. Kramer please take notice.

Weir placed much emphasis on toughening up my stomach muscles, for your stomach and abdominal muscles take one hell of a beating night after night stretching for low balls, reaching upward to smash the towering lobs I know Riggs will direct my way.

Although Riggs has established himself in the public's mind as a master psychologist, that does not mean that I'll be out there night after night mumbling to myself. You won't see me throwing my racket, badgering linesmen or complaining about the lighting. I know that in a fifty-match series the breaks will even up. Long ago Coach Roche told me: "Don't talk to yourself, Jake. If you do, you're fighting a losing battle." I'm out to win.

Before the war I was a bit slow-footed, but I was really pleased at Wimbledon last summer when the head groundskeeper said: "Kramer, you never made a mark on the court."

A decade ago, just after I'd won my first U.S. title—the National Boys' Championship at Culver, Indiana—Coach Roche (who, by the way, is an automotive engineer by profession and a tennis lover by nature), said: "When two champions are evenly matched an extra ounce of stamina can—and does—decide the issue. Therefore, keep in shape."

The coach also taught me that it is scientifically correct to force only on the right points. One time to pressure extra hard is when serving in the left court. There the two big points are at 30-15 and when you, the server, hold the ad. And when a right-handed player like myself wants to take the net it is better to do so in the left court because your anticipation is better in covering the opponent's down-the-line passing shot, which Riggs plays superbly.

From Roche I learned not to let up after a long set—even if I won it. Here's an illustration. In September, 1946, I met Tom Brown in the American finals at Forest Hills. The rangy San Franciscan, one of our hardest hitters, is always dangerous. In this tournament he'd just eliminated Parker, the defending champion and the No. 1 seed. We played a hammer-and-tongs first set, which I won 9-7. They were all tough games too. So when I won the first two games of the second set, I decided to coast. Just before I could put this idea into effect I spotted Roche in the stand. He raised a fist. That meant one thing to me: "Go for it."

I won the set 6-0. And the third and final chapter, 6-3.

When I play Riggs you can be certain Kramer will "Go for it." Any night. Every night.

When I was a kid the coach taught me the psychology of match play. Elly Vines taught me the mechanics of the big game, the power plays to which there is no answer. Perry Jones taught me to be a gentleman, to take defeat graciously and always be conscious of my obligation to a great game. I want to thank all those in amateur tennis for helping me up the ladder. I feel my obligations to so many people. But just now it's up to me alone. I think, I almost know, I can beat Bobby Riggs. But if I can't I'll acknowledge his skill. And try again.

And if I dethrone the champ? Everything will be Jake with Jake. #

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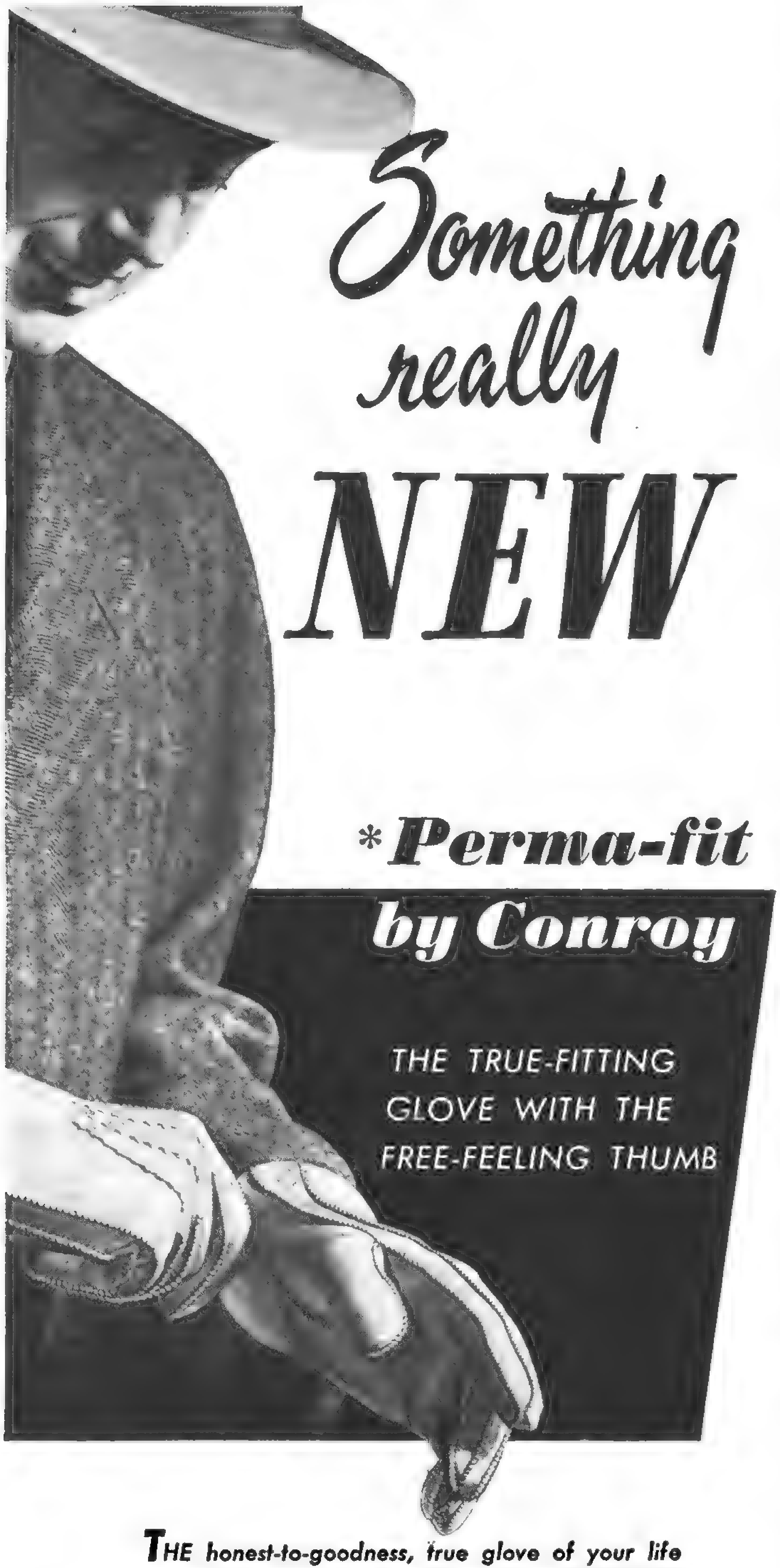

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Canada Lee—Harlem Hamlet

Continued from page 51

along. He heard the man say to Meatskin that his only other horse, Ardito, had no rider for the afternoon's race. Canada, never one to let excitement slip between his fingers, puffed out his chest. "Say, Mr. O'Conner," he yelled, "I'm the best rider in the country."

O'Connor looked at Meatskin. "What do you say, Meatskin. Is he a good rider?"

Meatskin saw a chance to get a cut on some easy money. "The very best," he said gravely. "They don't come any better."

That afternoon Canada got fitted to silks and was weighed in at 107. He wore green colors with a gold "O'C." They gave him a "bat," the whip; he sat on the horse, touched him with the "bat." Ardito reared, nearly threw him. At this moment Canada sincerely longed for his violin and the measured safety of Aeolian Hall.

At the starting line there was only one thought in Canada's mind: "Don't fall off the horse." With one hand he got a combined hold on the saddle, the reins, and the horse's mane; then he got a half-Nelson around Ardito's neck. "Look out," yelled O'Connor, "you're strangling the horse."

At that moment the gun went off, Ardito lunged, Canada closed his eyes tight, grabbed at everything, blanked out his mind. When Canada finally got up enough nerve to open his eyes, he was five lengths ahead, with Ardito still running like crazy. The horse, which Canada still believes had an exceptional sense of humor, dashed into the home stretch, flew across the finish line, and paid $21. Unfortunately for Canada, nobody had bothered to bet on him. All he got was $25 for finishing first—and half of this was Meatskin's cut.

At any rate he was now a jockey: he had honors. "Doc" Davis, who owned a few horses, took him on. He learned orthodox ways of staying on a horse's back, how to hold his head down, how to take tricky little jockey's steps when he walked on and off a track. Sometimes he rode two horses a day.

After four years of successful horse-ushing in Canada, nature took a hand. Canada put on weight. He outgrew his talent. He returned to New York broke, started standing on street corners.

One day, standing meditatively on a brick, he saw a boy named Oscar Anderson coming along. Canada eyed him appraisingly: he used to beat Oscar with one hand.

"What are you doing with yourself?" asked Canada. "Still jivin' around?"

"Oh no," said Oscar with dignity, "I'm a prize fighter."

Canada thought hard. "Tell me," he said, "how do you get into this business? I think I'm a prize fighter too."

Oscar introduced him into a pugilistic seminar held weekly at a place called the Salem Athletic Club. In short order Canada was beating everything but the chandelier. Before the year was out he had won the Junior National, Inter-city, Metropolitan, and State Championships. The next year he simultaneously turned eighteen and professional.

He was fighting, those days, under the name of Canegata. In one of his battles the referee, the late Joe Humphries, stumbled on his name. "In this corner," Joe gurgled, "we have the up-and-coming contester for the welterweight laurels . . . Can . . . Can . . . Cane . . . hell . . . Canada Lee."

Canada Lee liked the sound of "Canada Lee"; he stuck to it.

In rapid succession he beat two world welterweight champions and a middleweight: Lou Broulliard, Tommy Freeman and Vince Dundee. He was soon the leading contender for the welterweight championship.

The barriers which held him back were eventually broken down. He was accepted as an official contender for the title. Then, in a battle with Andy Di Voti at Madison Square Garden one Friday night, a hard right caught him square in the right eye, detaching the retina. Canada won the fight; but when the final bell stopped clanging he was blind in his right eye.

It is possible that if that accident happened today, transplants of one sort or another could restore the vision. But at that time nothing could be done: as a fighter, Canada was washed up. He felt that more than that had happened. He was also washed up as a talent. What could he do? What was he? Ex-jockey? Ex-fighter? A broke, professionless ex-human.

There is a peculiar depression which creeps over people when they are broke and functionless. Nobody who has never been solidly, completely, hopelessly broke can understand it. It is a combination of emptiness, impotence, fog, fever, and palsy. It covers your past accomplishments with a blanket amnesia and makes the simple dropping of a penny into a slot machine a complex and terrifying project.

"If I were good," you say to yourself with seemingly irrefragable logic, "I wouldn't be broke. But I am broke. So I'm no good." For a while you make facile excuses to yourself and others. Then you get tired even of excuses.

"I felt then everybody was laughing at me," Canada once told me, "but whether they were or not, I had to get a job. Somebody told me they were handing out jobs at the Y.M.C.A. I went there—this was 1936, mind you—and saw the room jammed with people out of work. I felt sort of ashamed going in. I opened the door . . . saw all the people . . . then just ran. 'What the hell,' I said, 'I'll spend an hour or so walking around . . . come back . . . whisper to the man that I need a job . . . then everything will be fixed up.'"

When he came back he walked into a room which was being used as a theatre. It was the temporary home of a Federal Theatre Project.

Canada sat down and watched a rehearsal. The play was *Brother Mose.* Canada got drowsy. He was about to dose off when a bulging hulk of a man came up to him and said, "I'd like to hear you read these lines. Come up on the stage, will you?"

Canada staggered to the stage. Anything was better than the job line. He took the manuscript, cleared his throat, read. "All right," said the man, "you've got the part." The show was a success, and much of the success was attributed by reviewers to Canada's acting. There were more trials. He understudied the role of Macbeth and played Banquo in an Orson Welles staging of an all-Negro *Macbeth*: he followed Rex Ingram in the Cristophe role of a play called *Haiti*; he played in *Mamba's Daughters*.

It was as Bigger Thomas in Orson Welles' casting of Richard Wright's *Native Son* that Canada found himself. Here he took root, expanded, felt his stature. Brooks Atkinson, the New York *Times*' astute dramatic eye, at once took his measure. "When he is on the stage," said Atkinson, "he inhabits it—knows where all the doors lead, what the windows look out at—the quality of life he imparts to a scene is overwhelming—partly physical, partly magnetic."

A veteran Stanislavsky student, soon after this, asked Canada where he acquired his technique. The answer was typical. "I never studied acting once; you don't have to."

Many unexpected roles followed. Canada played Caliban in Margaret Webster's production of *The Tempest*; he carried *Anna Lucasta* on his shoulders; he starred in the Alfred Hitchcock movie, *Lifeboat.* He upset precedent by playing in *The Duchess of Malfi* in whiteface.

Canada's acting technique is the quintessence of his personal philosophy; and insofar as this is conscious, I suppose the best way to describe it is calculated relaxation. Inwardly Canada may always be seething with unrest, curiosity, protest; but outwardly he is the personification of Old Man River. He is always at ease, always physically comfortable, prepared to possess a spot on the stage or a chair in a drawing room as if he were as much a part of it as the light.

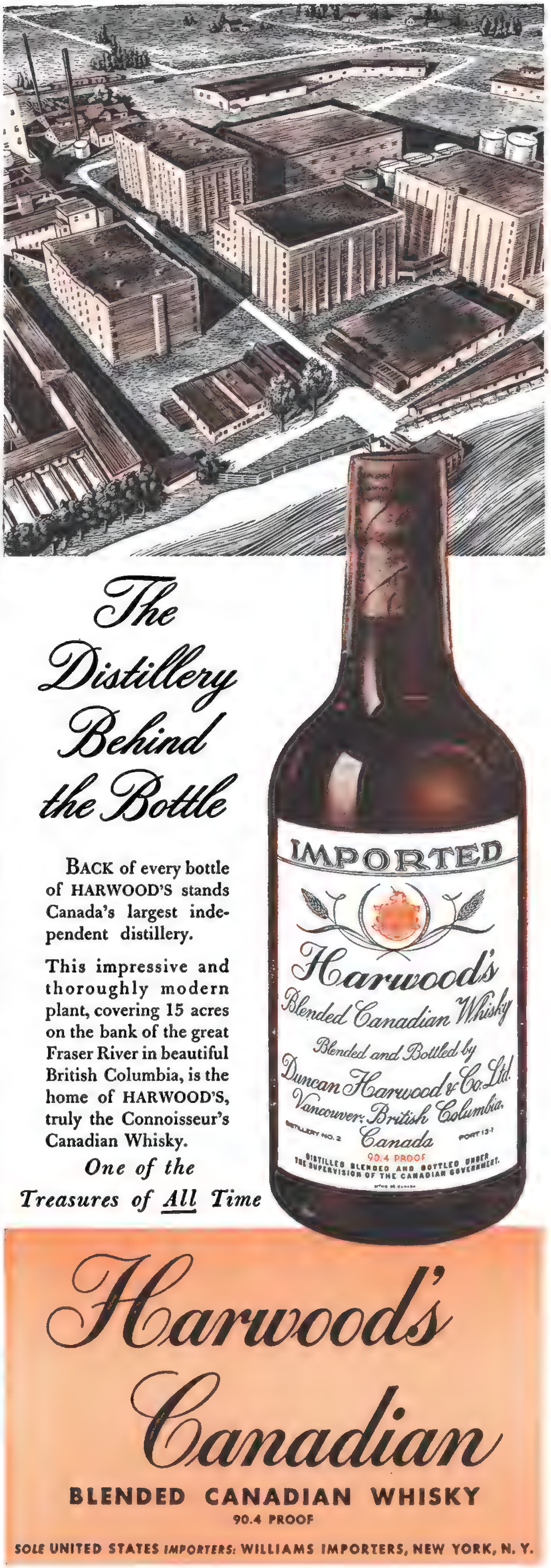
"If I had to talk about acting," he said to me one day, "I wouldn't know what to say; I don't know anything about it. All I know is that whenever I'm on the stage I get myself in the most comfortable position I can, and just set naturally. If I'm in one kind of mood, I act that way; if I'm in another, I talk and move the way I feel that time. I don't think about it much—yet it usually seems the right thing to do."

In recent times he has turned producer. In the interim he is making his comeback—in a sense—as a fighter, co-starring with and slugging John Garfield in the new motion picture, *Body and Soul.* This is the first movie role that has satisfied Canada; it is also the first time that the American screen has presented a Negro as a full-size personality, acting, talking, breathing like any other man.

Nobody can say where he is going. Canada least of all. He is what the books call a Faustian character. He is doomed by psychic accidents to a life of restlessness, of twenty-four-hour-a-day striving. There is no let-up, no goal except striving for its own sake.

Like a massive dynamo he throbs in a halo of ozone; but this infinite reservoir of energy contains no answer to the need for striving. Nothing relieves the restlessness. It goes on the way a torrent rushes down a mountain, not asking the way to the sea.

"I have to fight," said Canada, "get on a horse, see lots of people, even try to write songs. It's all there pushing out of me somehow and I don't know why . . . got to do something . . . got to be somebody." ⧺



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The Duke and the Corker

Continued from page 42

then looked away. He didn't look scared. Corker tossed the book back to him. Nobody said anything. After a few minutes Corker got up and went over to talk to one of the molders.

"Boy, I'd love to see someone knock his can off," Mac said. He stood up as the whistle blew three o'clock and said: "Come on, Duke, and I'll show you what to do." He started him tipping a floor. You can tell in the first half-shift whether a man can stand the work. He worked slow, but he dumped the molds in good straight lines, so it would be easy to pull out the castings, and he didn't scatter the sand all over, the way new men usually do. When he had finished the first floor, he began on the next, not stalling. We liked that.

Corker said to me: "He won't last. He's working too hard. Get himself all wore out and disgusted before he's broke in."

I told him the guy looked all right to me. I said: "Fact is, he looks better than average, for a new man. Maybe if we treat him right, he'll stay on the crew, then maybe we'll get through early once in a while, so we can go over to the joint and shoot the breeze with the Uplift."

When lunchtime came, the boys were solid for the Duke. I took him up to the cupola, where we eat our lunch. He was tired by that time, and kind of slumped a little, so that his shoulders and back really looked humped. Corker must have noticed and, being the kind of guy who always touches a humpback for luck, he came up and put his hand on Duke's back. Duke looked at him like he didn't like the way Corker smelled. Corker said: "Just for luck, Bub."

I was just going to say something to Corker, when the Duke said: "Maybe you need him."

"Maybe I need who?"

"Maybe you need good luck," the Duke said; and shrugged his shoulders a little, shaking Corker's hand off. All the boys snickered and Corker looked around like he was trying to pick out someone to slug. Nobody looked at him, but they all went on laughing and whispering together.

After lunch everybody really dug in so we could get out early. The Duke kept working hard and steady. Corker was quiet and we began to think maybe he might change his ways.

The barroom was almost empty when the gang got over there. I saw the Duke standing alone at the end of the bar—I went down to talk to him. Then the Uplift passed by with a tray of glasses, and he said in a low voice: "Hey, you woman, the slip is showing."

She looked down, and sure enough it was. She stared at the Duke, kind of mad and puzzled too, because she wasn't used to having anybody talk sharp to her like that. Then Duke said: "Why don't you try to keeping youself look nice? What you think this is, a sporting house?"

"Say, who do you think you're talking to?" the Uplift said. Duke waved her away with his hand like he was shooing a fly. She went behind the bar, looking like she was going to bust out crying.

After a minute or two, the Duke flicked his finger at her. She marched down to him and said, very icy: "What is your order, please?"

"You are mad?" Duke asked her. She just stared at him. The Duke's homely face got a sad expression on it. "Maybe you think I like to feeling like this? You are so . . . I never see any—body like you. Women? Pah! But you . . . Now I am sad."

I looked around the bar again. All the guys were watching those two now, as well as the door.

The Uplift was beginning to get the point. She was pleased. "Why should I make you feel sad?"

"Before I care about nothing. Go here, go there, do what I want. Free, I am free." Damned if he didn't look like one of those old-fashioned pirates at that moment, sort of wild and bold and free. "Now I am—caught," he said. "And I do not know even you are good enough."

The Uplift was getting mad. But she laughed in a funny way and said: "Say, I think I better stay away from you, mister. You got a bad eye."

"The eyes are bad," the Duke said. "But the heart is good." And so help me, he laid his hand on his heart. It didn't look funny, the way he did it.

Just then her boss hollered at her. She took one last look at Duke, then she rushed away for some orders. I felt someone bump me, and it was Corker. He pushed past me and went up to the Duke, looking at him with a kind of thin grin on his face like you see on a bull terrier, and said, "Maybe you and me better take a walk, Bub. Come on outside."

Duke answered him: "You want to go out. Go out. Somebody is stopping you?"

"I want you to come too."

It was very quiet in there then. Duke studied the faces about him. Maybe he guessed they were thinking he was afraid. Anyway, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "This is foolish. Like kids," and started for the side door.

We went out to the street. It was a lonely side street, and dimly lit. They stood up to each other, the Duke with his arms hanging down at his sides, not mad, only kind of sneery about the whole thing, and Corker looking and acting like a boiler at full pressure. He went up on his toes and stepped in close to the Duke and hit him twice in the belly. The big guy bent over like he was making a fancy bow. He was hurt, anybody could see that. But his hands shot out like lightning and took hold of Corker by both arms and held him. Corker yelped: "Hey, pull him off of me, somebody. What d' you think this is, a rassling match?"

A big, beefy guy from the barroom jumped in next to them and hollered: "Break it up, fella." And he took hold of Duke's arm. Duke must have thought the other guy was fighting him too. He let go of Corker, grabbed the other guy, and slammed him up against the side of the building.

Corker jumped around in front of the Duke and clipped him twice high up on his face. One of the Duke's eyebrows opened up. The blood started running down in his eyes. He lifted his hands to clear his eyes. And that was what really licked him.

It was terrible to see—the big guy jarring under those heavy blows, standing there taking it, sometimes putting out his arms like wooden posts to protect himself, sometimes lifting his hands to clear his eyes. The blood poured from his mouth and the cuts in his eyebrows, and Corker's fists spattered it around so that little drops of it hit us in the face.

Duke was forced back until he was right up against the brick wall of the building. Then the punches bounced his head against the wall, so like he was being hit from back and front. The Duke's knees began to shake, his body seemed to get loose and soft, he fell down, sideways and forward. His head made an awful sound when it hit the sidewalk.

Somebody yelled: "Corker! You didn't even give him a chance, you cheap, chippy little son . . ." We were all talking at once, but Corker paid no attention to us. In a few minutes Duke got up. He put his hand up to his mouth, bent over and began to throw up. Everyone jumped back. When he was through, the Duke straightened up and started walking.

"Wait a minute, Bub," Corker said. Smiling, he shoved out his hand. "No hard feeling, Bub. Shake on it."

"I will not shake hand with you," Duke said, his voice shaky.

"Aw, don't be a sorehead," Corker said. "Forget it."

"You like to fighting," the Duke said. "You feel bad about something, right away you want to hurting somebody."

"Now, wait a minute . . ."

"You like fights? I give you fights," Duke said.

"Why, I just beat hell out . . ."

"You cannot beat me," Duke said. "You can never beat me."

Corker stared at him. It was absolutely quiet. Then Corker laughed. "Well," he said. "Ain't *that* a hot one?"

Duke's words hissed through his broken mouth. "I will fighting you any . . . way . . . with knives, with clobbs, with gonns . . ."

Corker looked at him, popeyed. "Why, you're nuts," he said. "Hey, listen, we don't fight like that, Bub . . ."

"You are a coward," Duke said. "You are scared to die." And he walked away.

"Well, that's the last we'll ever see of that one," Mac said. "He won't come back."

But the next day Duke showed up for work. His face was marked and swollen, and he didn't talk to anyone, but was always looking at Corker. He seemed to try to be as near Corker as he could. And when lunchtime came, damned if he didn't pull a seat over right opposite where Corker was sitting, only about six feet away, and he sat there all during lunchtime, eating his lunch, but never taking his eyes off of Corker.

At first Corker thought it was a big laugh. He turned to the man next to him and said, nodding at the Duke: "Someone really goes for me in a big way." Duke gave no sign that he had heard him. Corker made a few more cracks, but then he started trying to act like he didn't notice it.

Next day it was the same deal. Whenever Corker would look up, he would see those little pale eyes looking at him, gleaming like an animal's eyes. Corker tried to talk to Duke, tried to act like nothing had ever happened between them. He turned around and said to Duke, who was working right behind him: "Boy, am I glad we got a light heat tonight," and put his hands up to his head, like he had a hang-over. "I was out among them last

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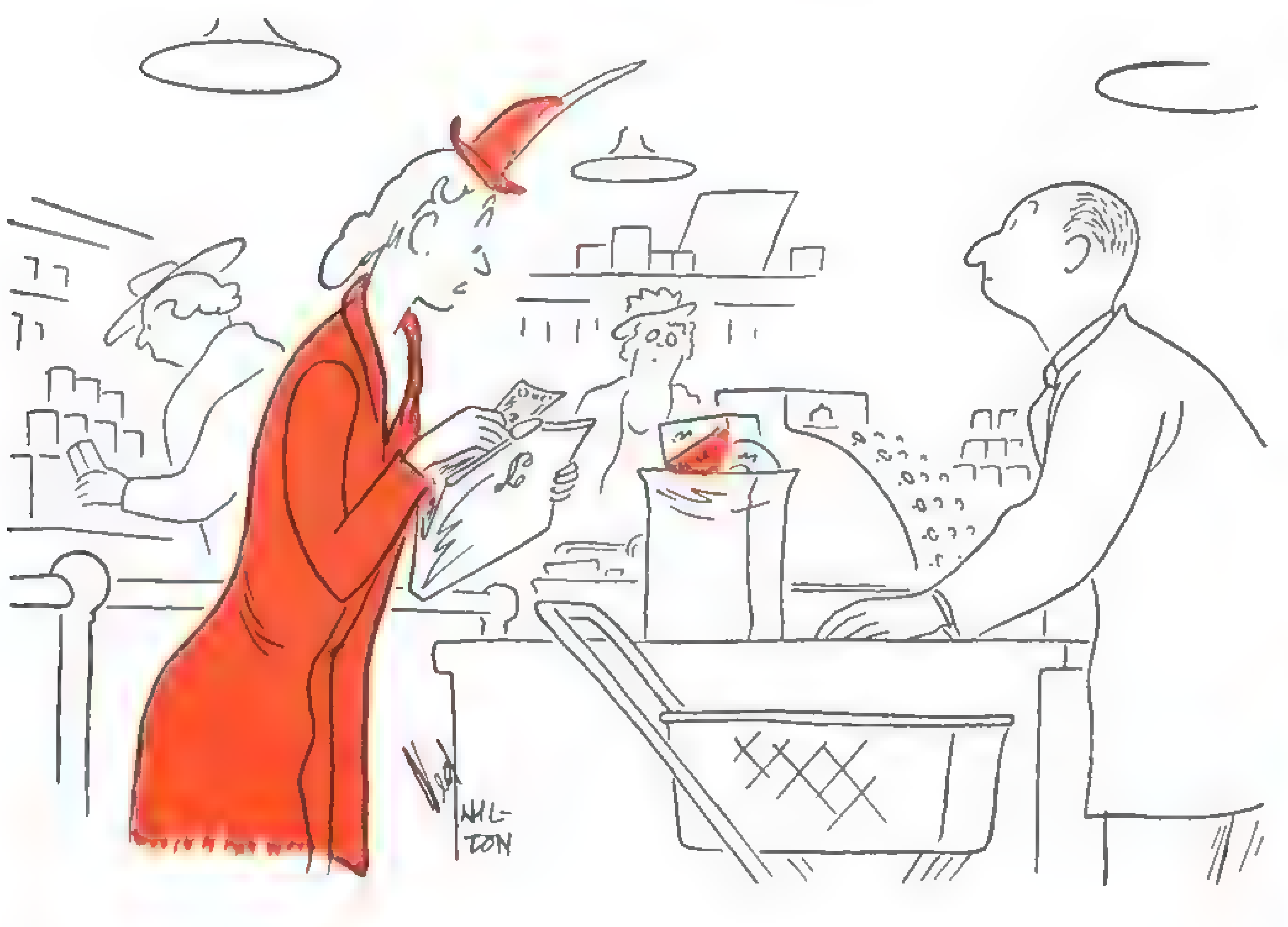

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The Duke and the Corker

Continued from page 127

night." The Duke didn't say anything—just looked at him. Then Corker got sore and yelled at him: "All right, dummy up, you lousy, stinking hunky!" Duke kept on looking at him and just nodded his head two or three times, mysterious, like he was saying: Ah-hah. Now I got you where I want you.

Of course, the Duke never stopped in at the bar for a drink any more, although sometimes I thought I saw him hanging around in the dark outside. Corker was still giving the Uplift the rush, but he wasn't making any time.

Mac got a little sore because the feud was interfering with the work, and he began trying to station Corker and the Duke as far away from each other as he could. So Duke changed his tactics. For a while he would work like hell—then drop whatever he was doing and light out to find Corker, moving fast through the smoke and gas of the broken molds, like a big animal, until he was right behind him, practically breathing down his neck. And he would stand there like that for a few minutes until Corker would turn around and see him. Then he would fade away. I almost felt sorry for Corker.

It began to bother the whole crew. At lunchtime the boys would just sit there, and watch them—Duke looking at Corker and Corker trying to pretend he didn't notice. Some of us began to notice how queer and gloomy the foundry looked at night when we were working late—the dim lights, shadows dripping down the walls like blood, ceilings so high and dark it seemed we were working at the bottom of a well.

It went on like that for two weeks. Then one lunchtime, instead of sitting about six feet away from Corker, the Duke sat down right beside him. Corker jumped up and yelled, "Get off this bench, goddam you!" He sounded like a woman, his voice was so high. Duke nodded his head, mysterious, and looked like he was measuring him for a coffin.

Corker must have blew his top then. He started to shake all over. He put out his hands in front of him, like he was trying to keep something off himself. His face looked terrible, and he kept making his mouth go like he was talking, but no words came.

Then he picked up a big steel maul and swung it over his head.

The Duke got off the bench and in the same motion he drove his shoulder into Corker's belly, knocking him over backwards. Corker was still holding the maul, when he lit, and he twisted around and made a swing with it at Duke's knees. Duke kicked it out of his hand.

Corker got up very quick, and they faced each other. Corker threw his left in a swift little jab that glanced off the big fellow's cheekbone, but Duke was watching for the right hand, and when it came, his own hands darted out and grabbed it and held it. And for just an instant it seemed like they were frozen like that—the Duke bending forward a little, holding Corker's fist in his two hands, and Corker standing there, not able to move. Then Corker's body twisted sideways with a crippled, tortured movement, the sweat came out on his face, and he gave out the most god-awful moan I ever heard from a man. The Duke was crushing his hand.

When the Duke let go, Corker fought like a wild animal. He dived at Duke's legs, knocking him down, and for a moment they rolled around in the sand. Then they were both up, standing next to one of the steel girders, with their arms around each other, moving so little that it seemed like they weren't doing anything at all. Duke's shirt split down the middle all of a sudden, and the big humpy muscles of his back looked like they were going to bust out of his skin. Corker finally got his left hand free and began pounding Duke in the side. The big guy slowly worked one arm around Corker's neck and banged Corker's face against the girder, smashing his face to a bloody mess. Corker squirmed and twisted, bringing up his knee to try to kick him in the groin, but suddenly he stopped moving, he opened his bloody mouth and gave that awful moan again. The Duke had got hold of his left arm and was twisting it up behind his back.

Corker's arm dropped to his side, looking like it didn't have a bone left in it, his whole body seemed to sag. The Duke bent over and got his shoulder in at Corker's waist, lifted him up and slammed him against the furnace. Corker fell down like a rag doll.

We grabbed Duke's arms then, and in a low choked voice he said the first words we had heard out of him in days: "I give him fights. I give him fights."

After Corker was taken away to the infirmary, I asked Mac if he figured they would hold his job. Mac said, "Well, he attacked a man with a weapon on company premises, didn't he? I don't figure he'll try to come back anyway."

Duke came walking up right then, looking very quiet and easy, and someone said to him: "Boy, you're lucky you didn't kill the guy."

"He was lucky," Duke said. We all laughed then, because we were glad that everything would be nice and peaceful in the gang again. And Mac slapped Duke on the shoulder and said: "Well, Duke, now you won't have that guy crowding you off that Uplift gal any more."

Duke shrugged his shoulders and lifted his eyebrows. "Should I worry about him for a woman?" he said. "I got the woman. I got her long time already." ##

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Blow Hot, Blow Cold

Continued from page 91

on your winter-vacation tour.

Really shooting the works on a Latin-American tour, you'd head for South America, where it's midsummer and February weather is about like August back home. It's the height of the season at fabulous Rio de Janeiro and the neighboring Copacabaña beach, and South Americans are also flocking to the Uruguayan Riviera near Montevideo and to the international resorts of Mar del Plata on the Atlantic coast in Argentina, and Viña del Mar, on the Pacific, in Chile. Winter—our winter—is the time to see the magnificent Chilean lake country. You can do it all for about $1100 air fare from New York.

Or, if you're thinking seriously of spending that sort of money on your winter holiday, there's the French and Italian Riviera. Nice, Cannes, Antibes, Monte Carlo, San Remo, Rapallo, all are operating at something like prewar levels and attracting prewar crowds. Sunshine isn't as bright as it is in February in South America, swimming isn't as good, and you can't get the meals you'd get in the western hemisphere at comparable prices. But it's still *the* Riviera, and nowhere else will you meet so soignée a crowd.

This winter will also mark the return of near-normality to the cruise business. Some prewar favorite cruise ships are gathering barnacles on the ocean floor, others are still being refitted, but many are back at their old job of providing transportation, recreation, and a happy arena for the amiable antics of romance rampant.

As this is being written the Eastern Steamship Lines have announced operation of their *SS Evangeline* and *SS Yarmouth* in a new 13-day cruise service from New York to Miami, Nassau and Havana. Rates will start at $225.

The Grace Line has its twin flagships, the *Santa Rosa* and the *Santa Paula*, back on their regular 12-day runs between New York and Curaçao, La Guaira, Puerto Cabello and Cartagena. Rates run from $395 up. Smaller Santa ships are running on "casual cruises" out of New York to Cartagena, Barranquilla and Maracaibo, with schedules based on freight demands, and fares of $395 to $420 for the voyage of about 21 days.

The Alcoa Line has three brand-new ships specially built for the Caribbean cruise service. The *Alcoa Cavalier* sails from New York for St. Thomas, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada and Trinidad. Rates for the 17-day cruise begin at $425. Sister ships, the *Alcoa Clipper* and *Alcoa Corsair*, run out of New Orleans to Kingston, La Guaira, Curaçao, Trinidad, Barbados and Puerto Cabello, charging $495 up for the 24-day cruise.

Moore-McCormack Lines expects its newly reconditioned *Argentina* back in the South American run, with rates running from $1030 for first-class accommodations on the 38-day trip to Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Trinidad.

Three new luxury ships, the *Del Norte*, *Del Sud* and *Del Mar*, are flying the Delta Lines house flag out of New Orleans to Martinique, Trinidad, Belém, Recife, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Paranagua, Rio Grande de Sul, Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Cruise rates begin at $715.

Also running out of New Orleans are United Fruit Company 11-day cruises to Havana and Guatemala, beginning at $200; (from December 18 through March, $220); and 11-day cruises to Panama and Guatemala at $220 up for the winter season. Standard Fruit ships are sailing between New Orleans and Havana and Haiti, and between New Orleans and Havana and Honduras, with cruise rates beginning at $200. The Norwegian cruise ship *Stella Polaris*, is being run by the Bergen Steamship Company on a 23-day cruise schedule from New Orleans to Havana, Ciudad Trujillo, Curaçao, Cartagena and Kingston, with rates beginning at $460.

Cruises may come and dude ranches may go, but when snow hits the northland, you'll find your truly active sportsmen out on the wintry mountain slopes. Ski capital of the world this year will be, of course, St. Moritz, Switzerland, where the winter Olympic events will be run off early in February. Getting transatlantic accommodations is no problem in the winter. There probably will be plenty of space in all classes on every ship in service. Fares run from $127 for trooplike accommodations on the "Marine" type ships run by the United States Lines to a minimum first-class fare of $365 on the *Queen Elizabeth* or *Queen Mary*. (Plus your rail or air fare from arrival port to St. Moritz.)

Nor should you have any difficulty in finding plane accommodations this winter. The Trans World Airlines is running frequent Constellation and DC-4 flights between New York and Geneva. The trip takes about twenty-one-and-a-half hours, and the fare is $373 one way, $673.10 round trip. From Geneva it's just a few hours to St. Moritz.

Chances are, though, that you're planning to restrict your skiing to the American continent this season—in which case you've got your choice of everything from super resorts like Sun Valley to the seventh fairway on your local golf course.

Ski centers have been developed in twenty states, with the best skiing, as might be expected, along the Sierra, Rocky and Appalachian mountain chains. Western areas feature spectacular scenery and splendid snow conditions. Eastern ski slopes aren't generally

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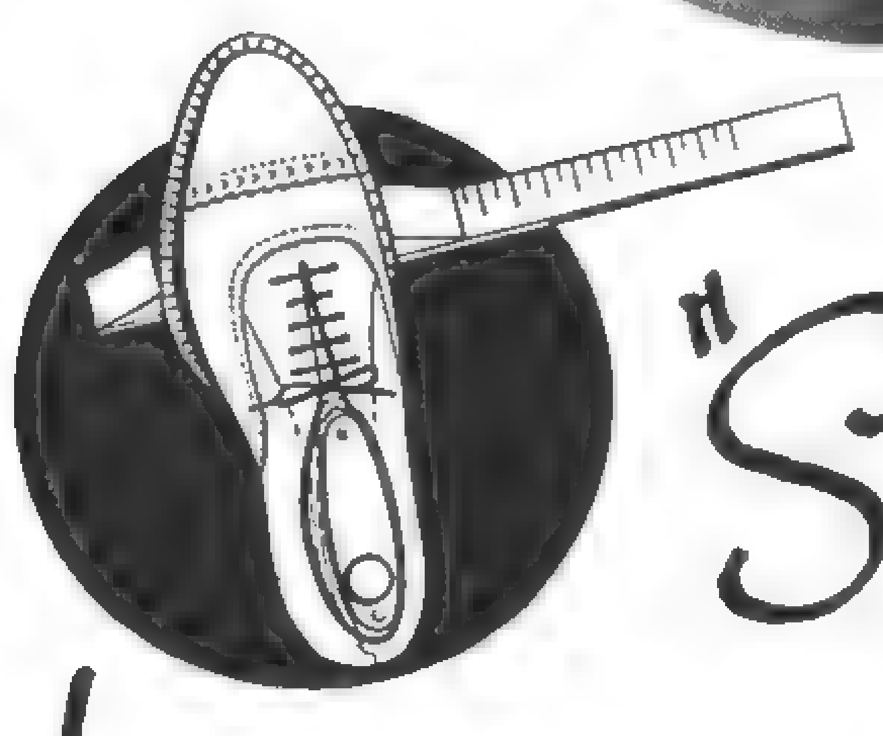

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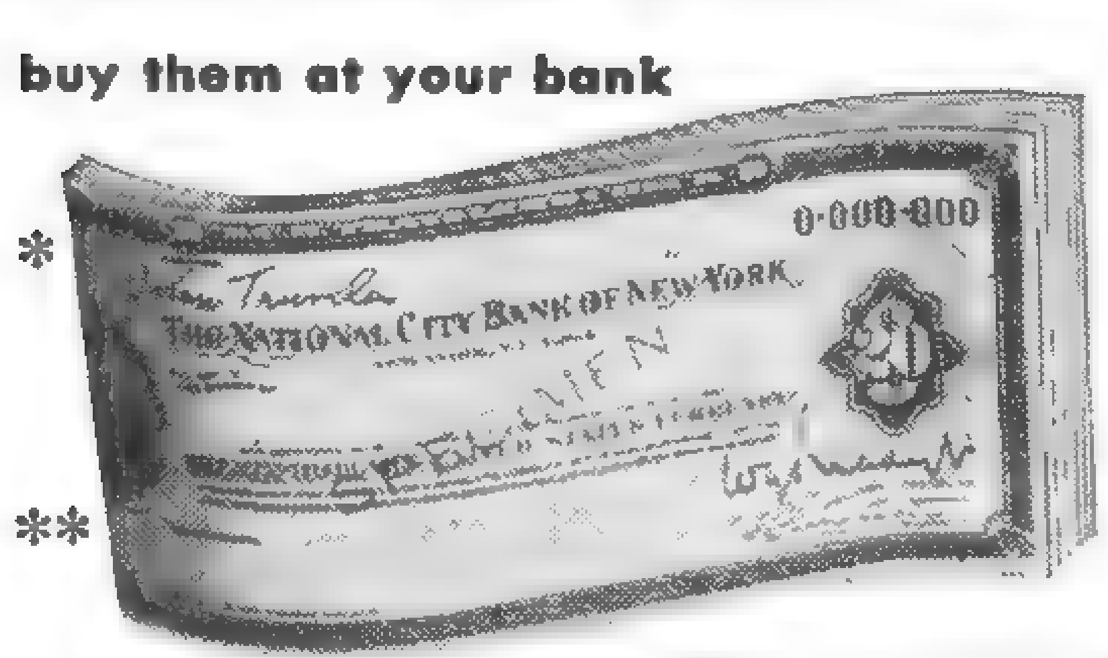

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Blow Hot, Blow Cold

Continued from page 129

so rugged, and weather can be the eastern skier's worst enemy, but the snow areas are close to the main centers of population—which means more week-end skiing. The Canadian ski picture is somewhat similar, except that the northern latitude of the Laurentian Mountains, eastern Canada's principal ski area, makes snow conditions generally more dependable than at eastern ski resorts in the States.

Your winter skiing will depend on where you live, how good you are on the slopes and how much time and money you have to put in on your winter recreation. Then there's transportation. With winter highway conditions keeping drivers close to home, railroads have carried the ball most of the way in the development of ski transportation. The Boston & Maine Railroad is running snow trains out of Boston, the New Haven and New York Central carry snowbound New York travelers, and the Union Pacific takes passengers from Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Minneapolis, Denver, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles to Sun Valley, which is owned and operated by the railroad. In the air, Colonial Airlines has pioneered in developing ski-plane service from New York, Washington and Baltimore to ski centers in northern New York, Vermont and Canada.

The eastern ski country runs from the Laurentian Mountains north of Montreal down through Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. The Laurentians offer some of the finest skiing in the East—not only for the variety of well-kept trails in natural ski country, but also because of the excellent accommodations offered at hotels, lodges and inns, and the very convenient rail and air connections with our largest eastern cities.

New Hampshire, Vermont and northern New York State provide the most compact and best-developed ski area in the U.S., with fairly dependable snow conditions, excellent trails and open slopes, tows and lifts wherever you'd hope to find them, and first-class hotels and lodges surrounding every good ski center. Maine's wooded terrain and open slopes offer great opportunities for the development of new ski centers for the crowded East. The rolling hills of Massachusetts and Connecticut swarm with week-end skiers when weather is good in January, February and March. Pennsylvania's Blue Ridge and Pocono mountains are attracting more skiers, as summer resorts develop the ski facilities of their surrounding mountain areas.

Midwestern skiers, living in the comparative flatlands between our two great mountain systems, do most of their skiing in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan—unless they head out to the Rockies for a winter vacation. Even so, neighboring hillsides in this section provide three or four months of winter sport fairly close to home.

However, it is in the great mountain states of the West—together with the Canadian Rockies provinces of Alberta and British Columbia, that skiing on the North American continent becomes really spectacular. Western skiing offers magnificent mountain terrain and splendid snow conditions lasting well into the spring. It is handicapped by the great distance of many of its best areas from population centers, and by a lack of resort hotels and lodges in the snow country. With installation of winter-sports facilities now going ahead at full speed after the wartime interruption, western skiing is just entering its period of greatest development.

Outstanding Western winter-sports centers this year include such resorts as New Mexico's Sandia Mountain, Aqua Piedra and Hyde Park areas; Arizona's Snow Bowl—with a season extending into July; California's Sugar Bowl, Soda Springs, Badger Pass in Yosemite, Mammoth Mountain and Mt. Waterman, forty-five miles from downtown Los Angeles. There's Colorado's Aspen, Estes Park, Steamboat Springs and Winter Park; Montana's Silver Lake area; Idaho's Sun Valley; Wyoming's Jackson Hole; Utah's magnificent Alta, Brighton and Snow Basin; Nevada's Mt. Rose Bowl; Oregon's Mount Hood area with its Timberline Lodge, one of the West's finest winter-sports hotels; and Washington's Mount Baker, Mount Rainier; Snoqualmie and Stevens passes.

Naturally, a quick roundup of this sort can mention only a few of the leading snow centers. Best thing to do in booking a ski holiday is to buy the National Skiing Guide, find the resort that best fits the time and money at your disposal, and wire ahead for reservations—unless you've decided on a cruise or sun-spot for your mid-winter vacation. ##

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Ideals Bowled Over

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practices they condemned. There is no lustier psalm singer in the congregation than a reformed sinner, but the point is that there was a gathering sense of revulsion against the underhanded, shamateur stuff concurrently gaining momentum among late arrivals on the gravy train.

It may be naïve to say so out loud, but the time may arrive—on leaden feet, to be sure—when a Bowl invitation will give off such foul odors that many an educational institution will be forced to hold its nose and hide. The history of the Rose Bowl, the richest and most respected affair, indicates that the bloom is off the peach. Originally conceived as a promotion stunt to sell real estate in Pasadena, the Rose Bowl game was introduced in 1902 with Michigan and Stanford the contending parties. Michigan's point-a-minute heroes murdered Stanford, 49-0, and there was a lapse of fourteen years before the idea was given another whirl. Only 8000 customers saw the first game. The series was resumed in 1916 and quickly commanded recognition as the No. 1 fixture of the season, principally on the strength of the prestige the Eastern colleges brought to Pasadena. Excluding the two years of World War I, the Rose Bowl saw Brown, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Ohio State, W. and J., Penn State, Navy and Notre Dame appearing in that order from 1916 to 1925. Of those eight schools, only W. and J. and Penn State would consider accepting an offer today.

The Pacific Coast people foresaw before the war the difficulty of getting reputable schools for postseason engagements and began a decade ago to work out an arrangement with the plush Western Conference. A five-year pact finally was signed in December, 1946, committing the champions of each league to an appearance at Pasadena on New Year's Day, but it was approved by the narrowest margin in the Western Conference, despite the money involved.

Once fairly symbolic of the national championship, the Rose Bowl game had become nothing more than a series of indecisive exhibitions involving the Pacific Coast Conference and Southern schools. For the benefit of those who came in late, the South never has been celebrated for the excellence of its academic standards or for the rigidity of its eligibility rules. Columbia, Pittsburgh and Nebraska and Illinois—under the new arrangement last year—have been the only non-Southern schools that have gone to Pasadena since 1925. Pitt went for the big money four times and picked up so many undesirable attributes en route that a house cleaning of the entire athletic setup was made three years after its last trip.

It is not through sheer coincidence that the South has usually dominated the various Bowls. The salubrity of the climate and the vigor of Southern players—some of them actually come from the South—have nothing to do with the case. The South, as a section, still is in the sophomoric stage of its emotional attitude toward football. A Johnny-come-lately on the bandwagon of hoopla and hysteria, the you-all belt went football crazy many years after citizens in other parts of the country discovered that a great football team at alma mater did not change the character of the world or the stern necessity for earning a living. Southern teams east of the Mississippi did not get into big-time activity generally until the middle 1920s and the Southwest, currently spawning the grandfathers of all football nuts, failed to crash the Rose Bowl until Southern Methodist reached the promised land in 1936.

About that time so many Bowl games began to pop up that an invitation to New Year's Day carried no more distinction than a proposal of marriage from Tommy Manville. In 1933 the Orange Bowl was launched at Miami and the Sugar Bowl at New Orleans three years later. The Sun Bowl at El Paso got into the ball game in 1936 also, and in '37

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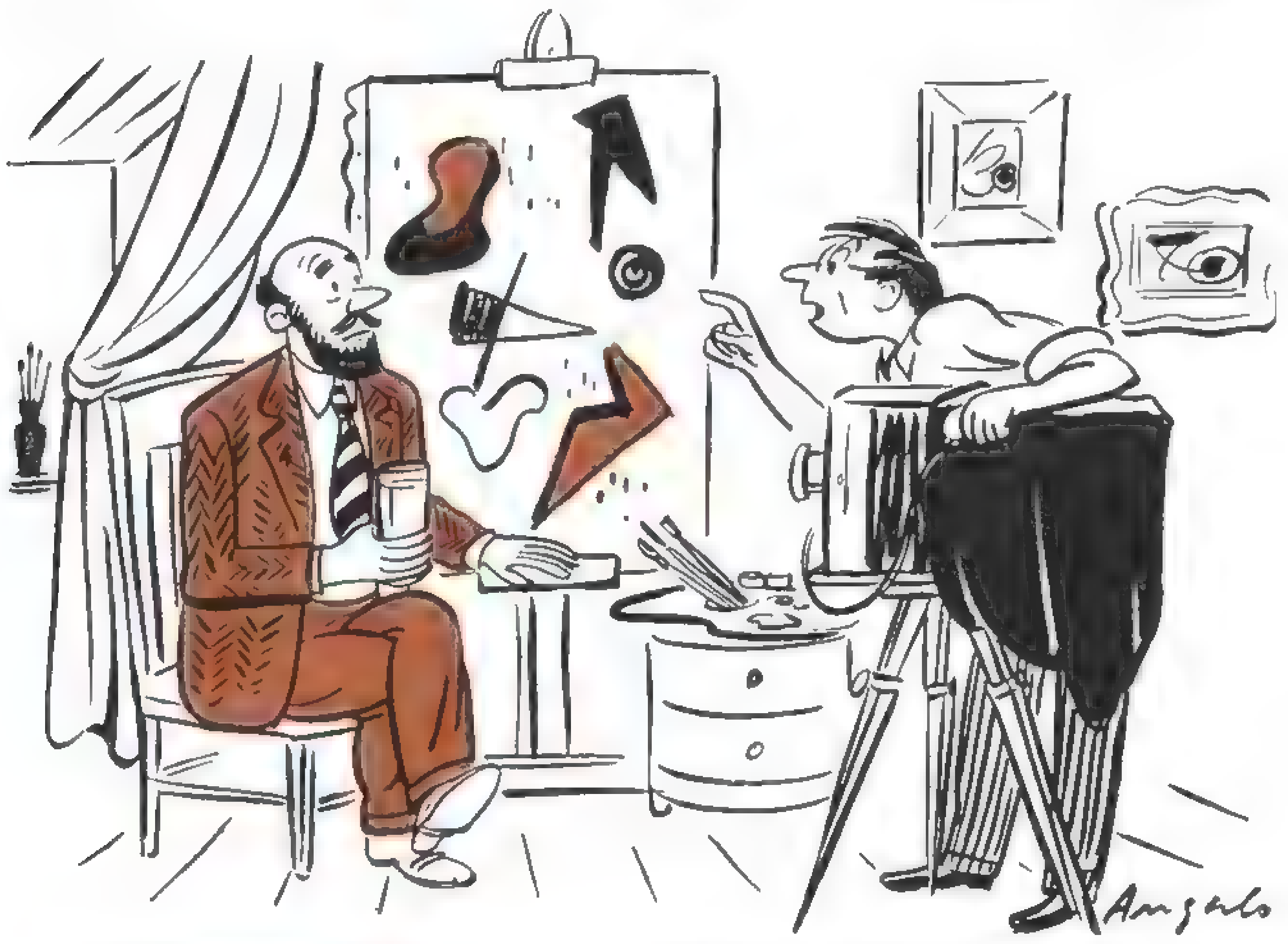

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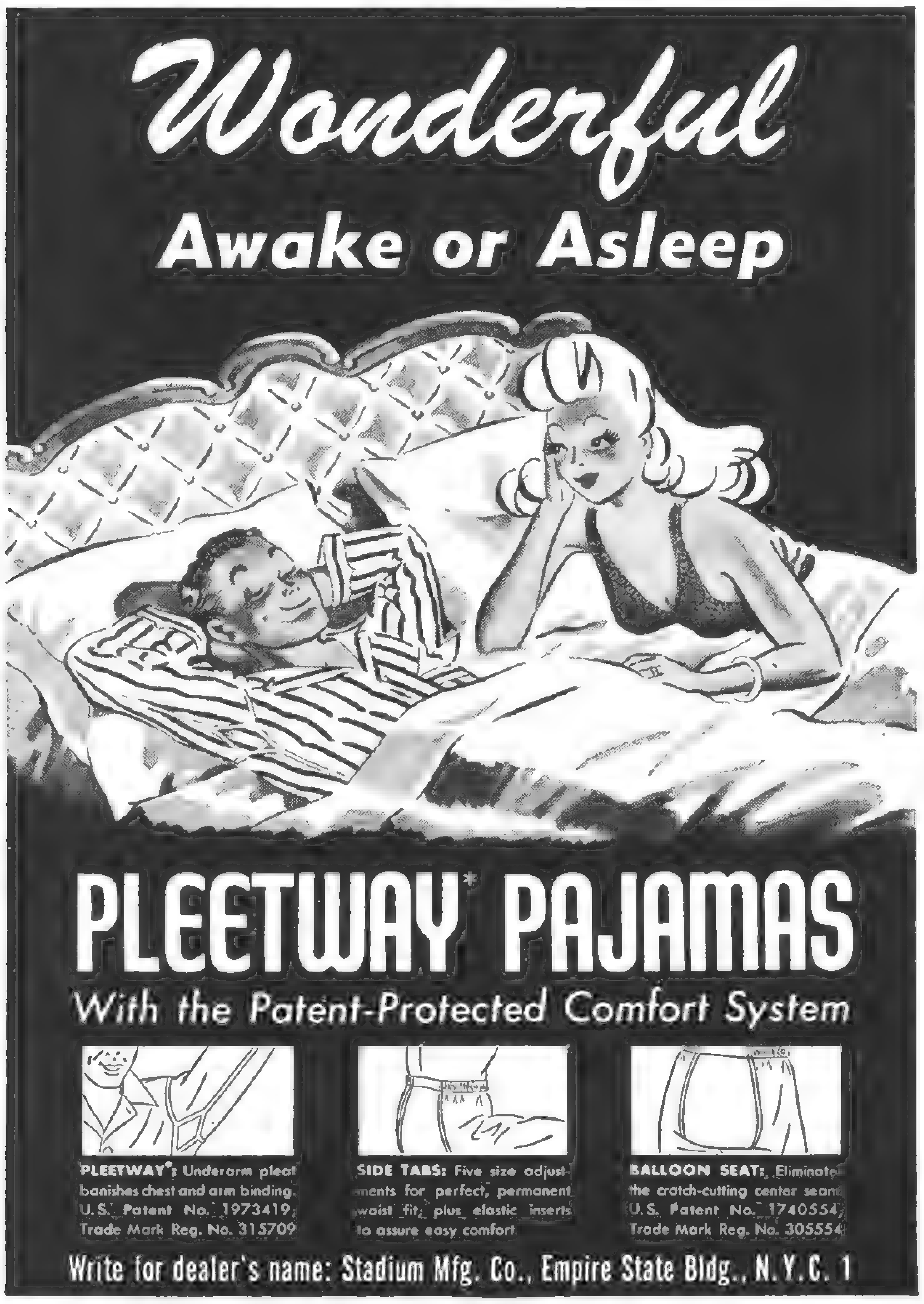
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Ideals Bowled Over

Continued from page 131

Dallas instituted the Cotton Bowl. From then on Bowls of Pineapples (Hawaii), Oil (Houston), Steel (Birmingham, for Negro Schools) and Ice (Alaska) spouted until a droll fellow started the build-up for a Dust Bowl.

The big idea behind all the games was to stimulate healthful, character-building competition—for publicity purposes—and make a quick touch—for practical purposes. In case you have been remiss in your homework, may we remind you that the East-West game, instituted in 1925, is the only postseason game with an eleemosynary motive. Twenty-one games have contributed $1,016,770 to the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children in San Francisco.

"I think we could stand a little heat in here!"

These spectacles serve one valuable purpose. They provide an accurate clue for differentiation between a football factory, campus attached, and a bona fide seat of learning. The alleged colleges that go for such circuses are in the football business, despite all protestations to the contrary.

Only immigrants fresh off the boat still believe a college team perennially among the national leaders is a series of happy accidents, or an Act of God. The college up there in the big, black headlines year after year cannot depend upon a steady flow of first-class material in each freshman class. That would be too unpredictable. The college follows a more dependable formula. It goes out and gets the boys. The process is not difficult. It requires nothing more than a fistful of scholarships for predestined coal miners and truck drivers, who are literate after a fashion, and a blind spot for scruples.

The most recent example in the classic pattern involved the overnight rise of William and Mary just before the war put a temporary end to such nonsense. The second oldest college in the United States—founded in 1693—W. & M. never had any delusions of athletic grandeur. It was content to go along winning the majority of its games one season, losing more than it won the next. It was a college jealous of its traditions and academic standards, proud that George Washington once was its Chancellor, that John Marshall was a student in its law school, that it has the mother chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

Approaching the Quarter Millenium—or 250th anniversary—in 1943, some shortsighted, fast-talking alumni sold the school a bill of goods. An outstanding football team was needed to advertise the greater glory of alma mater. Emissaries were dispatched to make the necessary diplomatic arrangements with boys who, until they were approached, probably thought William and Mary was a dance team. One of the talent scouts was so zealous that he even tried to spirit away a high-school prospect. A plush schedule was arranged. The Big Year was to be 1942, the formal opening of the celebration.

W. & M. presently was giving conniption fits to national powers which had scheduled the team as a breather. High-ranking Navy was beaten, 3-0. Dartmouth was given a thorough going-over, 35-14. Harvard was fortunate to get away with a 7-7 tie. George Washington was maimed and left for dead, 61-0. The team played eleven games and lost only to North Carolina Pre-Flight, loaded with former college stars, by 14-0. The whole thing involved little effort and less imagination.

In a certain sense, a winning football team is like a well-trained army. People pulling the strings become arrogant and curious to see how good the heroes really are. With an army that curiosity leads to aggression; with a football team to a Bowl. No college wants to put a team on the field that will be kicked around by all comers. Yet it is significant that many former powers have abandoned or de-emphasized football drastically rather than present teams that will make their educational standards suspect.

Yale, Harvard and Princeton—which have a private agreement barring postseason games—are the moving spirits in an informal Ivy League enlisting seven other "name" schools in the East (Army, Navy, Dartmouth, Brown, Cornell, Columbia and Penn). The war inflated Army and Navy to awesome strength and occasionally Cornell and Penn jump the reservation, but the broad, all-over purpose of the Ivy League is to keep eager beavers within bounds and, by all means, to stay out of Bowls. In effect, these ten colleges, rich in prestige and ivy-festooned installations, are creating a caste system dividing reasonably Pure-in-Hearts from the professional Untouchables. Ultimately the Pures will play only members of the lodge, or outsiders who subscribe to their increasingly rigid eligibility rules.

The Pacific Coast Conference, which started the rat race in the first place, had to Take Steps in 1939 to restrain the brothers from going off the deep end. Roy Atherton, a former F.B.I. investigator, was hired to supervise football activities with the Conference. His first formal act was to disbar from varsity competition ten freshmen, who had been—shall we say—influenced in choosing their seats of high learning.

Other schools (notably the University of Chicago) have gone all the way, dropping football entirely. Younger football fans, for whom Chicago was a springboard for feeble gags, still do not realize what a terrific punt in the pants it was for football when Robert Hutchins' U. abolished the game in 1939. Once upon a time, and not so long ago, it would have been inconceivable that the Chicago of Amos Alonzo Stagg, Walter Eckersall, Wally Steffens, Clarence Herschberger, Fritz Crisler and John Thomas would renounce a football tradition as glamorous as any college's extant. Chicago tried to go along with a de-emphasized program, but its purity resulted only in extensive humiliation on the field every week. The militant Dr. Hutchins finally junked the entire mess. At last reports the University still retained a unique and distinguished position in the academic field.

In 1939 Loyola University of the South, a small-time school, also fed up with chicanery and hypocrisy, quit football. Much to the astonishment of the Rev. P. A. Roy, President, enrollment increased the following semester.

"Many university executives bombarded me with questions after we abandoned football," Father Roy reported a year later. " 'How will the students take it?' and 'How will it affect enrollment?' they asked. Many told me they would make the same move if they dared."

Although the trend may be difficult to perceive with the naked eye, a newer and saner attitude is being nurtured by the gathering realization: Football confers no lasting or genuine benefits upon a college. The case for the Pure-in-Hearts was expressed as long ago as October 4, 1940, by Ogden Miller, chairman of Yale's board of athletic control, two days after the Yales had been swamped by Penn, 50-7, for the most decisive defeat they ever had suffered. Miller was jolly well miffed by the licking, but his pique did not detract from the logic of his blast.

"Big-time football doesn't increase the educational stature of any institution," Miller said. "It doesn't make loyal alumni; it doesn't bring increased gifts to the alumni fund or to class funds, except in a few isolated cases. Even the sports it helps to carry were carried before the days of astronomical gate receipts. It is probably safe to say that sports facilities for all would have been provided in some measure by many colleges without the commercialization of football.

"We at Yale believe that intercollegiate football is now reaching a peak of emphasis in many colleges which it reached elsewhere many years ago. I believe that there will be a decline or leveling off in the next several years and that even graver problems are ahead for some who will have to consolidate and retrench drastically. Professional football is one sign post along the way; those who nurture the golden hope of continued high revenue in the future are, I fear, headed for trouble.

"Until the problem resolves itself, Yale and others may be in for lean years. We believe we are on the right track. We believe we will carry through to merit public respect."

There is a more convincing case against high-pressure football that ultimately will cause the seamy structure to collapse under its own weight. It's tough to make a dollar in the racket. The business of building up an invincible team is first cousin to social climbing. The cost of putting on a big front rarely keeps two jumps ahead of the returns. Getting to the top and staying there runs into big money. More scouts must be hired to beat the bushes and explore the coal mines in the search for playing talent. Competition is severe for outstanding prospects; the offered inducements—a nice word—must be made attractive. One star player is re-

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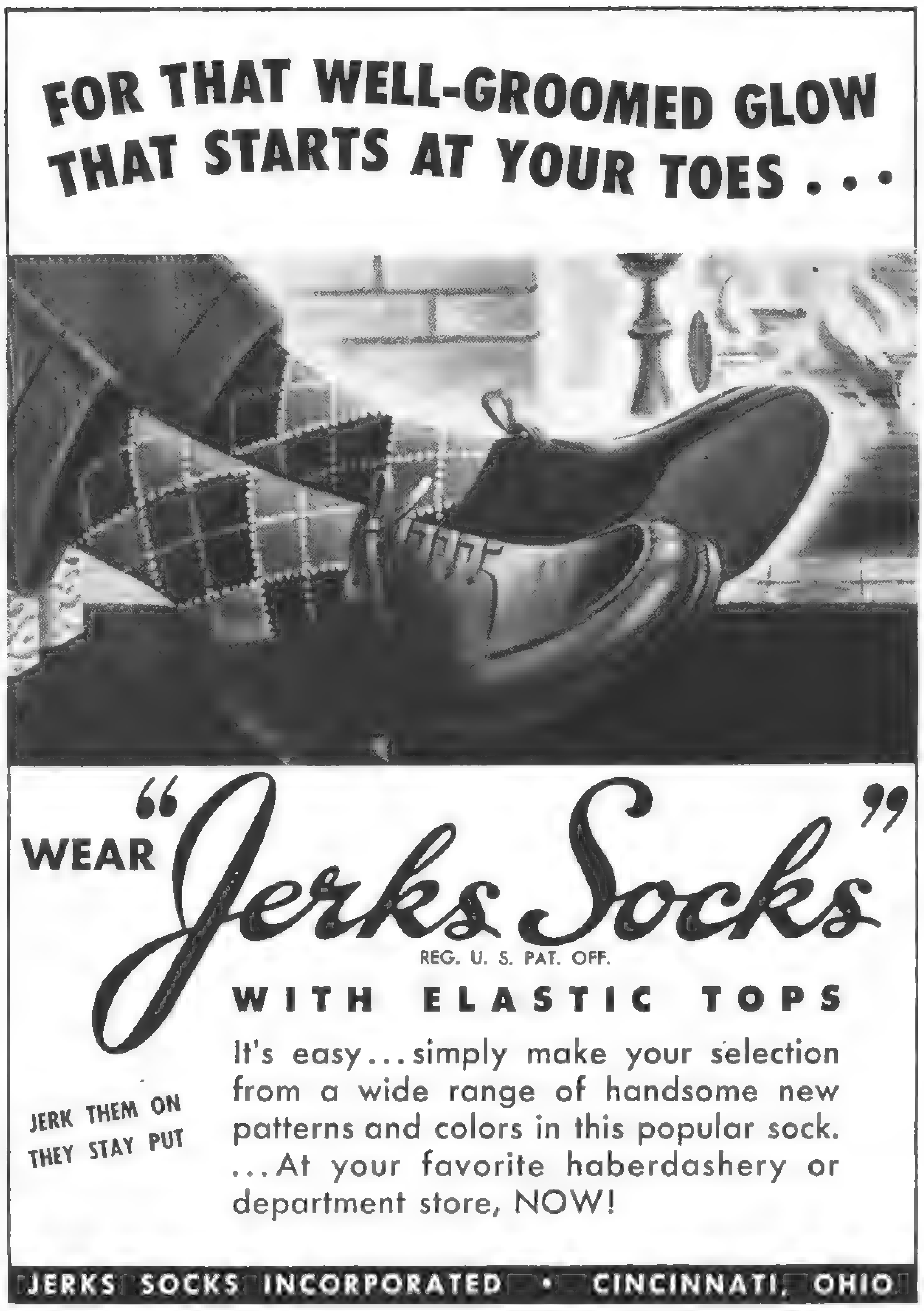
Frank BEAVEN

"Pop, you're giving me a heck of a persecution complex!"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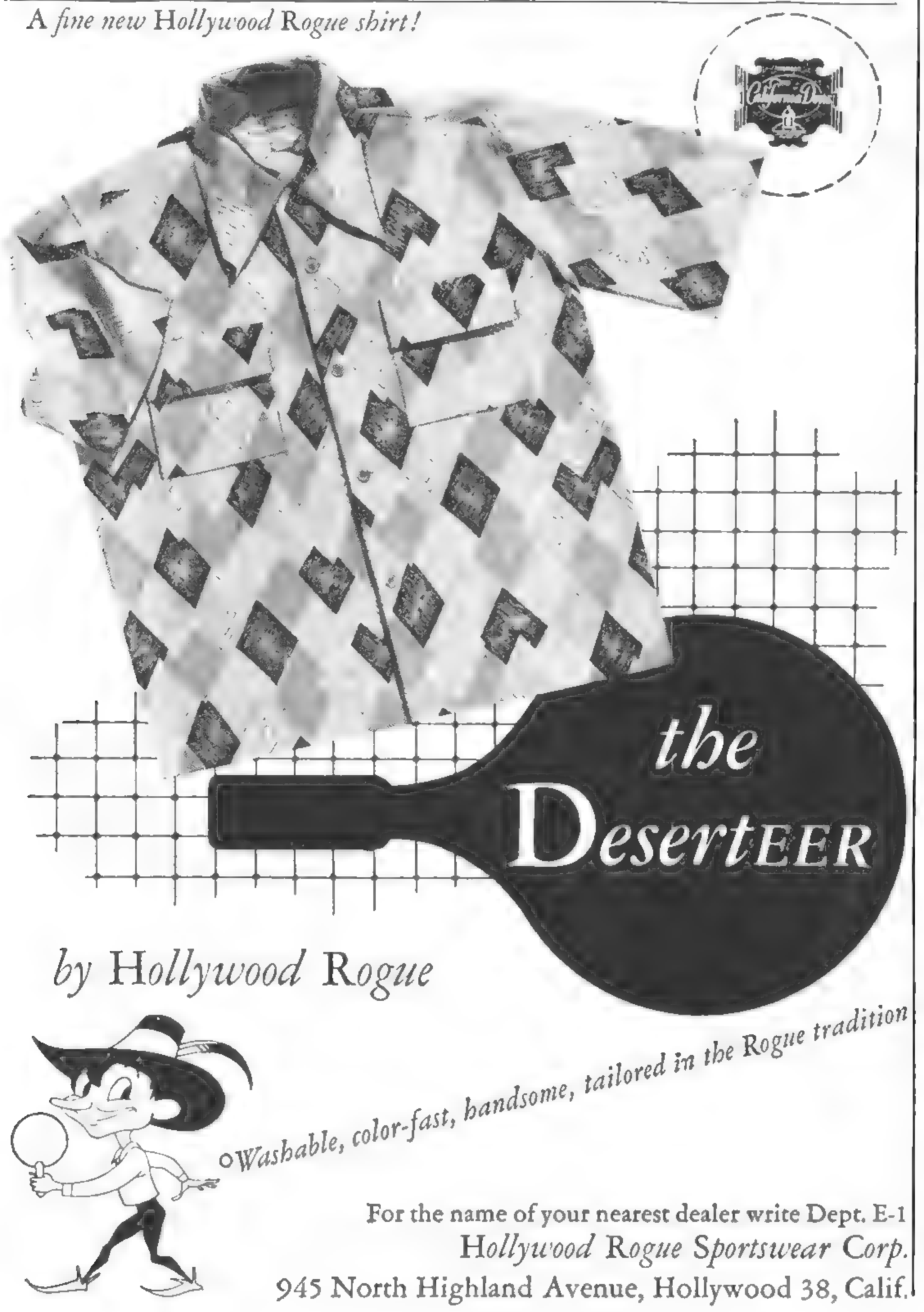
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Ideals Bowled Over

Continued from page 133

puted to have cost his university $15,000 before he turned pro. Coaching staffs have to be expanded; the salaries of the masterminds increase in direct ratio to the revenue coming through the gates. The team that would get a Bowl bid must play an intersectional schedule; the expenses for transporting, etc., a herd of sixty gladiators add up. More athletic scholarships and off-season jobs for the players must be provided.

Fordham was the prime example of a football team that lost money. It needed successive appearances in the Cotton and Sugar Bowls of 1941 and '42 to get out of the red. The team dominated the New York field, but Fordham never developed a first-rate intramural athletic program. If the time, money and attention lavished upon the football squad had been devoted to the needs of 99 per cent of the student body—and Fordham is not alone in this indictment—Selective Service statistics for physical unfitness among kids of draft age would not have been so shocking.

Today the same Fordham is facing in another direction, at least to judge by the recent statement of its President, the Rev. Robert I. Gannon, that Fordham "does not ever again want a football team rated among the nation's ten heaviest.

"One of the things I have learned during the last decade," he said, "was that a top team doesn't do Fordham any good. It doesn't do us any good financially, scholastically, socially or athletically. When you have a top team no self-respecting colleague will play with you. In our heyday we had to fan out as far as Hawaii to get a game."

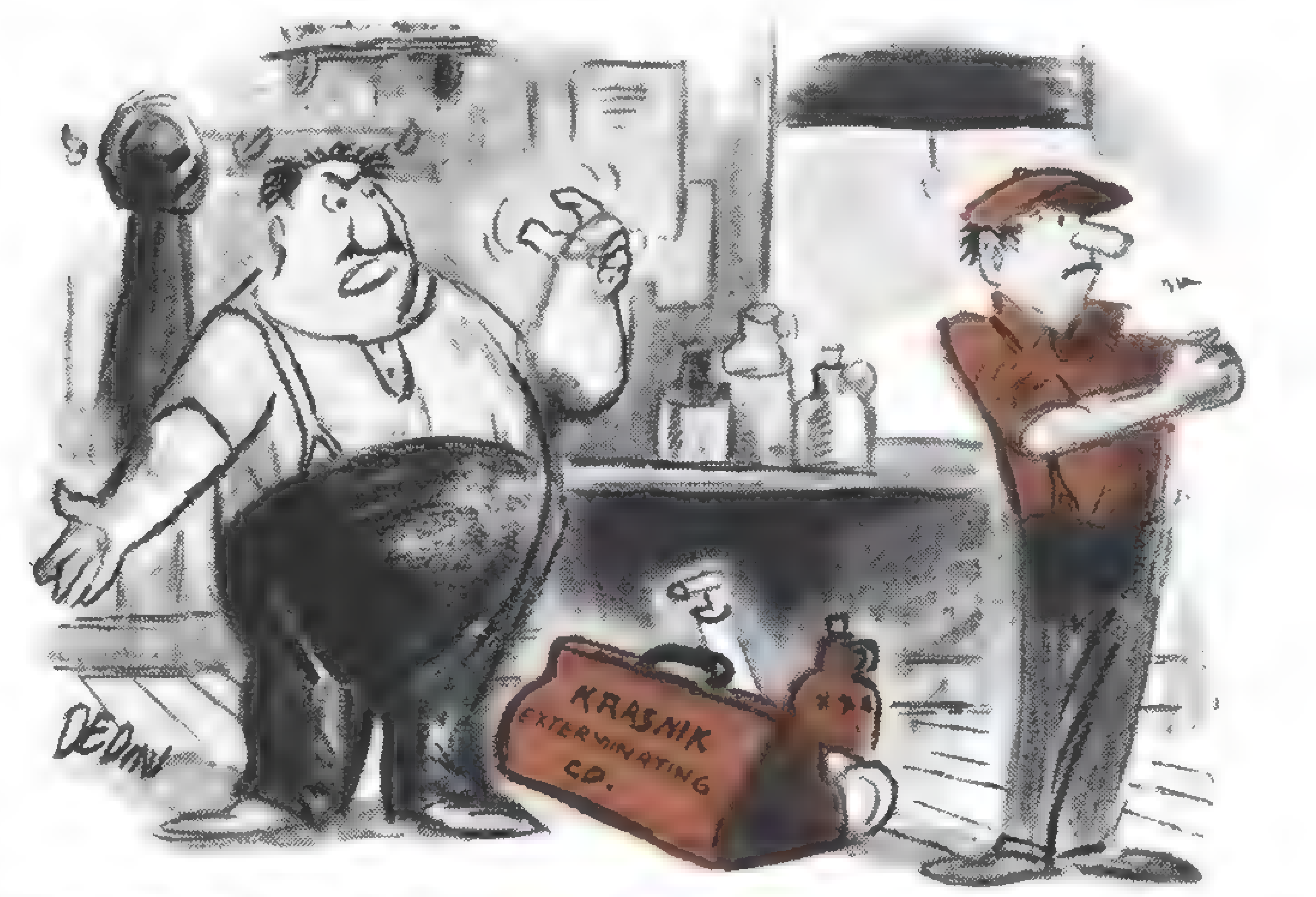
New York University, crowding the Yankee Stadium during the lush regime of Chick Meehan, called quits at the height of its apparent success and reverted to Class C status. It simply could not afford the luxury of a superduper team. Look, if you will, at Centre College. Old-timers in the congregation will remember how Centre came rolling down the mountain in 1921 and played football as though it had invented the silly game. The team won ten straight and listed Harvard, Auburn, Tulane, Arizona and Kentucky among the victims. The Praying Colonels were a romantic, daredevil crew that fired the imagination of the country—but Centre today is a small school of doubtful academic renown. Geneva, Hardin-Simmons, Franklin and Marshall, Clemson and St. Mary's—of California and Texas—are a few other institutions forced to admit a major football team does not necessarily confer major standing upon a college.

The one college that has derived enduring benefits from football is Notre Dame, and most people forget the University was founded in 1842. Knute Rockne, the most commanding personality football ever has known, made the school the football capital of the country. The name and fame of Notre Dame, whistle the patter, are strong magnets in attracting good players to South Bend without too much proselyting.

Hypocrisy and hustling for talent doubtless will continue to occupy educators taking dead aim at those cush Bowls. The G.I. Bill of Rights unwittingly has inspired them to more barefaced skulduggery. Returning veterans, who once could have been delivered for the usual b.r.t. (board, room, tuition) are guaranteed the identical advantages by the federal government. The football factories are forced to lay money on the line for discharged stars and the general relaxation of wartime eligibility rules, not yet rescinded, will contribute to the hiring of beef on the hoof.

It looks bad for us silly, starry-eyed visionaries, but there is one comfort. The reluctant realization that commercialized college football doesn't pay off in money, prestige or enrollment eventually will hit all football factories in the face. An imposing football team is like a low license plate on a car. It's nice to have, but conspicuous when something goes wrong. ⌗

Continued from page 35



"I've worked years, son, to build this business to where it is now, and you—you want to toss it aside like that!"

Scoop: How I Licked Japan

Continued from page 58

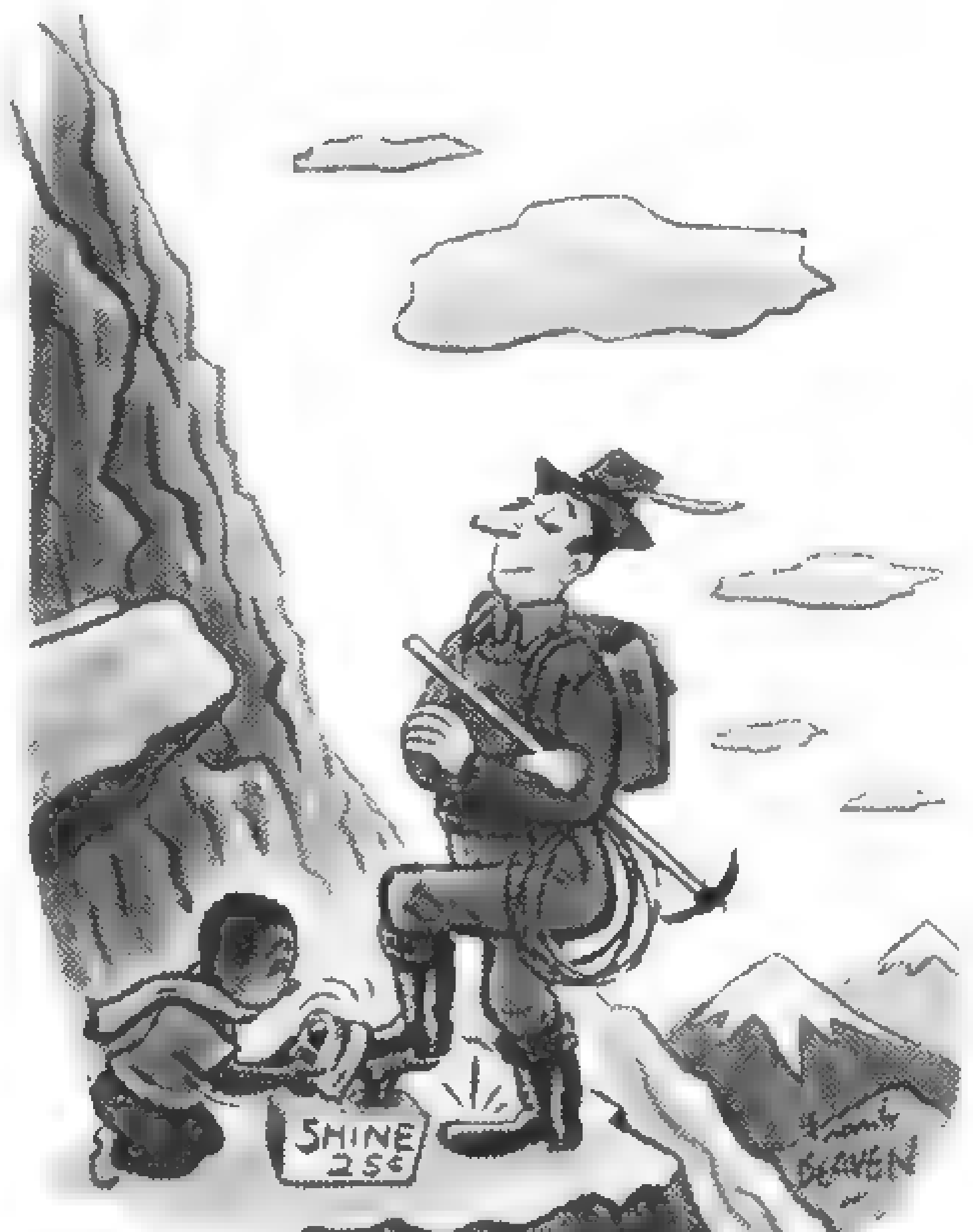
it, three officers committed suicide. I waited until the admiral sat down on a dead man's chest and started to cry, and then I knew what to do.

"You lugs can come up now," I shouted into the conning tower.

"You scum," I said to them. "We're going to board that destroyer. I want you all to act like gentlemen. Just follow me."

When the sub pulled up alongside the destroyer, the Japs were as dazed as could be. They made no attempt to stop us. Even the admiral did nothing but curse under his breath in Japanese.

In a trice all but the admiral were battened under hatches. The admiral was escorted into his former cabin, where I offered him one of his cigars and pushed a bottle of wine toward him. He glared at me.



"Shall we talk English or Japanese?" I said.

He snickered, "You talk Japanese! Ain't that a laugh!"

"Maybe," I said quietly, "and maybe not. But you're licked in any language, so you might as well play ball. I'm going to lay my cards on the table, Admiral, and tell you my plans. I'm going to capture the entire Japanese fleet, and take Tokyo."

"Very funny," he said, and spat out the porthole.

"I'll need your co-operation," I said.

"Oh sure," he said. He stared at me. "Where's your uniform?"

"I'm a civilian," I answered. "Just a plain American citizen."

"You're a spy," he said. "That's what you are."

"No names," I said quietly. "You forget you are in my power."

His face changed. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'll have some of that wine." He was going to try to outwit me. Little did he know. "Excellent wine!" he said cordially. "Allow me to congratulate you."

"Thank you," I murmured. "A present from the Emperor. But I have no time to bandy words with you. Will you or will you not co-operate?"

"To do what?" he asked.

"To take Tokyo," I repeated.

"Are you crazy?" he shouted, banging the desk with his fat fist.

"You'll see," I said coolly. Going to the door and calling Lieutenant Riggs, I said, "Take this stout gentleman with the gold braid and hang him by his thumbs from the yardarm."

After a half-hour the admiral promised to co-operate. I outlined my plans to him up to a certain point while he sullenly sucked his thumbs. An hour later he was at the wireless transmitter dictating to his own radio operator.

"No tricks," I warned him. "I understand every word you say."

"No, sir," said the admiral.

My plan worked as beautifully as a dream. Within twenty minutes the admiral had contacted every vessel in the Japanese Pacific Fleet, and ordered them to meet us at a little-known island at latitude 23 and longitude 107; or perhaps it was the other way around.

Three days later we dropped anchor at the island. Our little destroyer was dwarfed by the huge vessels surrounding us. Riding idly in the bay were sixteen battleships, about a hundred destroyers, six aircraft carriers, about fifty submarines, and scores of troop transports, bristling with troops. Our crew, which had been transferred from the submarine, stood on deck open-mouthed. "Great heavens, sir!" said Talbot, "any moment now they will blow us out of the water!"

"Leave it to me," I said quietly. "Admiral, which is the most powerful ship here?" The admiral pointed to the *Nagasaki*, a battleship of some 45,000 tons. I said, "Tonight you will call a meeting on the *Nagasaki*. I want all the captains there." And I proceeded to tell him just what I wanted him to do.

He grew pale and stammered, "No, no, I can't do it."

"I'm afraid you have no choice," I pointed out.

"Yes, I do," he said, growing grey at the temples. He walked to the rail, climbed over slowly and dropped into the water. As we watched, a huge shark came and got him. "There went a real sailor," I said regretfully. "And I wanted to show him off in Housatonic."

Talbot said, "That finishes us."

"Go below," I said. "Little does he know me," I said to the others.

"No, sir," they said, laughing derisively.

I called the meeting myself, by wireless. That evening I pulled up to the *Nagasaki* in a motor launch with Talbot and Riggs. Although I was six-foot-three and weighed only 127 pounds, I had disguised myself as the admiral by stooping over and puffing out to look fat. I also squinted my eyes, and by holding my breath I had turned my skin yellow. It was fairly simple. I fooled them

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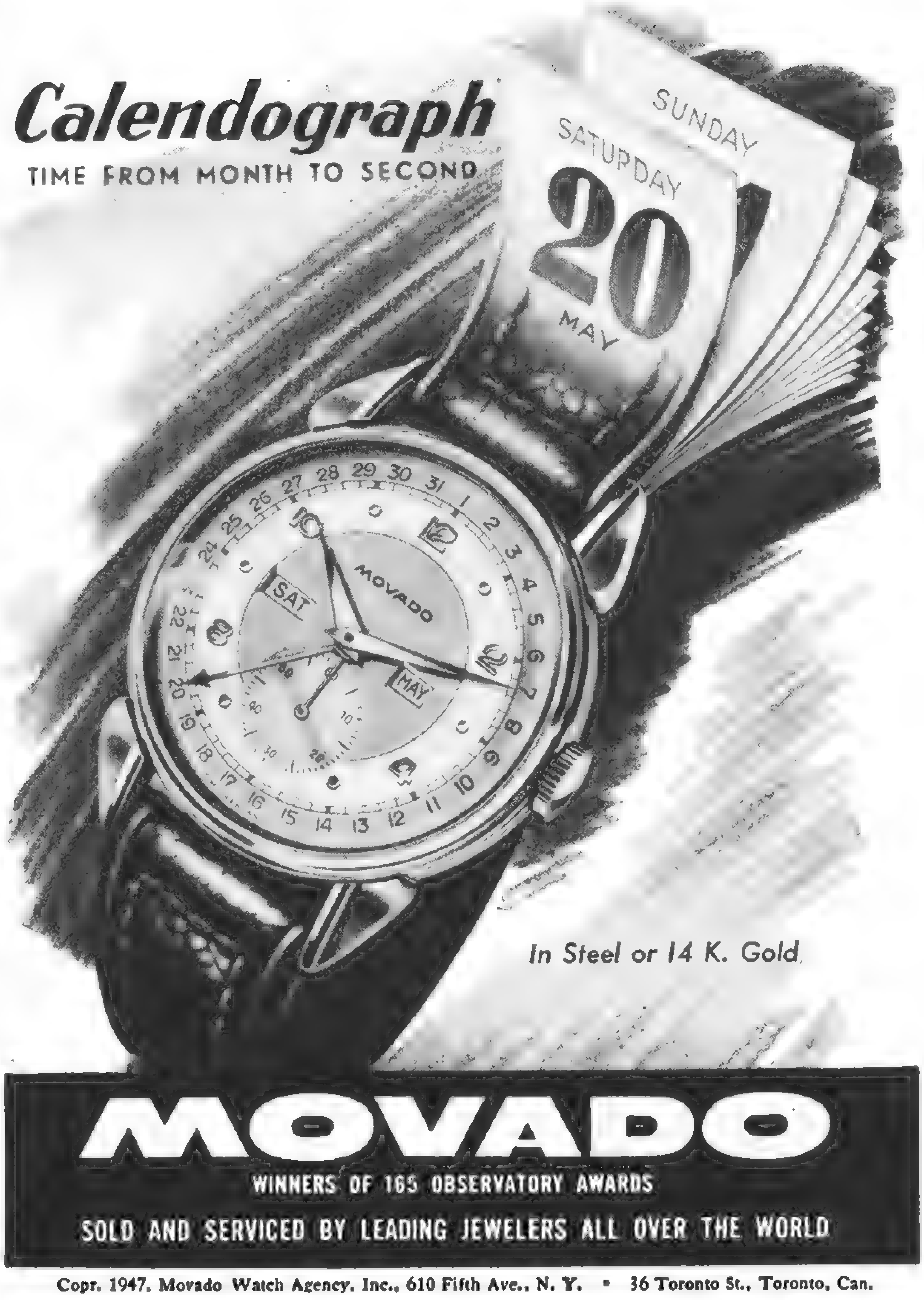
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Scoop: How I Licked Japan

Continued from page 135

completely. Greeting the ship's captains individually by their first names in flawless Japanese, I won their confidence at once. That was essential to my plan, as the slightest doubt as to my identity or motives would have ruined everything. My plan was also simple. It consisted of an attack on Tokyo by the entire Japanese Pacific Fleet.

It may seem incredible to the average landlubber, whom I scorn, that I could have persuaded the assembly of ships' captains to attack Tokyo. Those who doubt the probability of such a thing overlook the utter boredom of life at sea. After telling a few funny stories and doing several card tricks, I had the assembly in a gay, unsuspicious mood and ready to believe anything. Finally I told them that the Americans had taken Tokyo, and that it was up to us to blow the Holy City sky-high rather than let it be desecrated by the Yankees.

"But what of our wives and children?" they asked.

"They have been evacuated," I answered.

Wasn't that simple? In an hour we were heading toward Tokyo. We hove to outside the harbor on a cool, clear morning two days later, consolidated our plans, rode boldly up to the very wharves, and dropped everything we had on the city. Not one stone stood on another.

In the awful hush that followed the total destruction of the city, I mounted the topmast crow's-nest of the *Nagasaki*, blew a bugle for attention, and solemnly announced, "Sons of Nippon! The Emperor is dead! Every loyal Japanese knows what to do!"

So they scuttled all the ships and sank with them.

All except the *Nagasaki*. I took that down the bay to Yokohama, and put in a long-distance phone call to Harry Truman. It took three-quarters of an hour of heavy argument to get his secretary to the phone, but he finally got me the President.

Our conversation that morning is of course familiar to you, spread as it was over every front page in the world, entered into history books, sung in Broadway productions, spoken over the radio. It is only to explain a terrible misconception that I repeat it here.

"Who is this?" asked the President.

"Harry," I said, "I have captured the Japanese Pacific Fleet."

"Who is this?" said the President.

"I have blasted Tokyo out of existence."

"Who is this?" said the President.

"I have destroyed the entire fleet and its officers and men."

"But who is this?" said the President.

"Except the *Nagasaki*."

"For crying out loud," said the President, "who the hell is this?"

"This is Jones," I said, "the Housatonic Bomber."

That was a mistake. He thought I said, "Jones used an atomic bomb."

As soon as independent observers had flashed confirmation to Washington of the incredible deed, and Japan had surrendered, every newspaper and radio in the world clamored to know how it had been done, and the President, who meant well, told them it was done by atomic bomb. In the ensuing excitement I lost the *Nagasaki*, crew and all, and to date no one knows where it is. With the *Nagasaki* went the only other living witness to the truth.

So there you have it. There is no such thing as an atomic bomb, and the United Nations assembly is wasting its time squabbling about it. I did it all myself, aided by the Japanese fleet; but when I tell my friends, they back away shaking their heads. Only one of them, a professor in a college, has ever asked for more detail. He wanted to know how it was that it was Hiroshima that was found devastated, and not Tokyo. That has puzzled me too, but I am working on the answer now, along with how I got on that submarine in the first place. ⵌ

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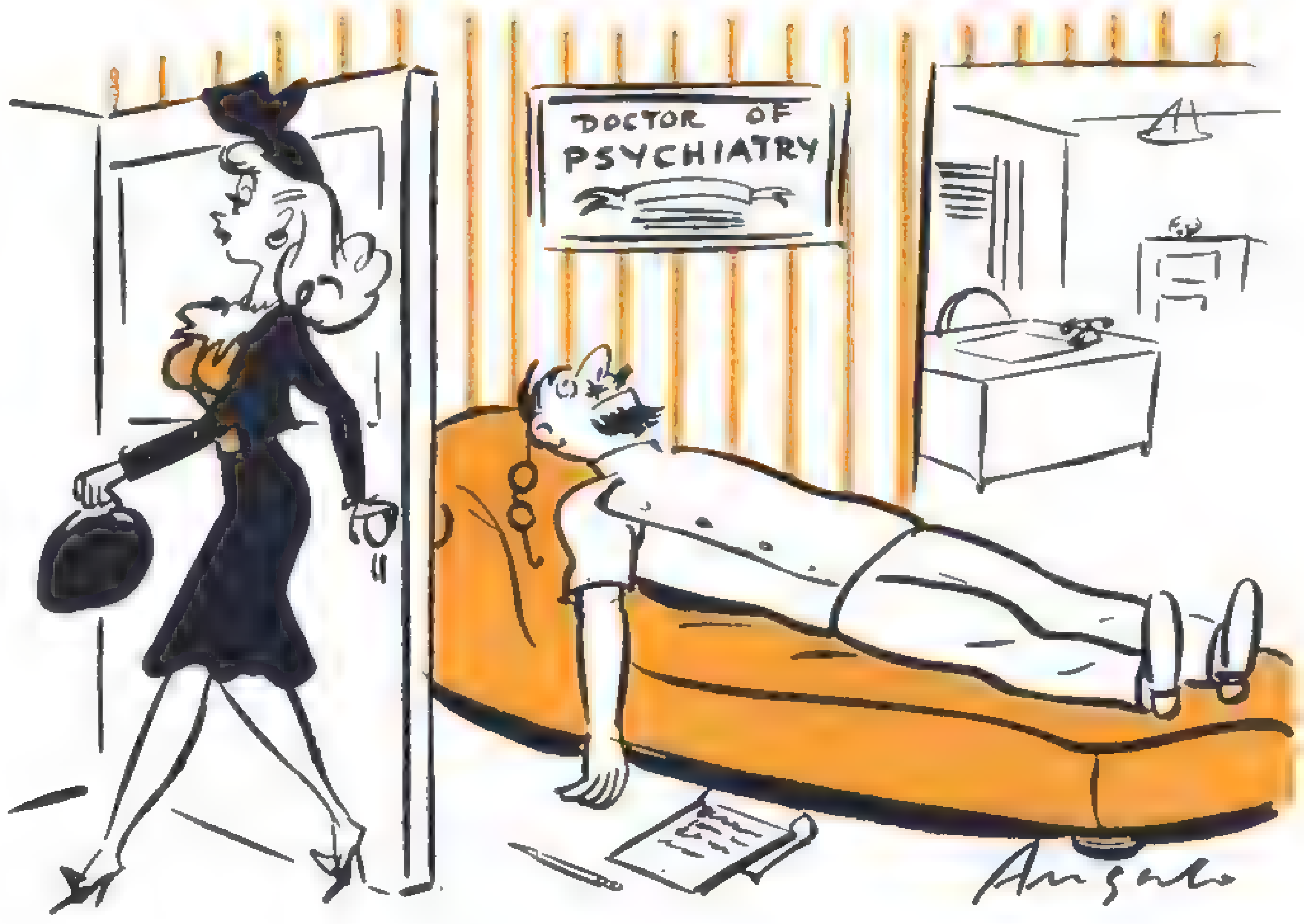

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The Bed We Lie On

Continued from page 49

Mexico," she said. "I hate to think of that woman taking possession of things that I . . ."

"Ah, let her have them," he said.

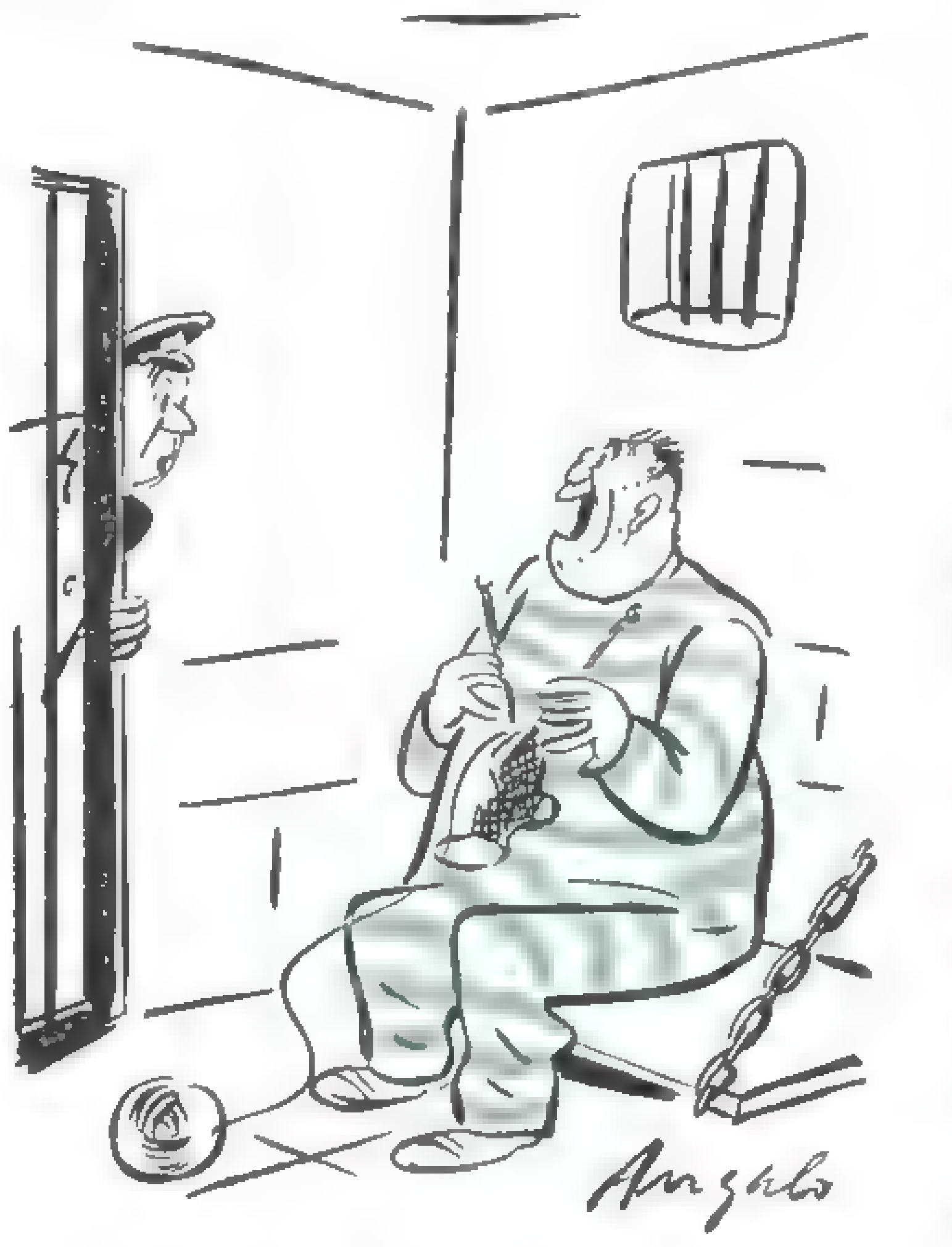
"You don't understand." She began to remove the dishes. There was a lull while she started the hot water running and slid out the dish rack and towels. Finally she said in a low, decisive voice, "Well, anyway, there's one thing of mine she didn't get."

"What's that, besides your wedding ring?" he said jocularly. Muriel had given him her old wedding ring to keep in his office safe.

"The bed," she said.

The light in her grey eyes was low but stubborn, like a sunset in winter. At length he said, "How did you get it?"

"I made him give it to me," she said fiercely. "The day I left I took precautions to have it dismantled. That woman never had a chance to see it assembled, much less—well—use it . . ."



"Ask the warden what size he wears!"

He took a cigarette and examined it very closely before he lighted it. "And how did the bed get back here?" he inquired.

"I wrote Ulysses so many letters he had to send it," she said. "And I bribed the Mexican to send me some of the old wooden joints so that it couldn't be set up. I guess that's why Ulysses finally gave in and sent the rest. And I hope she knew that I made him give it to me. Maybe someday I'll have the pleasure of telling her."

"I should think she might be glad to see the bed out of her house," he said slowly. "What would she think of the associations?"

"I don't care what she thought," she said brutally. "I just wanted that bed back. It was mine."

"Yours and his."

"All right, his and mine. But now it's ours."

"What sort of bed is it?" he said.

The clouds swept away from her face and the sun came out. "Oh, beautiful," she said. "It has four big mahogany posts with Spanish carving. And instead of head and footrests it has broad saddle-leather bands, with two coats-of-arms burned in each end. Heraldry, you know, branded into the leather. Old."

"What arms?" he said. "House of Sandstrom? What's Ulysses' shield? A world, united, on a field, adulterous?"

She laughed. "Oh, you'll like it," she said, invitingly. "So comfortable too."

"Did you and Ulysses get it before Albert came?" he inquired.

"Oh, before," she said. "Certainly before."

"How much before? About nine months?"

She swung around. "Edmund! Why did you make that obscene remark about Albert?"

"What's obscene about it? When a fine old period piece comes into my house, I'm naturally curious about its history. And of course, if someone I know has slept in it, that makes it more interesting."

"You haven't even seen the bed. How can you know you don't like it?"

"I didn't say I didn't like it. I just said I wanted to know who slept there with whom."

"Are you going to ask me to send that lovely bed back?"

"No," he said. "If it means so much to you, you certainly should not send it back to him."

Hope came in her eyes. "You mean I can take down our old bed and use this?"

"All right," he said.

"But you do mind, don't you?" she whispered, looking him in the eyes tenderly.

He ground out his cigarette. "Yes," he said. "I do mind."

"Well, why do you give in to me, then?" she demanded.

"You seem to like the bed a lot," he muttered, looking past her. "I guess I can manage to sleep in it if you can."

"Tell me something, darling," she said, growing confidential. "Are you really in some doubt as to whether you can sleep in that bed?"

"I am."

"Why?"

"Don't you know?"

"I think I know," she said, pleased at her own sagacity. "I think you're very foolish and very sweet to be so jealous."

"I guess it's a matter of taste."

Taste aroused her; taste was her proper monopoly. "I don't see what you mean," she said, lying.

"I'd only suggest one thing," he said. "I'd suggest we keep our own bed near by in Albert's room where we could use it."

"Use it?" she said, puzzled. "In Albert's room? Whatever for?"

His gaze moved deliberately to hers. "On important evenings," he said, "our old family bed, the one we are using now, would be the one we would lie on. Not the Spanish bed."

She got up and began to put the dishes away on their shelves. "You know, Edmund?" she murmured as though to herself, "I love you. Honestly I do."

"What made you intrude love

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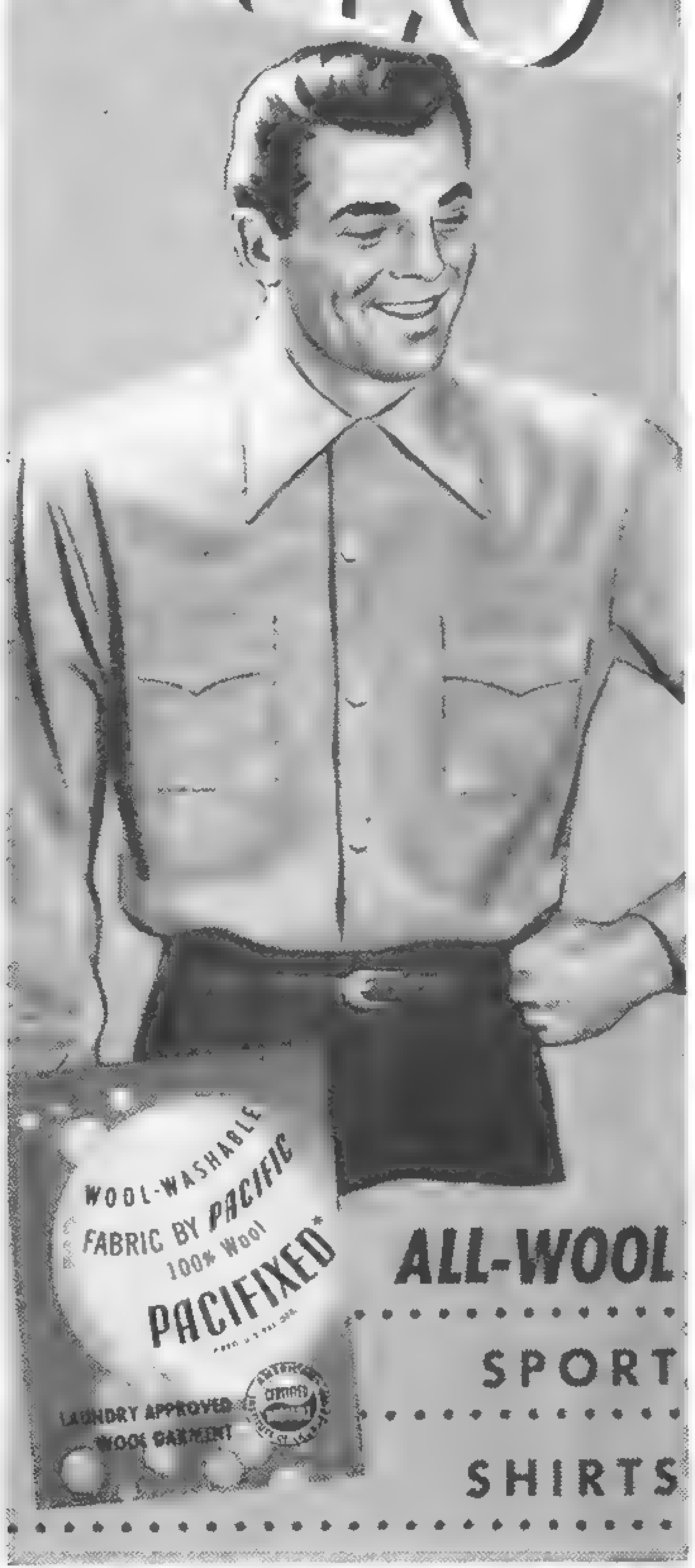
HYLO



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The Bed We Lie On

Continued from page 137

into this question of furniture?"

"Because you think of the oddest ways to get what you want. I think it would be ridiculous."

"What would?"

"All the changing back and forth from bed to bed," she said. "It would be like some awful comedy, with doors opening and closing and people running in and out."

"I don't see how it can be avoided."

"Look, darling, I have a solution. Let's put the Spanish bed in Albert's room. Let's just give it outright to him."

"Without telling him its history?" he inquired. "Might mean a lot to him. Tip him off that the wheel has come full circle."

"That's a rude and vulgar remark," she said primly. "A boy doesn't have to know everything at once."

"But where will we sleep," he asked, "if Albert takes our beautiful Spanish bed, with the leather coats-of-arms?"

"I wish you were not such a hypocrite," she said. "We'll sleep in our own bed."

"That's understanding of you, Muriel," he said. "I not only accept the plan, but offer you an embellishment. Whenever we hate each other, but aren't ready to separate, we can go and sleep together in Albert's room. How is that Spanish bed for hating somebody in?"

She paused, remembering, and then she replied. "It's fine. I tried it the last couple of years for that. It's perfect."

He got up and yawned, stretching. His wife was scanning and measuring him with an interest she had not demonstrated before. "Guess I'll go up and look at the coats-of-arms," he said.

She knew that she had lost, and yet she was pleased at the circumstances of her defeat. Then suddenly a new idea occurred to her. "While we're on furniture, Edmund," she said with a lacy delicacy, "I want to get rid of that studio couch in the living room."

"Why?" he said, puzzled.

"Do you remember that story your mother always tells, about blundering into your flat that Sunday and finding you with that girl?"

"I know," he said. His voice rose a little. "But listen, Muriel, that was different. I hardly knew that girl. She was just a girl who went to college with my sister."

"Still, your mother doesn't believe you, and that piece of furniture always starts her off on that story. It gets on my nerves and I'd like to remove the provocation."

"Okay," he said, spreading his hands helplessly. "Ship it right out of the house, if that's the way you feel about it."

"I will," she said. "I'll ship it out to Santa Fe."

He was dumfounded. "You mean to Ulysses? Why, that will cost a fortune! Besides, it won't go with his patio and all that. It's too modernistic to fit in with his hacienda stuff."

"Ulysses will not turn it down," she said. "I know Ulysses."

"But how do you know he wants it?" he asked.

"I don't care whether he wants it. He's going to get it."

"Sure, but why?" He was honestly puzzled.

"Because Ulysses never should have sent me that Spanish bed."

"You asked for it, didn't you?"

"Yes, but I never expected him to send it. But now I've been thinking over his motive, and I think I've figured him out. I think Ulysses was hoping that you and I would quarrel over the Spanish bed. We almost did, you know," she added severely.

"But we made up. So that's another bet the great seer lost."

"So I want to send him the studio couch as a consolation prize."

"Still don't get it."

"He'll put it in the room over the garage," she said. "He'll have it on his mind, especially at parties. You can never tell how useful it may be to Ulysses. Ulysses is not a man of taste like you," she said, "darling." ⫵

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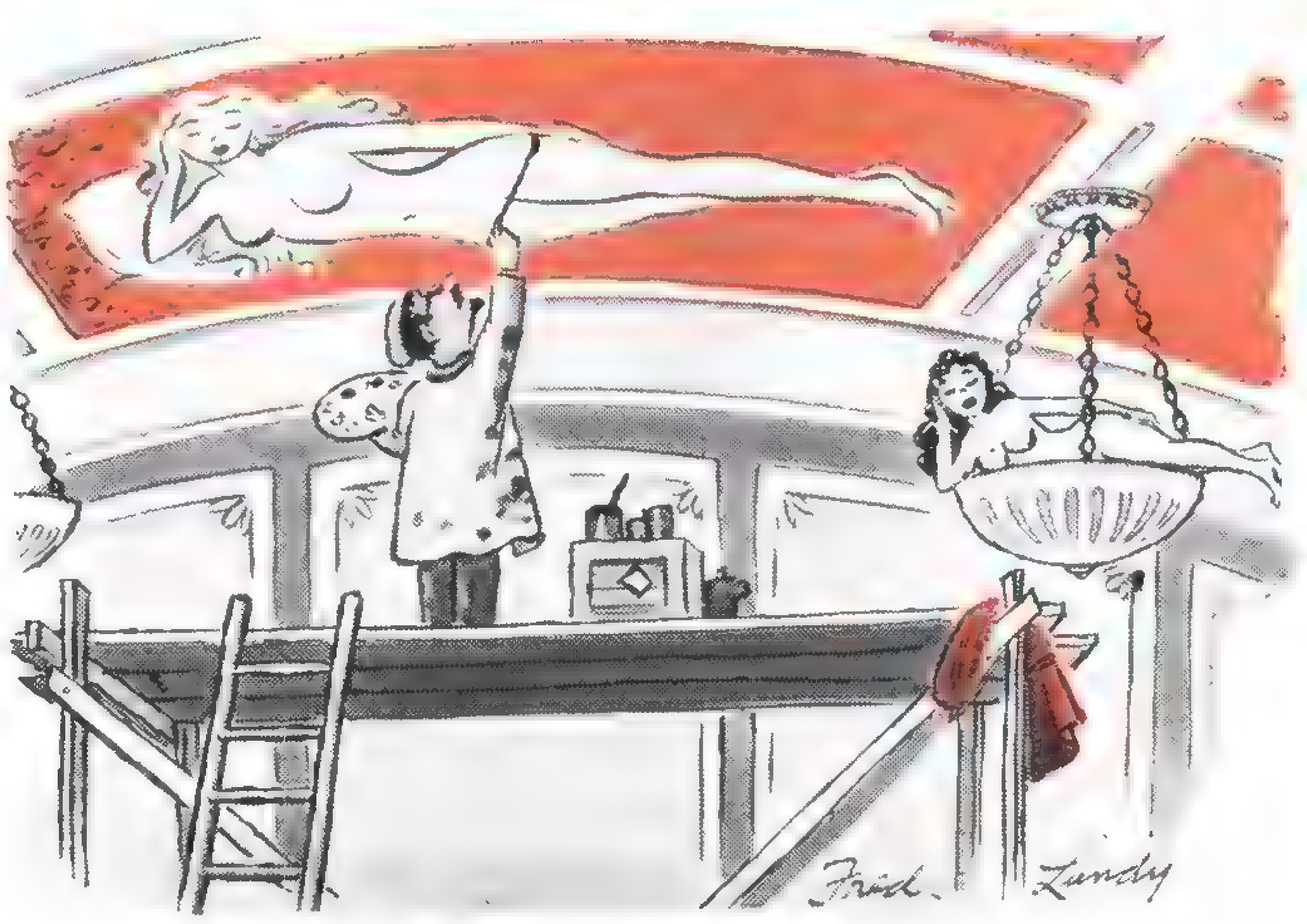

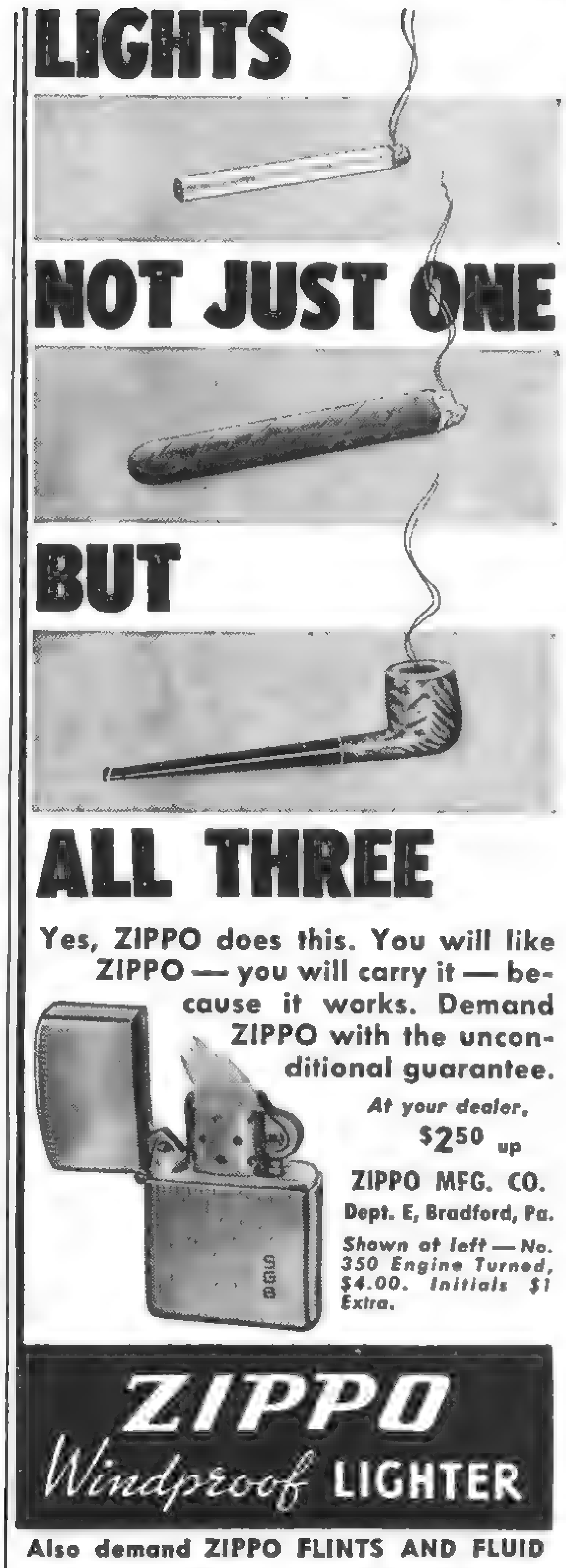

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The Big Drag

Continued from page 75

sake." Sometimes it seems that half of Broadway is out at the track during the week. Except on Wednesdays and Thursdays, which customarily are matinee days, you see them in their trumpeting jackets and long hairdos, faces to the sun in a desperate effort to augment the barbershop broil, still twisting their heads from side to side every few minutes to see Who's Here. That is the big game, anywhere in Broadway or wherever the Broadwayite gathers. Who's here? Anybody I should see? I heard that . . .

By six Broadway has slipped wearily into its gown of sequins. Now you can't take it from her; the old harlot's feet may hurt and there may be long lines under the eyes and ugly scars under the ears where the face was lifted, but under the lights and the dark night she is beautiful. Give the old girl a cocktail and watch the life course into her.

Over by the Times Building the tourists stand and stretch their necks at the electric sign that rolls around the cornices, spilling its story of rape, arson, pillage and politics. There is no question of the movie-house marquees suddenly lighting up as if in a fairyland; they have been singing their jazzy song all afternoon, even in the bright sunlight that fingers its way desperately over the main stem. Under the clock at the Astor, young love and old lust stand side by side, waiting for their respective rendezvous and assignation. The crowds begin to knot along the long, curving street, filling the sidewalks to overflowing, and giving a new cadence to the noise of Broadway, a shuffling, over-and-over, eight-to-the-bar rhythm. The cabs, which have cruised in more or less comfort through the afternoon, now snarl and blast each other as they jockey for position in streets that are much too thin, much too antiquated for Manhattan today. The commuters trudge tiredly back to their subway kiosks and their Grand Central and Penn stations, and in the Forties the busses load up for the long, uninspired trip to Jersey. A handful of lost souls queue up in front of the out-of-town newspaper stand at Forty-third Street, hunting desperately for the Peoria *Tribune* or some other familiar home-town gazette.

This is the dinner hour, and the cognoscenti are tucking away ham and eggs in Lindy's or a steak in Gallagher's or have wandered down to the wilds of Twenty-third Street for a session with a mutton chop at Cavanagh's, but it is not too soon for the dance halls. So we find the seedy, stringy doormen standing in front of the little yellow or red doorways with their faded photos of Blonde Beauties by Murray Korman and muttering an occasional seductive comment at a passing yokel, but mostly just watching the crowds mill by. Upstairs the terribly, terribly corny little bands, all saxophones and drums, are beginning to beat out rumbas or swing or whatever the dancing pleasure of the hour might be, and the hostesses, beloved in song and story, are sitting in their pen—neither bitter nor morose, as the learned and literary would have us believe, but rather amiable and vacant—marking time to the end of their youth in the most pleasant way they know.

The three-for-a-quarter photo shops begin to bustle with activity and from the used-record stores loud-speakers spew their tales of love and June and moon. The orange- and pineapple-juice stands, sloppy and wet and dirty, are doing big business, and in the several Child's restaurants Helen Hokinson ladies ogle their creamed chicken with one dubious eye and their wrist watches with the other, because, my dear, the curtain goes up at eight-forty sharp, which it never, never does. In Duffy Square a few stoical pigeons linger under the glare of the lights, and up and down the Big Drag and all along the little side streets the unattached males and the unattached females have begun their tawdry, garish game of you-can't-catch-me.

Over it all there are the never-ending lights, selling everything from bananas to stove polish—glittering, shimmering, bursting red, yellow, blue, pink, screaming their messages, casting a jerky and eerie glow over the turbulence below. This is some kind of cool, noisy affable Hell, where the pitchforks are the nightsticks of dumb cops and where the flames are raucous, amazing neon signs that tell you where to go, what to wear and how many buttons your underwear should carry. You stand on the fringe and watch it, stunned and yet nervous, baffled and yet caught up in it as if by an undertow.

By nine the legitimate show-houses have lured their quota, and the coughers are busy destroying Shakespeare's lines, while Broadway settles down to its nightly dose of make-believe. Now the world begins and ends in the wings of a theatre, and God help you if you are an actor and found in a public place at this time, for it means that you are at liberty and thus a bust, especially if the season is busy. In the little gin mills like the Paddock and Conway's and Mickey Walker's, or in every bar and grill that dots Eighth Avenue, a block to the left of the Big Drag, the ball games are replayed and the races rerun. Maybe a couple of thugs are fighting for the world's fleaweight title in Madison Square Garden, and a few thousand of the faithful are clustered there, their cigarettes making idiotic red needlepoint patterns in the dark building—the canvas and sweat and resin and screams sifting together like a Hogarth painting. In the night

Continued on page 140

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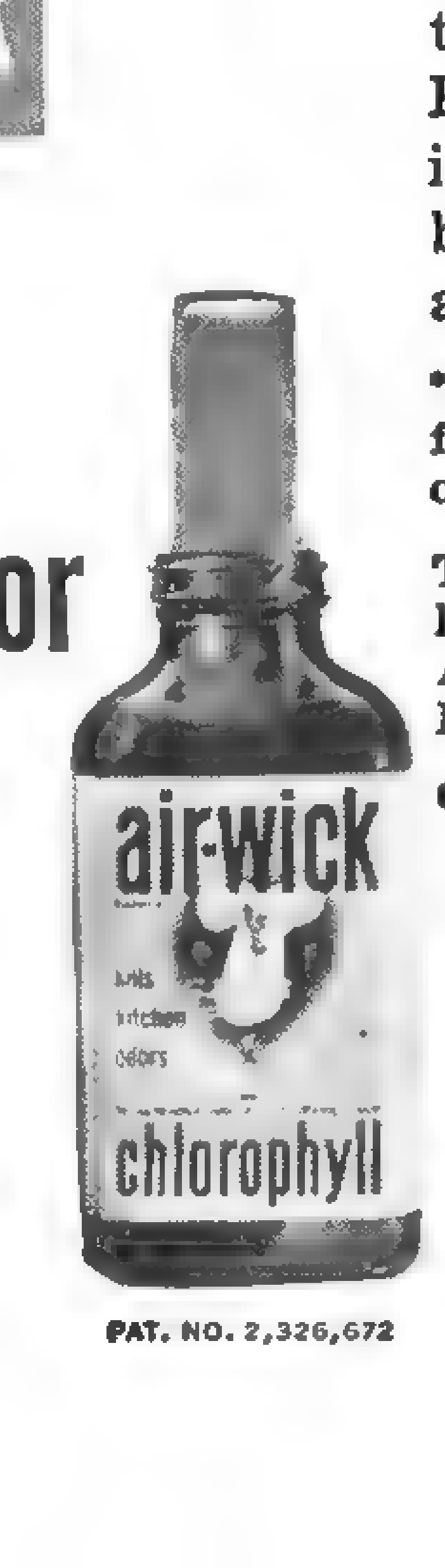

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The Big Drag

Continued from page 139

clubs the comics are walking through the first shows, giving just three dollars' worth of themselves, for the dinner crowd goes sparing on liquor.

Now Broadway is in the groove, winding up and exploding with a ceaseless bang. Somewhere in the night colts are being foaled and knives thrown, safes are being blown and Presidents are being born, wheat is waving softly under a clear and starry sky, and waves are smashing furiously against rocky coasts. Bridge is being played and deathless prose is being written, a car is skidding on two wheels around a corner and kittens are drowning in a well. Yet all these things are happening far from Broadway, and so they don't count, to the Broadwayite. God damn it, man, how're you gonna keep up with everything along the street if you're gonna go poking around with what happened Out There?

By midnight the drunks have begun to dot the crowds mushing along, and the seductions are at least half along the road to consummation. "Oh, *Harry*," a little blonde says to a sailor, "I dowanna go *there*. I wanna . . ." but they are gone, love and lust, before we can find out where they do end up. There are screams in the air, and giggles, and the jackass brayings of executives Enjoying Themselves, but they are muffled and then swallowed up in the incessant din that pounds along through the jagged canyons. Along Fifty-second Street the strange music that is jazz creeps out of the tinny, dog-eared run-down little joints, where the war goes on between customer and proprietor over finances more openly than in the plush joints like the Stork. And in places like the Stork and El Morocco the singularly uninspired are lifting their pinkies like mad and getting drunk not so quietly.

By three the Big Drag is unwinding, running down like a gaudy little mechanical doll. In hallways sailors lie asleep, and the cops are beginning the task of sweeping up the human trash that is scattered, out to the world, through the area. The one las' drink is being savored in the bars, which still have an hour to go, and in a standard-size, double-bed hotel room a showgirl is looking about her dubiously and saying sharply to the character that this isn't a suite, not by a long shot, you little jerk. Some of the lights blink out along Broadway, and the movie marquees finally go dark.

By five . . . ah, but this is where we came in. By five a cop yawns, a taxi rumbles over the trolley tracks, the streets lay littered and reasonably still, like a living room after a party. In the hotels, in the apartments, in the flophouses, Broadway pulls the bedclothes a little tighter around its neck and sleeps. ⧺

Continued from page 75

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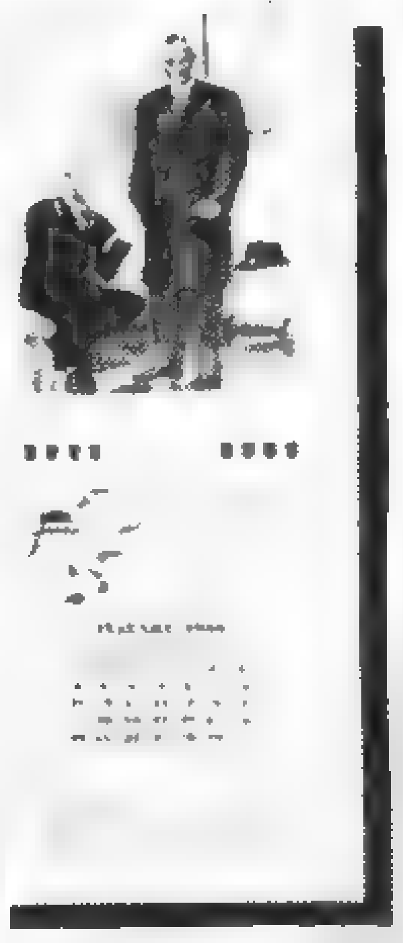

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Anything for a Friend

Continued from page 96

the front door a glow at the head of the stairs told him his wife was still up. He walked into the dark parlor and fumbled at the mantel. The jar was cold and slippery to the touch and he realized his hands were sweating. Holding the jar he turned toward the doorway and opened and closed the door again, this time loudly. He ran up the stairs. "Mary," he shouted, "Mary, it's gone . . . the money!" He burst into the room, "Mary, the money's gone!"

She sat bolt upright in bed. He thrust the blue jar at her, babbling wildly, "I just happened to look . . . I just got in . . . it's gone . . . call the police . . . quick, it's gone."

She picked up the phone and dialed rapidly. "Police?" she said. "I want to report a theft. $18,000. Yes. Mrs. William Kullman, one eight seven Edgecombe. Yes, right in the house . . . just a minute." She turned to her husband, "He wants to know if we know how long it's been missing."

"My God," said William Kullman, "I don't know, maybe a week, maybe tonight . . . I don't know . . ." Then sharply, "Wait, it was here tonight. Carl saw it, he was looking for tobacco . . ."

Mary stared at him. "Bill," she said, "You don't believe Carl . . ."

"I don't know," he said, "maybe he thought it was a good joke. He was drunk. He said someone ought to steal it, to teach us a lesson."

"A lesson," Mary said, her lips set, "I'll teach him a lesson."

She returned to the phone. "We think we know, Carlton Bourne, . . . Riverview Apartments . . . yes . . . we'll wait for your call."

She turned to her husband. "We'll give him a good scare . . . Bill, you don't think he would!"

"I don't know," he said slowly, "he needed money."

After awhile the phone rang.

"Hello," she said, "yes . . . yes, it is . . . you did . . . *what?*" Then she put her hand over the mouthpiece. Her face had gone white. "Bill," she said, "$6000 is missing . . . he has the rest."

She stared stupidly at the bowed figure of her husband. He could not speak. "My poor darling," she whispered, "your best friend . . ." Then she shook her head and turned back to the phone. Her voice was grave. "Hello . . . no . . . yes, it was *eighteen* thousand . . . I'm certain. No, he won't speak to him . . . all right . . . tomorrow morning." She hung up the phone.

"Bili," she said, "don't take it this way. I know how you feel, but he must be punished." She touched his arm. "Bill, Bill, it has to be . . . no . . . you must try not to think about it."

He looked up then and his face was twisted in the lamplight. "Try not to think about it," he repeated stupidly. And then his shoulders shook and he began to laugh terribly and uncontrollably. ###

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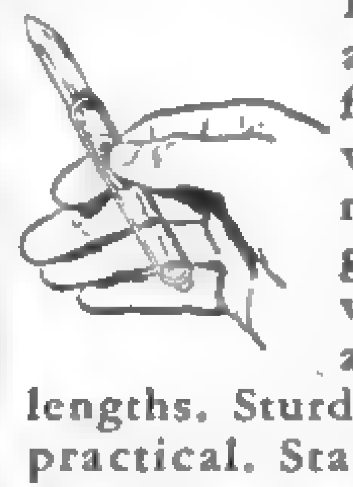

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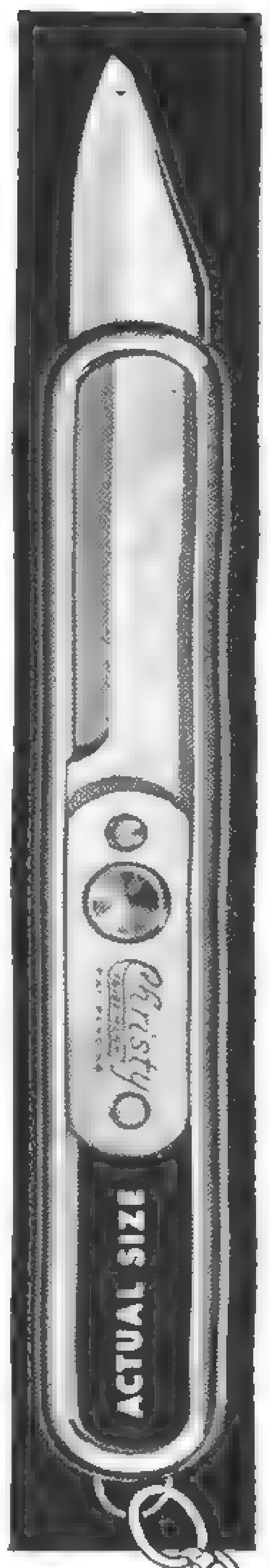

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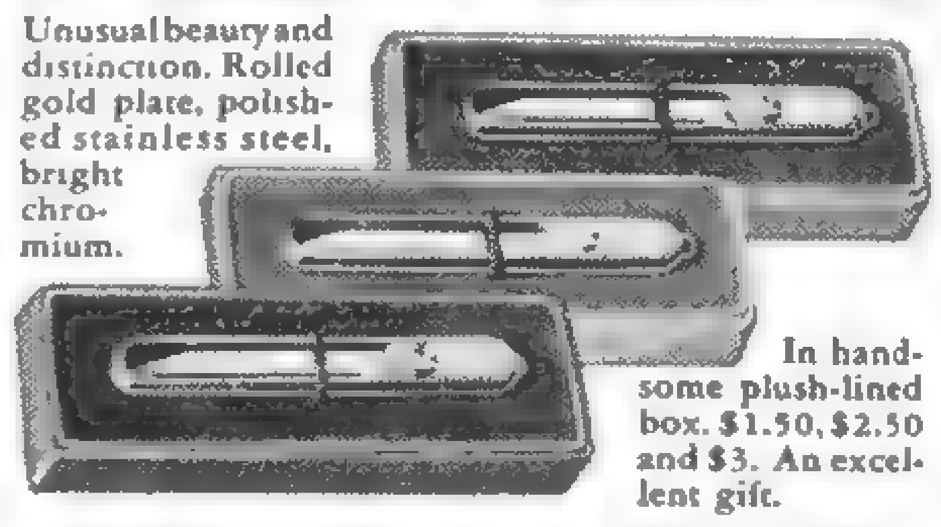

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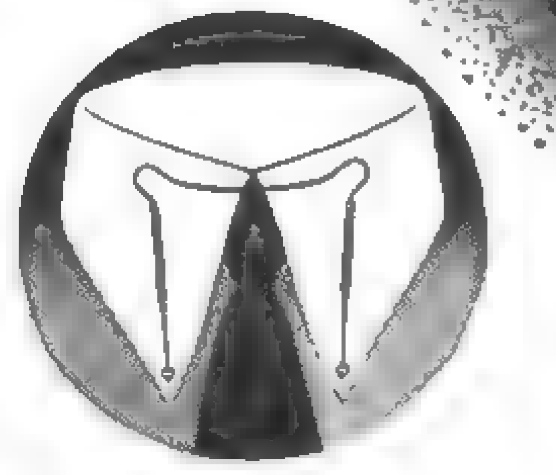

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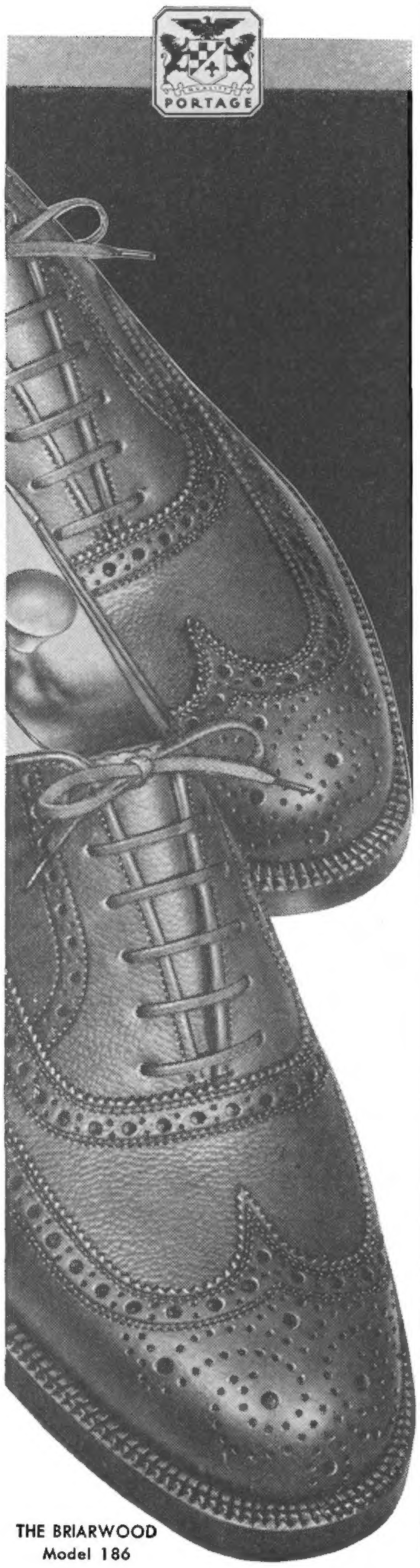
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Model 186

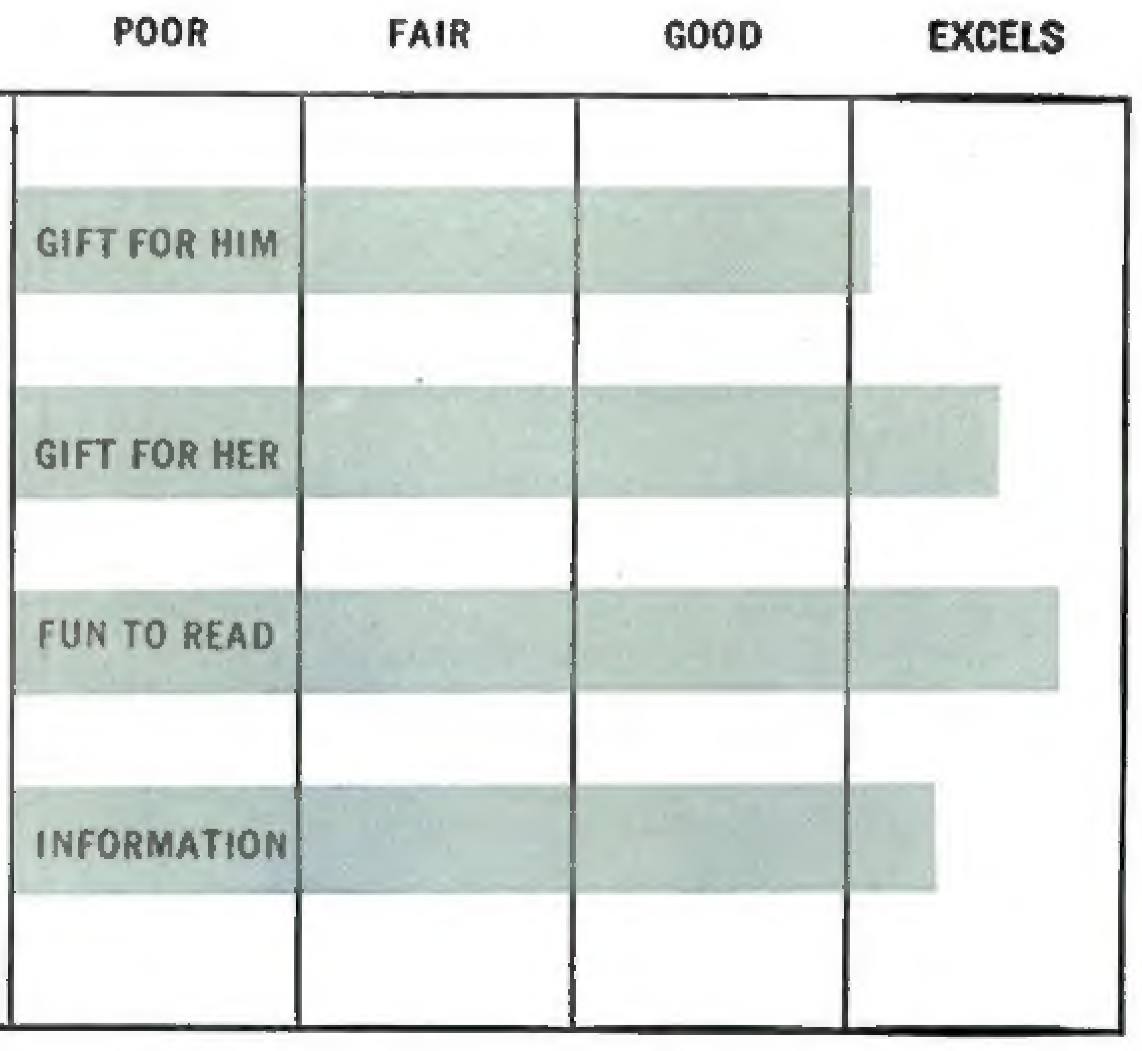
Book Briefs

Trick for the traveler—five recent books with the accent on vacations south and north of the border and asea

Fun at Sea

by Stuart Murray
(Sheridan House, $2.50)

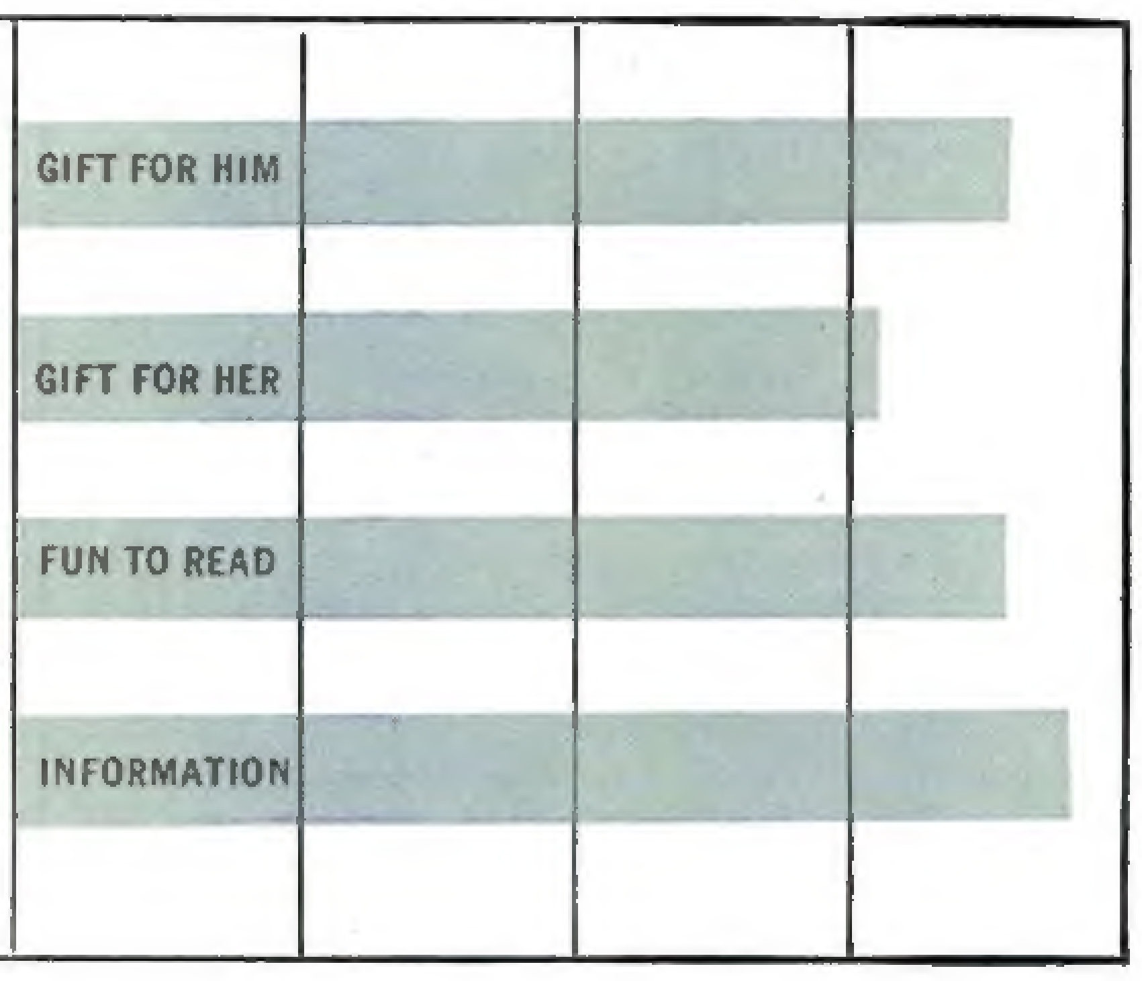
Cues for cruising, including a complete check list of what to take, how to plan your trip, and whimsical sections on passengers you're likely to meet.



Lands of the Andes

by T. R. Ybarra
(Coward-McCann, $4.00)

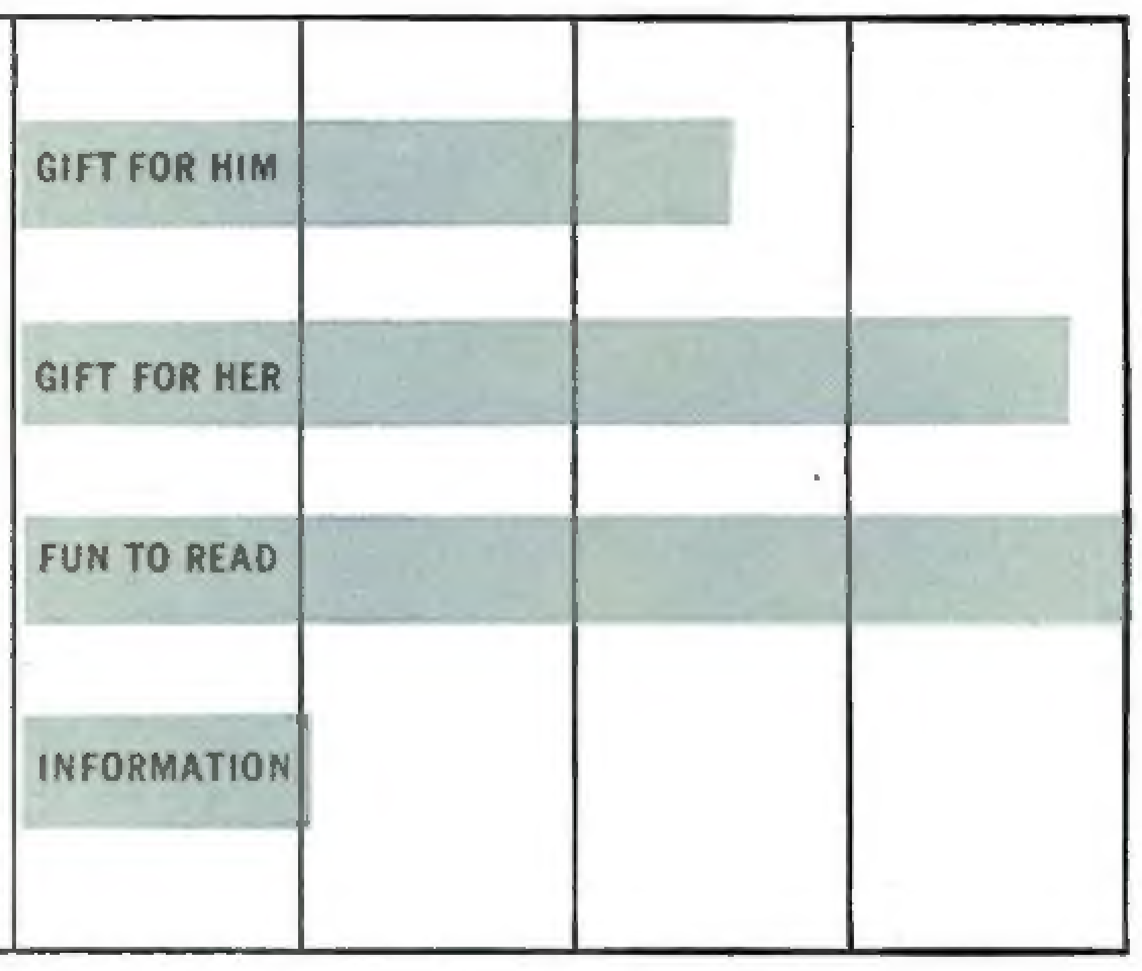
A thorough volume covering Peru and Bolivia. Besides what to do, see, wear and drink, the author explores the histories of the countries. Excellent map.



Bar Nothing Ranch

by Rosemary Taylor
(Whittlesey House, $2.75)

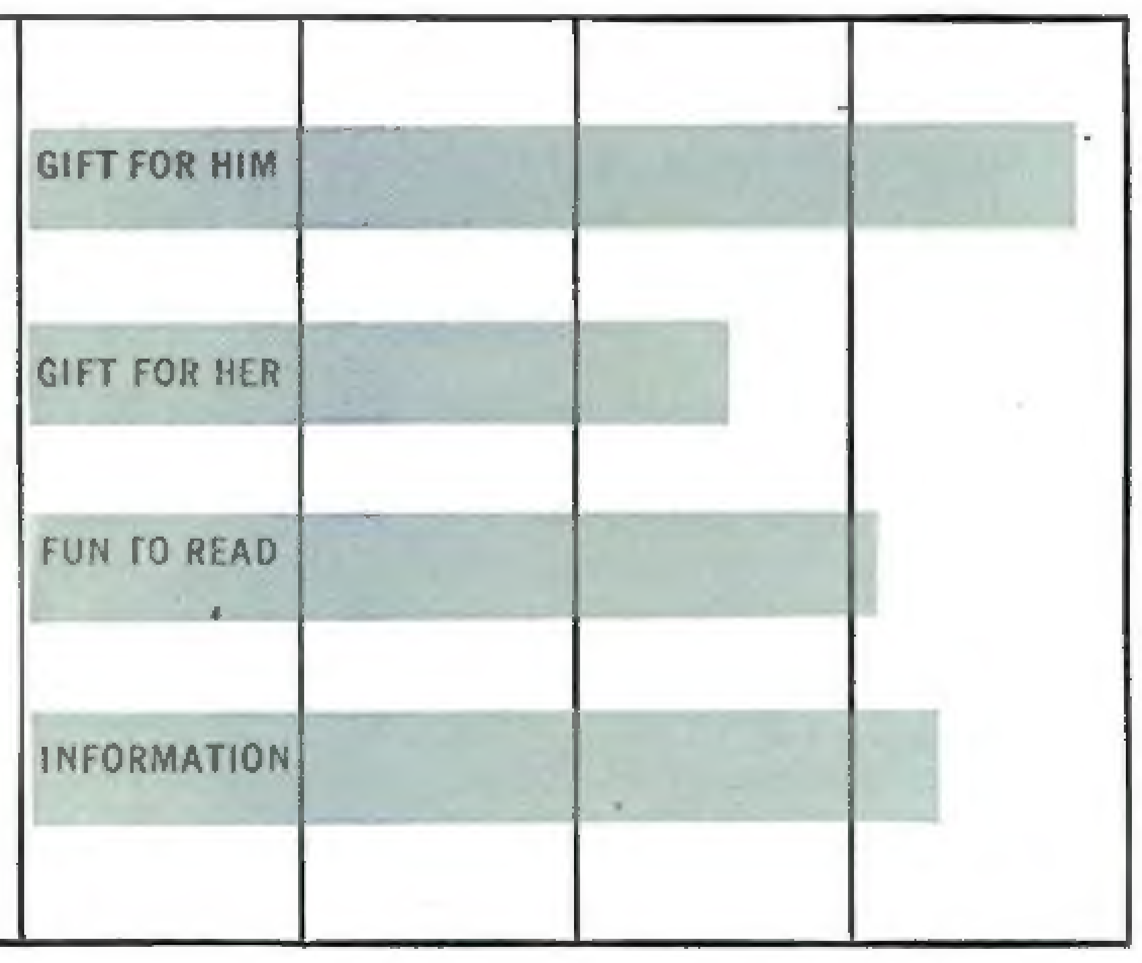
A light hearted novel about life on a dude ranch. Background has authentic ring, so perusal of this book would be a painless way of learning whether or not you'd like it.



Evergreen Land

by Nard Jones
(Dodd, Mead, $3.50)

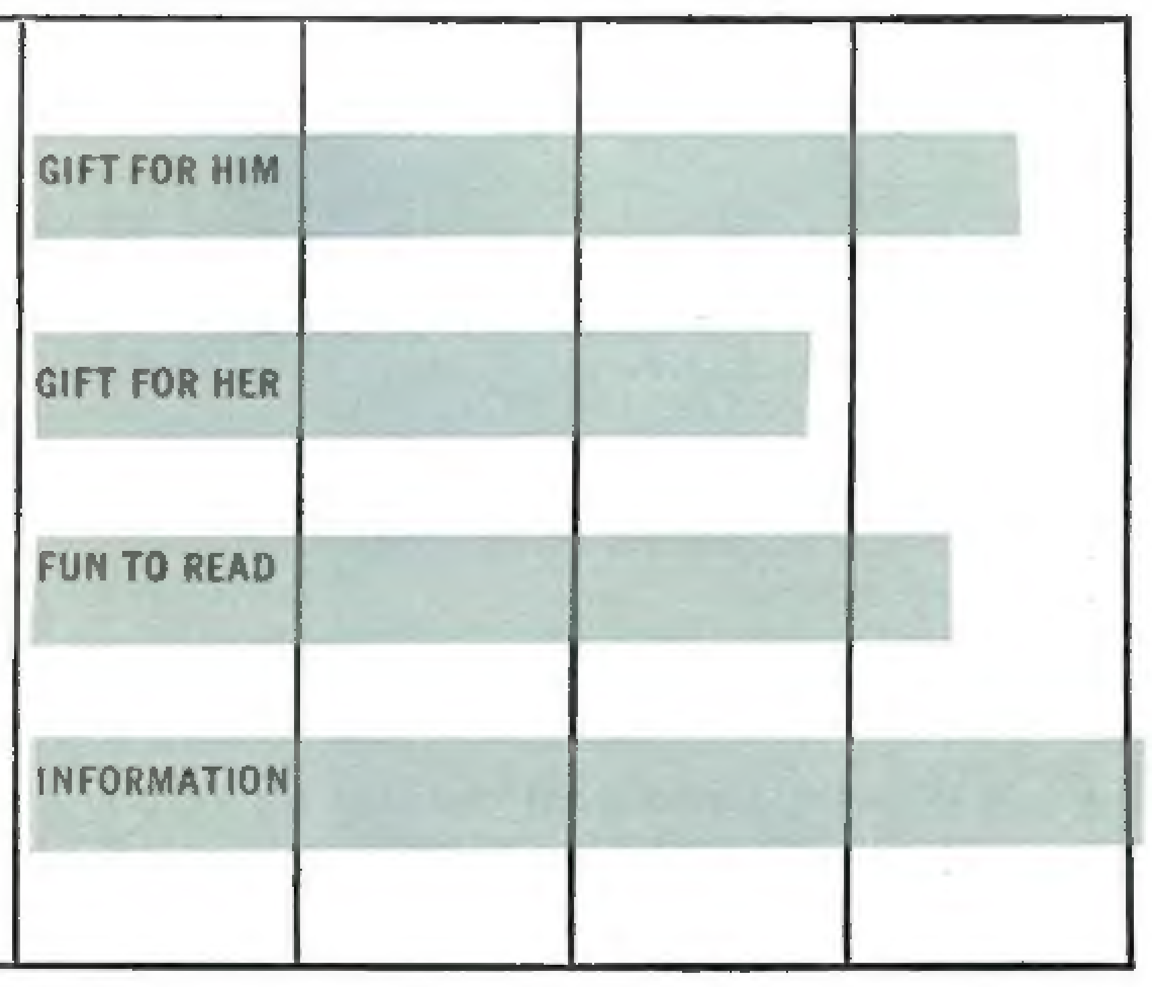
A biography on the State of Washington, including an authoritative chapter on the famous Mercer girls. Book is historically thorough.

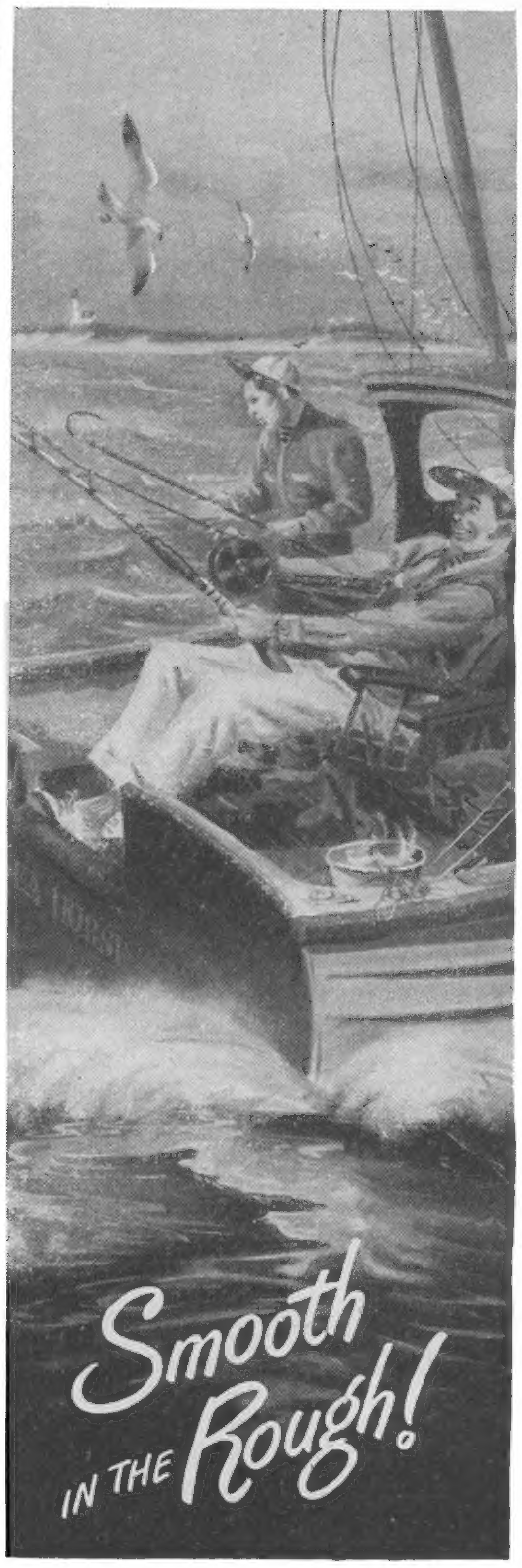


The Rainbow Republics

by Ralph Hancock
(Coward-McCann, $4.00)

Another in the Invitation to Travel series. This one is an elaborate guidebook, crammed with statistics and advice for every sort of traveler.





Yes, smooth's the word for BANTAMAC jackets, on men who like to get rigged up for the rugged life—deep-sea fishing, flying, hunting or just plain beach-combing.

● Bantamacs, you know, are *styled* for roughing it in any weather, fitted the free-and-easy way, yet are fashion wise for any occasion.

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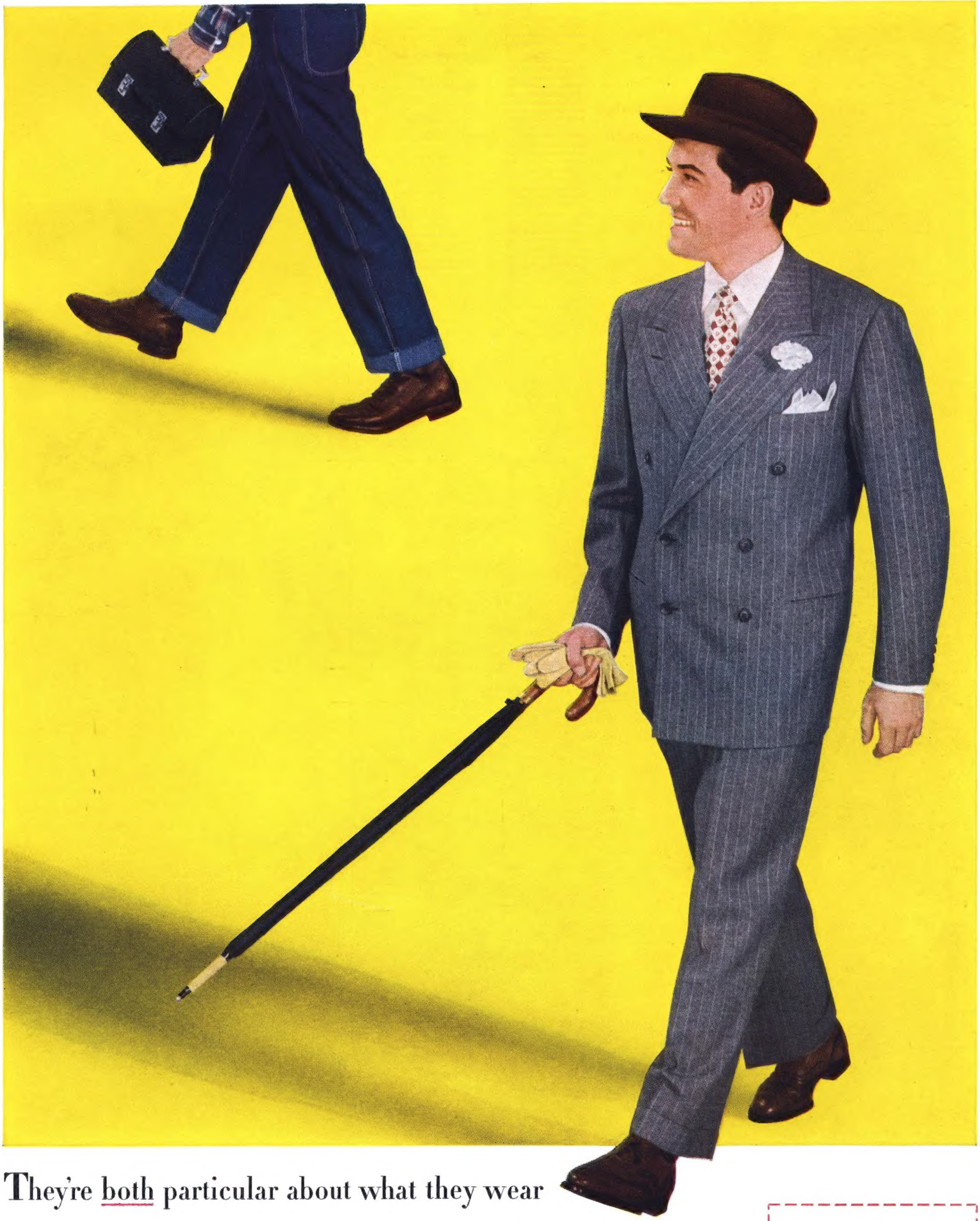

They're both particular about what they wear

The man in the foreground wears a hand-tailored suit in the finest worsted flannel.

The man in the background swears by his tough, rough-and-ready dungarees.

Dungarees and flannel trousers have one important point in common: *both* close smoothly, perfectly, with Talon slide fasteners. Yes... the same Talon fastener that's required for top-notch tailoring is so inexpensive, so widely used, it's a regular thing to find it in trousers at every price.

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THE QUALITY SLIDE FASTENER

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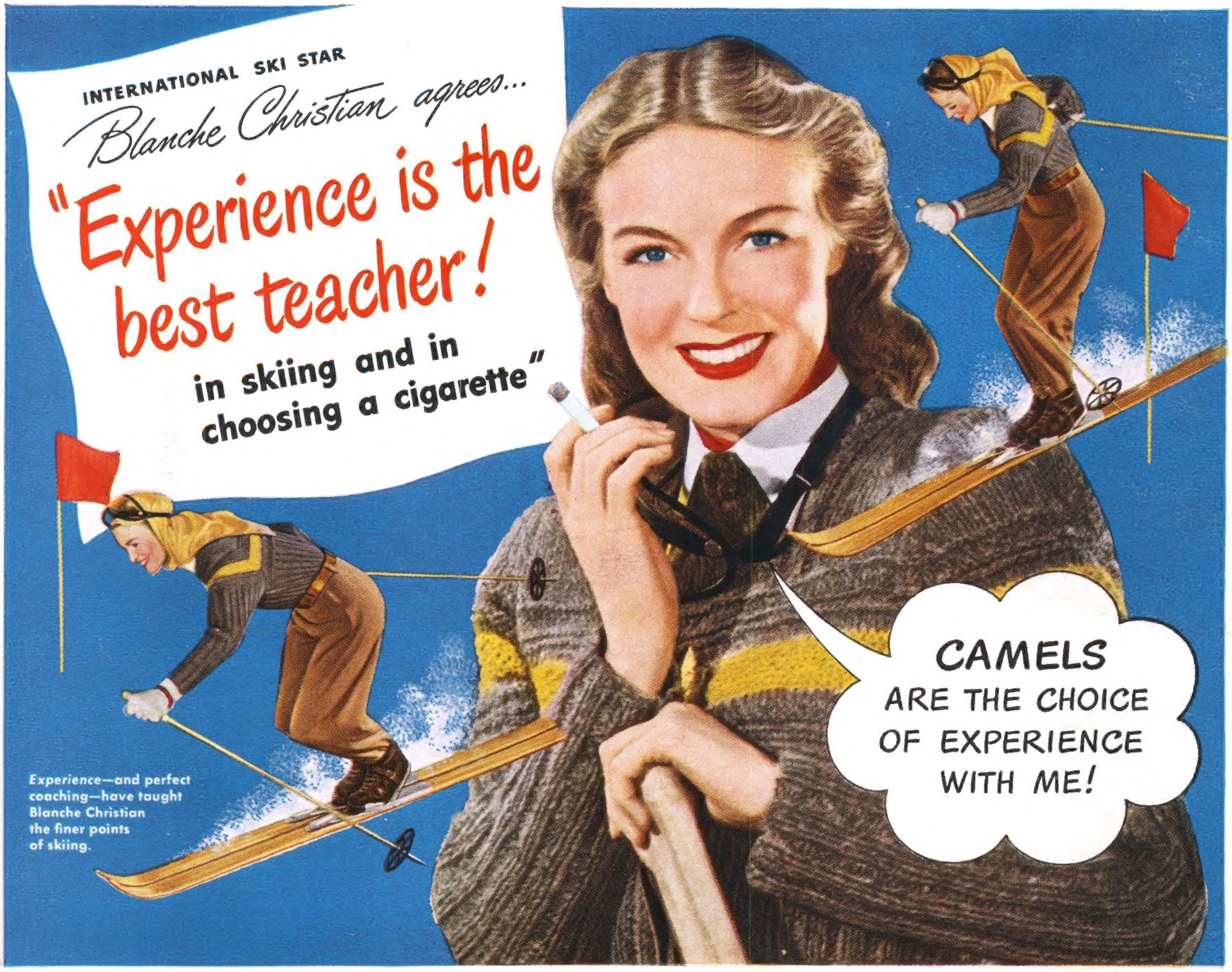
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"Experience is the best teacher!
in skiing and in choosing a cigarette"
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AS A SKIER, lovely Blanche Christian is "one in a million"—an expert with wide experience. As a smoker, she is one of millions who had a most revealing experience during the wartime cigarette shortage.

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When 113,597 doctors were asked by three independent research organizations to name the cigarette they smoked, more doctors named Camel than any other brand!